2-22

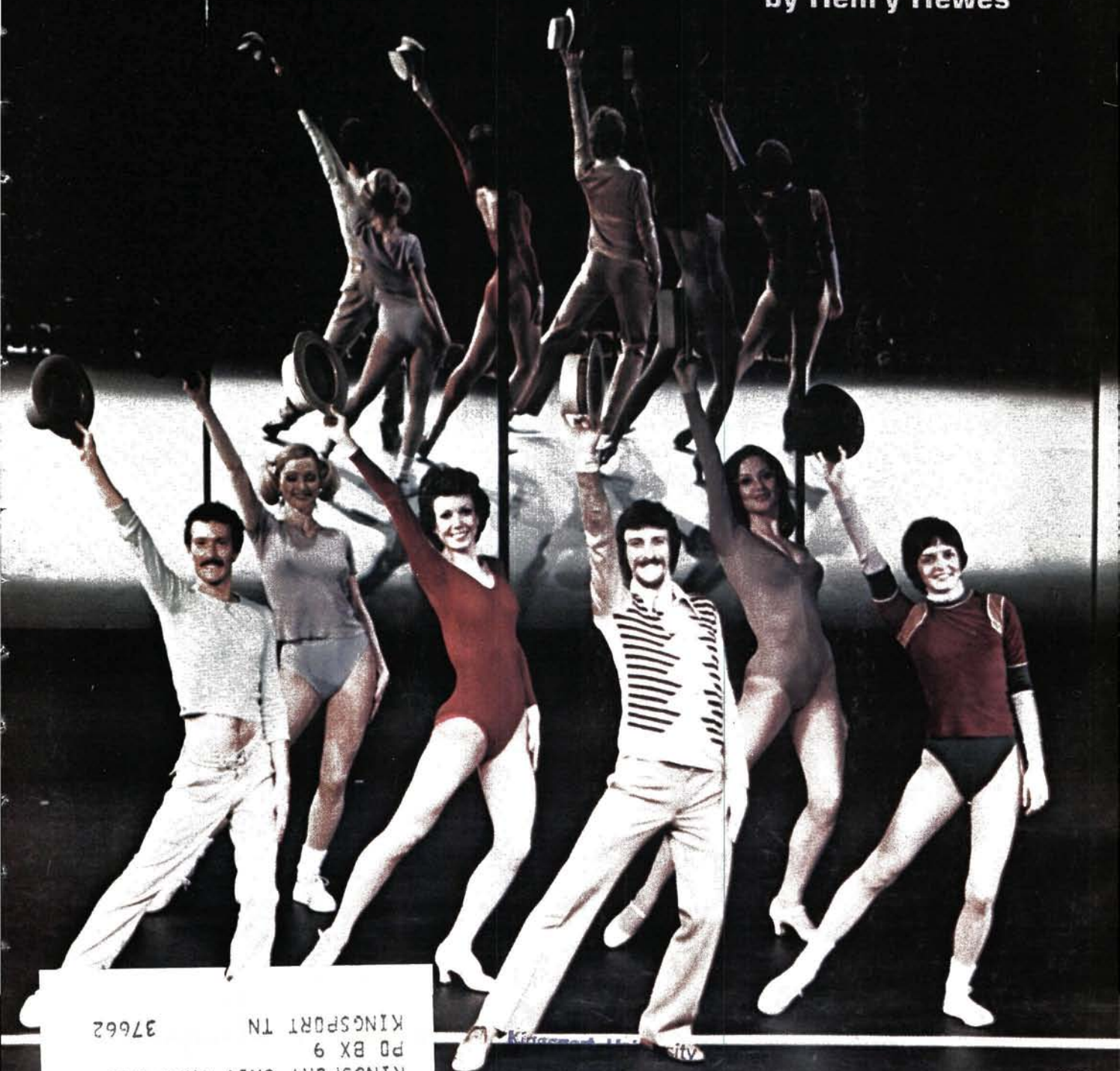
July 26, 1975

75¢

# Saturday Review

## BROADWAY'S BOUNTIFUL SEASON

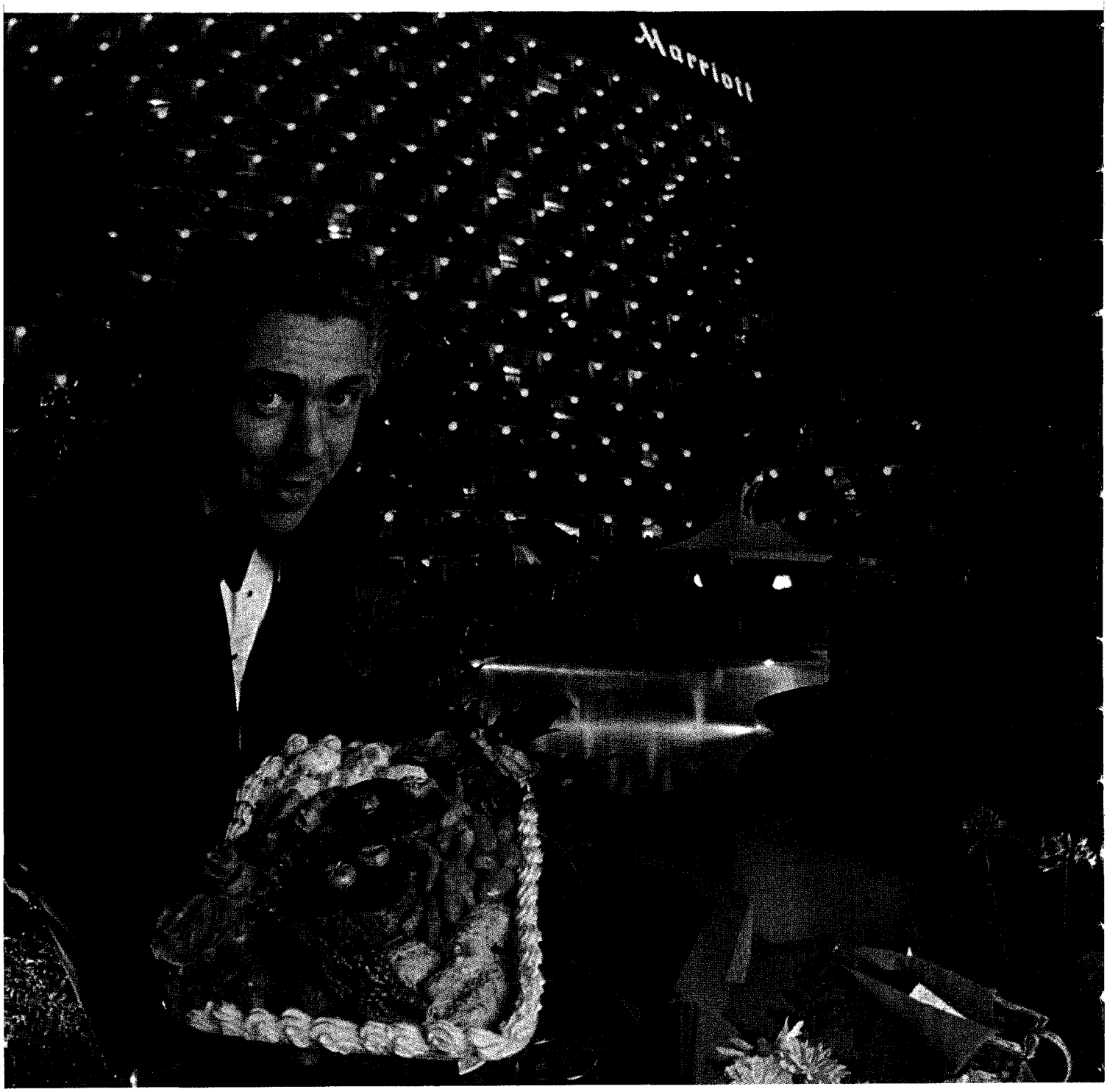
by Henry Hewes



KINGSPORT TN 37662
PO BX 9
KINGSPORT UNIV CNTR LIB
ZJD 037660888KINPO 90EA20517S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Do you have a right happy this year




Marriott® hotels. We want to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be
?

› matter how you slice it, 1975 is a ıgh time and some people can't see yond the gloom. Others can. And . They have a right to be happy. ıey're positive people who demand ıgible value for every dollar they end. They stay at Marriott Hotels. Because we give you more. Begin- ıg with value. Plus the quality, mfort and luxury you deserve. ıen we add sparkle and style. So is year, more than ever, you can be ppy, too.

**Discover the Marriott value in Denver.**

Our dazzling new Marriott Hotel. ext to the Rockies, it's magnificent. ith three exciting restaurants and nges, indoor and outdoor pools and id Marriott service everywhere. Interstate 25 and Hampden Road.

**Now we can make you happy in Kansas City.**

The Marriott is only moments ay from Kansas City Internation- Airport. And that makes it very ıvenient for your next meeting the midwest. The new Marriott otel. On the lake at KCI.

**Seven new hotels for you to enjoy.**

Newport Beach, California, The tz in Acapulco, our Guadalajara otel, Marriott's Lincolnshire Re- t, just outside Chicago, and the nsterdam Marriott.
The Sea Pines resorts of Palmas i Mar, Puerto Rico and Amelia Is- ıd Plantation, Florida are under ırriott management.
All it takes to reserve your room at y one of our 43 Marriott Hotels ywhere is a toll-free call.

**800-228-9290**

Ask about our money-saving, guar- teed rate Family Plan, too. Avail- le all summer.

**ıake you happy.**

SR • 7/26/75

# *Saturday Review's* Bicentennial Photography Contest

## TWO GRAND PRIZES

• **For color:** A seven-day cruise for two aboard the Mississippi riverboat *Delta Queen*, meals, entertainment, and transportation included (except transportation from winner's home to ports of embarkation and debarkation).

• **For black-and-white:** Round-trip transportation, first class, for two persons aboard the Amtrak system from any Amtrak-served depot in the United States to the Colonial corridor, travel within it, and return to Amtrak terminal nearest the winner's home.

## Plus These Additional Prizes

• A week for two (European plan) at any Americana hotel in the United States or its possessions, including New York; Palm Springs, Calif.; Miami Beach, Fla.; San Juan, Puerto Rico; Honolulu, Hawaii; Washington, D. C.; or Rochester, N.Y. (transportation not included).

• Seven days, six nights for two, modified American plan (two meals daily) at Rockresorts' Dorado Beach Hotel, Dorado, Puerto Rico (good anytime until October 31, 1976, February excluded; transportation not included).

• Additional cash prizes.

★ ★ ★

Award-winning photos featured in *Saturday Review's* Bicentennial Photography and Calendar issue—January 10, 1976—and exhibited during the Bicentennial year.

★ ★ ★

See issues of June 28 or July 12 for complete rules or write:

SR Bicentennial Photo Contest
488 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Library

Page 35

Page 46

Page 40

July 26, 1975

## FEATURES

**4** Editorial *by N.C.*

**6** Letters From Readers

**8** World Progress Report

**10** Manner of Speaking
*by John Ciardi*

**12** Outlook: Naval Watching in the Indian Ocean
*by George C. McGhee*

**32** Top of My Head
*by Goodman Ace*

**33** NSLA Artsletter

**59** Curmudgeon-at-Large
*by Cleveland Amory*

**61** Light Refractions
*by Thomas H. Middleton*

## ARTICLES

**14** Broadway's Bountiful Season
*by Henry Hewes*
*Good news—Broadway is aglow with hit plays, notably that remarkable theater event,* A Chorus Line.

## BOOKS

**20** Ragtime
*by E. L. Doctorow*
*Reviewed by Stanley Kauffmann*

**23** *The Surface of Earth*
*by Reynolds Price*
*Reviewed by Stephen Koch*

**25** Liberal Parents, Radical Children
*by Midge Decter*
*Reviewed by Sara Sanborn*

**27** Economic Power Failure: The Current American Crisis
*Edited by Sumner M. Rosen*
*Reviewed by Sidney E. Rolfe*

**29** New Books
*by Dorothy Rabinowitz*

**31** Trade Winds *by William Cole*

## FINE ARTS

**35** Causes for Complaint
*by Katharine Kuh*

## DANCE

**38** Next Stops: Houston, Salt Lake, Hollywood, Chicago, NYC, Etc.
*by Walter Terry*

## FILM

**40** "What I Really Want to Do Is Direct"
*by Hollis Alpert*

## MUSIC

**42** Out of the Orient Into Limbo With the Met
*by Irving Kolodin*

## TRAVEL

**54** Join the Navy, See Annapolis
*by Horace Sutton*

## SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

**44** Should We Tamper With Heredity?
*by Albert Rosenfeld*
*Human gene-changing research, once confined to sci-fi films, is now a burning public issue.*

**46** The Great Cosmetics Safety Debate
*by Jourdan Houston*
*The cosmetics scene is notable for constant industry and FDA checks on possibly dangerous side effects.*

**51** The Wonder Drug With the Ugly Name
*by Edward Edelson*
*The biggest breakthrough in medical research may well be the broad-spectrum drugs called prostaglandins.*

## GAMESMANSHIP

**24** Wit Twister No. 51

**28** Literary Crypt No. 38

**60** Double-Crostic No. 78

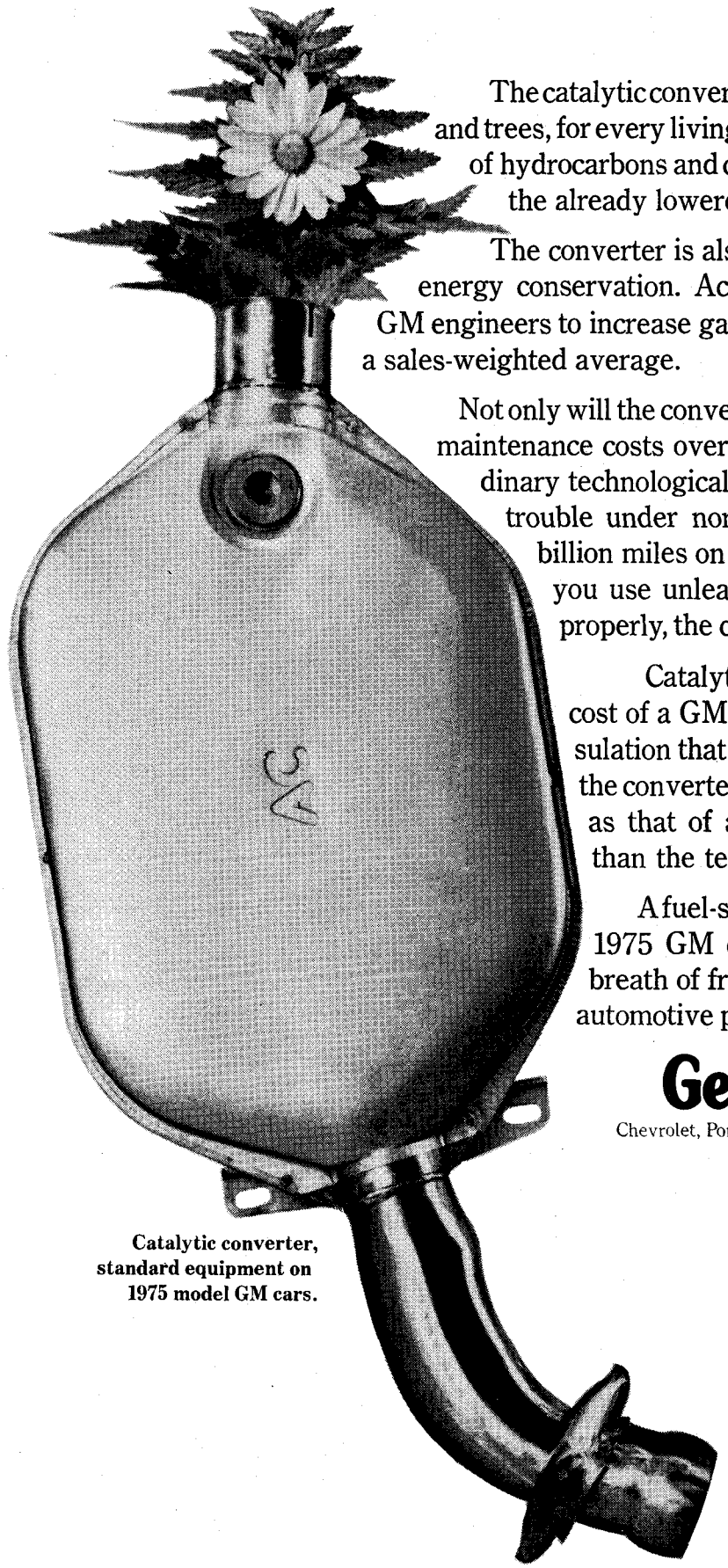
Cover photograph by Martha Swope *of* A Chorus Line

Cartoonists: Sudhir Dar, Sidney Harris, Bob Schochet, Robert M. Hageman, Joseph Farris, Al Ross, Jack Ziegler, David Pascal, George Dole, T. K. Atherton

SATURDAY REVIEW published bi-weekly by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Board of Directors: Benjamin J. Buttenwieser, Nathan Cohn, Norman Cousins, S. Spencer Grin, Rev. Donald S. Harrington, Walter W. Hitesman, Joseph S. Iseman, Philip M. Klutznick, David F. Linowes, Cecilia DeGolyer McGhee, George C. McGhee, Patsy R. Nasher, Raymond D. Nasher, Leo Nevas, Carl Schaeffer. Norman Cousins, President; S. Spencer Grin, Executive Vice-President; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice-President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Senior Vice-President; Roland Gelatt, Editorial Vice-President; Joseph S. Iseman, Corporate Vice-President and Secretary; Lyn White, Vice-President, Corporate Relations; Robert A. Burghardt, Vice-President of Advertising Services; Advertising Sales—Fraser S. Howe, Larry Leins, Joseph Luyber, William H. Pearson, Wendy Sherman, Richard Walsh; Director of Advertising Services, Robert Ziegler; Promotion Director, Bruce P. Meyers; Advertising Production: Joan Grant; Advertising Representatives—Western Region, R. J. Friedman Associates, Inc., 5643 Lemona Avenue, Van Nuys, Calif. 91411; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Detroit, Robert Burton, Media-Communication, 20630 Harper Avenue, Harper Woods, Mich. 48225; Southeastern Region, James A. Kridel, Inc., 7600 Red Road (Suite 215—A), Miami, Fla. 33143; Circulation Director, George Reeves; Fulfillment Manager, James Hoagland; Classified Advertising Manager, Charlotte Henkel; Accounting Department, Dave Freed, Bobby Levasseur; Advertising Administration, Barbara Harmon, Leni Friedman; Administrative Assistant to the President, Emily Suesskind; Administrative Assistants, Dorothy Murray, Dorothy Re, Mary Swift, Jean Winters. Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions: one year—$14; two years—$24; three years—$30 (all other countries—additional postage $2 per year). Vol. 2, No. 22, July 26, 1975. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. © 1975 by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., assumes no responsibility for any non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW Magazine, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206, or phone Ms. André, 319-732-3451.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A breath of fresh air in automotive technology.



Catalytic converter, standard equipment on 1975 model GM cars.

The catalytic converter is a device for people and flowers and trees, for every living thing. It reduces exhaust emissions of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide by about 50% from the already lowered levels of 1974.

The converter is also a device for pocketbooks and for energy conservation. According to EPA figures, it helped GM engineers to increase gas mileage in city driving by 28% on a sales-weighted average.

Not only will the converter save you money in fuel bills and maintenance costs over the years, it's one of those extraordinary technological advances that won't cause you any trouble under normal operating conditions. After a billion miles on the road, it's proved dependable. If you use unleaded gas and maintain your engine properly, the converter will last the life of your car.

Catalytic converters do add to the basic cost of a GM car. Part of that money goes for insulation that keeps the outer skin temperature of the converter in normal operation about the same as that of an ordinary muffler, and far lower than the temperature of the exhaust manifold.

A fuel-saving catalytic converter comes with 1975 GM cars as standard equipment. It's a breath of fresh air from GM, a world leader in automotive pollution control technology.

**General Motors**

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Saturday Review*

Editor — Norman Cousins

Publisher — Warren R. Erhardt

Chairman, Board of Directors — George C. McGhee

Managing Editor
Peter Young

International Editor
Roland Gelatt

Editorial Director
Horace Sutton

Executive Editor
*Richard L. Tobin*

Lively Arts Editor
*Hollis Alpert*

Music Editor
*Irving Kolodin*

Senior Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Science Editor
Albert Rosenfeld

Education Editor
James Cass

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Cleveland Amory • John Ciardi
William Cole • R. Buckminster Fuller • Henry Hewes
Katharine Kuh • Thomas H. Middleton • Leo Rosten
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss • Roger M. Williams

Art Director
Judith Adel

Copy Editor
Michael Schrader

Book Review Editor
Susan Heath

Assistant Art Director
Pauline Ann Girard

Assistant Editors
Gina Grant • Hubert B. Herring
Jane Anne Majeski
Susan Schiefelbein

Controller
Nathan Cohn

Associate Publisher
Corporate Relations
Lyn White

Vice-Chairmen
S. Spencer Grin
Walter H. Johnson, Jr.

# Arms and Madness

*This is the second and concluding report on the recent "Dartmouth Conference" in Moscow.*

From the moment the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the main question before the world has been whether the human race is intelligent enough to survive.

The nightmare that was feared 30 years ago has become a reality. The holocaust-making capacity of human beings has increased prodigiously, but there has been no corresponding increase in the control of war. The U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., between them, have accumulated enough nuclear explosives to represent the equivalent of 50,000 pounds of destructive force for every human being on earth. A single bomb is now being stockpiled that contains more explosive power than all the bombs combined that were dropped on Europe in the Second World War. All sorts of exotic and horrendous systems have been devised for penetrating every conceivable defense in order to rain the explosives on population centers. At least seven nations are manufacturing nuclear bombs and a dozen more know how to make them.

Literally dozens of meetings and conferences, official and unofficial, have sought to put the nuclear genie back in the bottle. The only significant gain was the agreement in 1963 to limit nuclear testing. But even that treaty has not prevented further accumulation and manufacture of the bombs themselves. An international treaty to limit the spread of nuclear weapons was signed by some 40 nations but it has turned out to be more theoretical than functional. Perhaps the most important recent agreement has been the "understanding" by the U.S. and U.S.S.R. that neither one would use techniques in "weather control" as an instrument of warfare.

It is against this background that the ninth meeting in the Dartmouth Conference series was held in Moscow recently under the auspices of the C. F. Kettering Foundation of Dayton, Ohio. The final subject of the agenda was the arms race and, in particular, the next round of Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT). Both Americans and Russians at the conference shared a numbed horror over the escalation of weapons. What was perhaps most significant about this aspect of the conference, however, was that both sides could agree readily on the dangers of the arms race but became bogged down on specific proposals for bringing it to an end.

Prof. George Rathjens, political-science professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, made the opening presentation on the arms race for the American delegation. He reviewed the present state of SALT, then presented dramatic evidence showing that neither Americans nor Russians would be disadvantaged by a substantial cutback in their present military capability. The essential problem, as Professor Rathjens saw it, is that a vast surplus of destructive power now exists with assorted dangers of combustibility—whether because of miscalculation or accident or political breakdown.

The Soviet response to Professor Rathjens's analysis indicated their feeling that what was most important in the arms talks was an agreement on parity and equality.

The weapons specialists at the Dartmouth IX meeting described the devices now available for mutual suicide. Their very vocabulary had Strangelovian overtones. They talked about throw-weight, megatonnage, graduated deterrents, first- and second-strike capability, retained retaliatory options, MIRVS and MARVS. The danger of this jargon, of course, is that it tends to become an acceptable way of talking about the end of human kind. For behind the façade of the specialists' poised language is the incontestable fact that a war between the two nations would be a mammoth exercise in random annihilation.

Let there be no mistake about it: what is now in the offing is not a war by one nation against another but a man-made holocaust that will incinerate a billion or more human beings both within and without the warring nations. Radioactive firestorms permit no sanctuary.

The possession of annihilative power has not slowed down the drive toward even more fiendish modes of inflicting wholesale death. New death sprays are being manufactured, the most minute droplets of which can cause heart attacks.

The conclusion is inescapable that a collective madness has seized the two governments and, indeed, the governments of most of the major nations. Behind all the ornamentation of language

*With this issue, Warren Erhardt becomes publisher of the* Saturday Review. *Mr. Erhardt was formerly president and publisher of* American Home *magazine. He is a graduate of Marquette University, with a degree in journalism. Dr. S. Spencer Grin, who has occupied the post of publisher of* SR, *will become President of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, with which the* Saturday Review *is affiliated. Dr. Grin has been elected Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors of* Saturday Review *and will continue as a member of the Executive Committee.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the appearance of a scientific intelligence at work is the terrifying fact that the governments have gone berserk in their approach to security. It is difficult, in fact, to think of any definition of insanity that would not apply to the present manufacture of devices for mass human extermination.

In a sense, the arms race is more a manifestation of psychological warfare than a reflection of hard military necessity. In 1963, President Kennedy told this writer that Pentagon chiefs once came to him with a preview of the military budget. It seemed to him an abnormally high budget in view of the fact that the U.S. was already well equipped in many of the particulars covered by the new request. When he pursued the matter, he was told that a maximum budget was necessary to convince the Russians we were not going soft.

Similarly, Premier Khrushchev told a small group of visiting Americans, of which this writer was one, that both U.S. and Soviet generals needed one another. Each time the generals on one side asked for money to give them the jump on a new military development, the generals on the other side would have the justification they wanted to press for more funds themselves.

Perhaps a start in the direction of sanity today would be the demystification of the language of the new weaponry. "Security" is the first word that has to be rescued from the lexicon of doublethink. There is no "security" for the American people in amassing weapons of global destruction. There is only greater insecurity. There is no security for the American people in possessing the capacity to obliterate their enemies. There is only greater insecurity. There is no security for the American people in deploying hundreds of launching sites for ICBMs throughout the U.S. heartland. There is only greater insecurity. Like Alice in Wonderland, we may discover that the faster we move in the direction of where we say we want to go, the farther away we get. Both the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. add to their insecurity in direct proportion to the things they do that add to their annihilative power.

Another word that no longer bears any relationship to its dictionary meaning is "defense." We have spent some $300 billion in the name of defense in the past 15 years, but we have yet to devise a workable defense against a devastating assault. There is no genuine defense in the modern world, only an unproved assumption that our ability to retaliate will discourage an enemy from attacking us. This assumption is tied to the notion that the enemy is highly rational and responsible and is motivated solely by concern for the lives of his own people, rather than by the kinds of irrational motives that have characterized the decisions and actions of national leaders throughout history.

Other terms that have been ludicrously twisted out of shape are "arms control" and "disarmament." The SALT agreements have been described by the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. as genuine steps in the direction of arms control. Yet SALT has not reduced the destructive force of the stockpiles by as much as a thimbleful of gunpowder. The agreements were primarily concerned with the number of delivery vehicles owned by each country. Yet those numbers still left the U.S. and U.S.S.R. with incalculable overkill. Each country still retains, under the SALT agreements, the means for destroying the entire globe. But the accumulation and the "refinement" go on, sucking up the resources so urgently needed by the peoples of both countries and, indeed, by the peoples of the world.

The terms "arms control" and "disarmament" will have meaning only when no country is able to inflict a holocaust on the world. Until nuclear weapons no longer constitute danger to the human race as a whole, the words "arms control" and "disarmament" are charades.

What makes the U.S.-U.S.S.R. nuclear competition so ironic and absurd is that the greatest threat to the security of both countries comes not from each other but from the rapid spread of nuclear capability in the world. This proliferation occurs in the context of a world divided, not by differing ideologies, but by affluence and poverty. Robert Heilbroner, in *The Human Prospect,* calls attention to the terrifying possibility of nuclear blackmail by small, famine-ravaged nations "bargaining" for access to food and resources. A small supply of nuclear weapons in the hands of terrorist-minded leaders could turn the world into a global madhouse.

It is supremely in the interest of both the U.S. and U.S.S.R., therefore, to see their security in larger terms. The most effective use of détente would be as a platform not just for creating nuclear sanity but for mobilizing their combined efforts in a war against poverty in the world and in upgrading the human condition.

N.C.

### Dartmouth IX Participants

**U.S. Delegation:**

Co-Chairmen: **Robert Chollar,** President, Charles F. Kettering Foundation, and **Norman Cousins,** Editor, *Saturday Review*; **Landrum Bolling,** Executive Vice-President, The Lilly Endowment, Inc.; **Lawrence Brainard,** Economist, Chase Manhattan Bank; **Zbigniew Brzezinski,** Director, The Trilateral Commission; **Richard Furlaud,** Chairman of Board, Chief Executive Officer, Squibb Corporation; **George Rathjens,** Professor of Political Science, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; **James Read,** Consultant, Charles F. Kettering Foundation; **David Rockefeller,** Chairman, Chase Manhattan Bank; **Philip Stewart,** Professor, Department of Political Science, Ohio State University.

**Guests:** Mrs. Robert Chollar; Mrs. Norman Cousins; Mrs. Richard Furlaud.

Co-Chairmen: **Georgi Arbatov,** Director, Institute of U.S. Studies, and **Georgi Zhukov,** Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.; **Igor Belyaev,** Deputy Director, Institute of Africa; **Nicolai Blokhin,** Director, Institute of Oncology; **Radomir Bogdanov,** Deputy Director, Institute of U.S. Studies; **Boris Borisov,** Chairman, Chamber of Commerce and Industry, U.S.S.R.; **Oleg Bykov,** Institute of World Economics and International Relations; **Dmitry Ermolenko,** Professor, Moscow State Institute of International Relations; **Evgeni Fedorov,** U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences; **Germen Gvishiani,** Deputy Chairman, State Committee on Science and Technology; **Oleg Kharkhardin,** Vice-President, Soviet Peace Committee; **Voldemar Lein,** Minister of Food Industry, U.S.S.R.; **Mikhail Milstein,** Institute of U.S. Studies; **Nikolai Mostovets,** C.D.S.U. Central Committee; **Evgeni Primakov,** Deputy Director, Institute of World Economics and International Relations; **Boris Rounov,** Deputy Minister of Agriculture, U.S.S.R.; **Natan Rybak,** Writer; **Genrich Trofimenko,** Institute of U.S. Studies; **Vitali Zhurkin,** Deputy Director, Institute of U.S. Studies.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Letters From Readers

### Advice on Future Foreign Policy

. . . I take exception to Norman Cousins's contention ("Vietnam: What Is Really Needed," May 3) that the most significant lesson of our failure in Vietnam is that American security "depends primarily on the creation of instruments of world order," i.e., the United Nations. The ineffectiveness of the United Nations has been demonstrated often since its creation. As an instrument of world order, it is miserably ineffective. Mr. Cousins's notion that the full support of the United States is all that is necessary to make the United Nations a successful peacekeeping organization is untenable. Indeed, it appears to me that until recently the United States has been its staunchest supporter. It takes the cooperation of all nations, not just the United States, to create a genuine world organization capable of maintaining order and justice in the world. Realistically, can we expect cooperation from the Soviet Union and its aligned states or from Communist China and many others? The answer is obvious.

The primary lesson of our involvement in Vietnam is not so grandiose as Mr. Cousins would have us believe. It is simply this: we must determine our national interests realistically, without fear or exaggeration. We must state our national objectives in clear, precise terms. Then we must pursue our stated objectives with rational, intelligent, *decisive* action. Our record in Vietnam reveals the actions of a government that was not sure how it became involved or why it became involved and did not know what to do once it was involved. The failure of our leaders to state our intentions plainly and to pursue them decisively led to our ultimate failure and disgrace in Vietnam. We need not make the same mistake again if we will realize and accept this lesson.

Scott R. McMichael
Fayetteville, N.C.

### Idealism Criticized

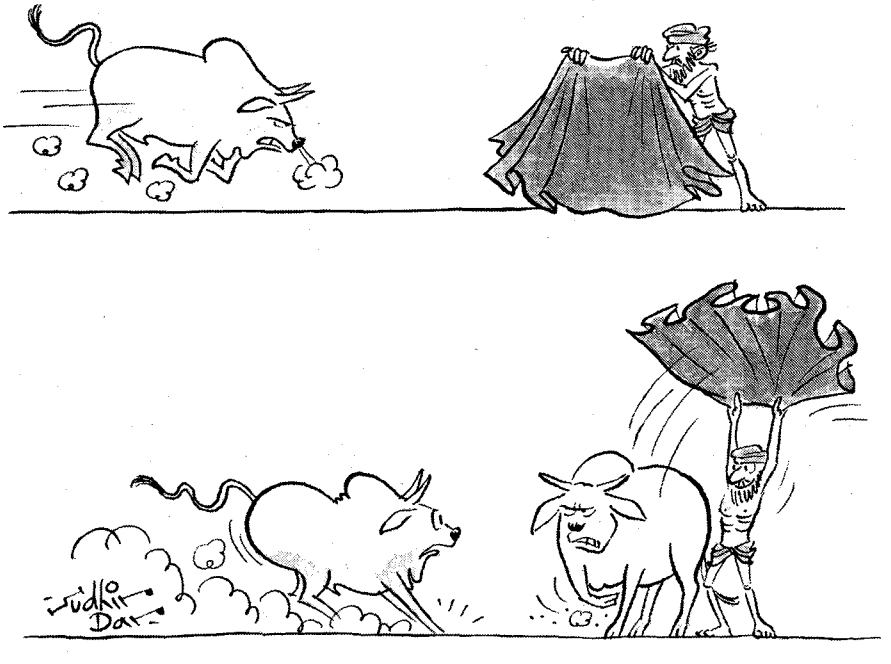
. . . I read with great interest Tom Braden's article ("What's Wrong With the CIA?" April 5). His point of view is most interesting and so typically "American" that it hurts those of us who are "only" naturalized citizens.

There is a sort of incredible incongruity in this nation's character when it comes to participating in international affairs. We barge into situations, waving the flag of goodwill where only our financial might is really wanted, not our ideals.

We are trying to sell an ideology that we cannot make work in our own nation—trying to change centuries-old, and at times millennia-old, cultures and customs within a very short span of time. We have, as Mr. Braden relates, amassed a tremendous intelligence organization. Of course, it fumbles at times: it is the nature of the type of operation. But were we to follow Mr. Braden's ideas, that is, to field a semi-amateur intelligence team, splintered between the State Department and the army, it would be exactly as if we were to field a semi-amateur basketball team against—well, why not say it?—the highly professional team of the U.S.S.R.

Having enjoyed Mr. Braden's article, I now think he should come up with an article titled "Why Major Nations Need a *Totally Secret* Intelligence Operation." He is bound to know the answers to this complex problem.

Geza De Rosner
Beverly Hills, Calif.



### On Sociological Slang

Thomas H. Middleton writes that he cannot understand ethnomethodology (*Light Refractions*, May 3). He places the blame for this lack of understanding not upon the limits of his own education, but upon the style of prose used by ethnomethodologists. The opacity that this prose has for Mr. Middleton is used as the criterion for denigrating the quality of the social analysis ethnomethodology proposes.

Implicit in Mr. Middleton's critique of linguistic usage in ethnomethodology and sociology is the prior decision that the positive quality of social analysis is tied to the degree that its discourse replicates what is already understandable within the parameters of common talk. Would he evaluate all theoretical disciplines on this basis? I think not. Mr. Middleton selectively exempts ethnomethodology and sociology from the right of being theoretical disciplines different from the world they respectively explicate.

Albert B. Robillard
East Lansing, Mich.

### The Importance of Teachers

The Coleman Report and other studies strive to determine the key factor in successfully educating our children ("Schools That Make a Difference," April 5). Is it the amount of money a district spends? The age of teachers? What schools the teachers attended? To what capacity the building is used? The size of schools? I am sure that all of these variables have some bearing on education, but they are peripheral factors, not the essentials. The essential, the quintessential, factor in teaching is teachers. A



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good, dedicated teacher can reach students whether he or she teaches in a bland building, has a large number of students, or is in an overcrowded building. And, likewise, a lazy, undedicated teacher will not effectively teach students even if he or she teaches in an educational atmosphere and has only 15 students in each class.

Disruptive students aside (which is another, entirely different–yet equally important–factor), teachers are what is either right or wrong with education–we deserve either the blame or the credit, but it is ours and no one else's. When we realize this factor and strive to hire good teachers, fire poor ones, and train the best ones in our colleges, then we will solve most of our educational problems.

Timothy C. Connell
Shaker Heights, Ohio

**Progress Reported**

Robert Cowley's article ("The Jazz Age: A Shadow on the Seventies," May 17) contains a reference to a study of air quality made in 1931 by the U.S. Public Health Service.

This causes one to reflect on certain comparative situations. Granted there has been a vast increase in motor vehicles, there are offsets that the environmentalists choose to ignore. In New York City thousands of private homes have been demolished. One heating plant in a multi-tenant apartment building replaces dozens of individual coal-fired furnaces. Ash collections have been largely eliminated. Many office buildings and commercial establishments have no heating plants whatsoever but purchase their steam from a central system. Generator stations have installed controlling devices on their stacks. Coal-fired tugs and larger vessels have disappeared from the port. Early in the decade of the Twenties, there were still many animal-drawn vehicles. Manure droppings on the streets attracted flies and other insects, with resultant disease hazards.

Another aspect of the environment comes to mind: perhaps a remote rural landscape scarified by strip-mining is less galling to the human spirit than forests, fields, and creeks irreparably ruined by endless garish and hideous supermarkets, pizza joints, hamburger stands, drive-in movies, and parking lots. But it is more modish to press the mining issue, further delaying efforts to become less independent on imported fuels. . . .

William W. Rodgers
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**The Threat of Television**

I have read with the greatest interest Douglass Cater's article–the best thing of its kind that I have come across to date ("The Intellectual in Videoland," May 31). It had a very real personal value for me, since I am one of those peculiar people who stand awkward and silent when TV shows are being discussed. . . .

Of all the angles from which Mr. Cater views the subject, it seems to me that the most important and frightening is the one implied by E. B. White in 1938: "A door closing, heard over the air, a face contorted, seen in a panel of light, these will emerge as the real and true. And when we bang the door of our own cell or look into another's face, the impression will be of mere artifice."

Are we to become mere bystanders, watching the panorama without personal involvement, our senses dulled by satiation, our capacity to discriminate, to do our own thinking, undeveloped?

The reading of a book is a personal experience, a creative one, in which the individual brings to bear all that exists in his memory and imagination to the "decoding" of the written symbols, and what he produces belongs to him as well as to the author. He does not sit there just swallowing pre-digested bits.

And then there is this terrifying concern of satiation. No silences, TV around-the-clock, piped noise everywhere. We must flee from it to find ourselves and to hold fast to a world in which we can live as sensitive individuals and not as pawns in the marketplace.

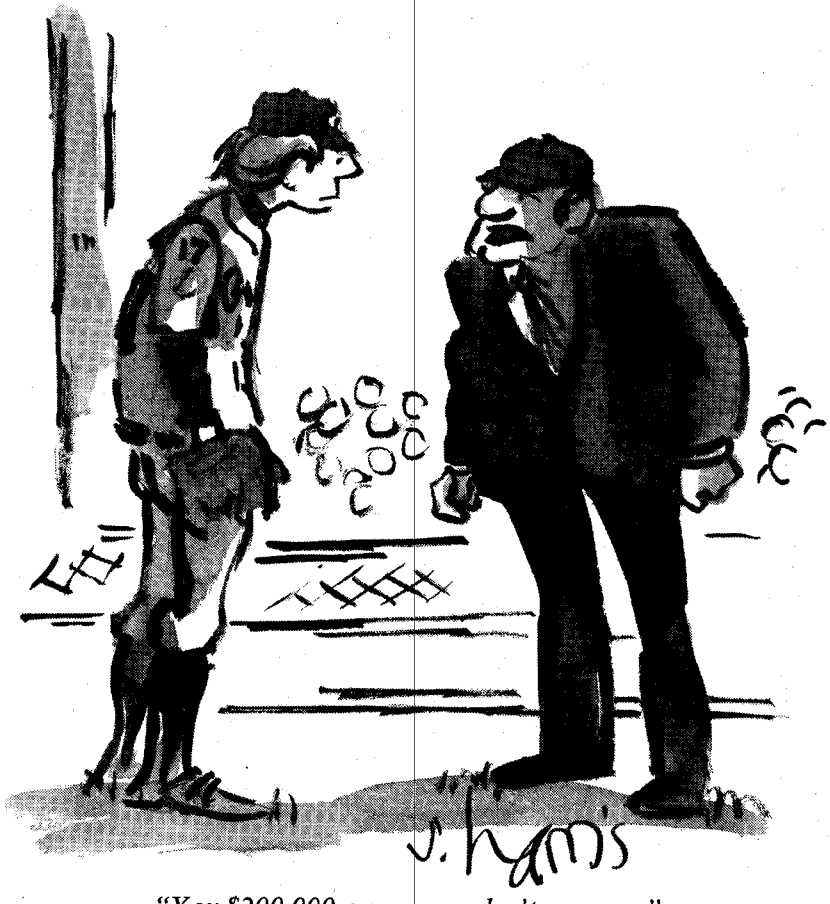
Nancy B. Scott
Annapolis, Md.

**Encore Demanded**

*How true!* was my instant reaction to Alan Riding's searching essay on what happens to foreign aid ("Saving Haiti," May 17). He or someone of his caliber should provide similar reports on other areas of the globe where United States dollars and money from other countries have been "shipped" in the name of foreign aid.

There is so much rottenness in most foreign aid to underdeveloped countries throughout the world that citizen taxpayers–if they had any organization or power–would stop all aid or execute all corrupt aid administrators. . . . Will someone please finance a study of our non-military aid to Vietnam and what happened to the dollars and material.

James H. Harger
Annandale, N.J.



*"You $200,000-a-year men don't scare me."*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# World Progress Report

### Eat Your Heart Out

Among the ironic manifestations of affluence is the practice of fasting on cottage cheese, polyunsaturated margarine, and skimmed milk and forsaking well-marbled beefsteak, rich cheese, creamy butter, and whole milk. Such foods, which are laced with coronary disasters called saturated fats, have been indicted by the American Heart Association and other groups for adding to the blood's burden of cholesterol, which clogs arteries and contributes to heart disease. A recent innovation in the cattle-feeding industry, however, holds out to gourmets, gourmands, epicures, and just plain gluttons the hope that they can eat to their hearts' content and have healthy hearts, too.

The new trick, under development by a small, Boise, Idaho, company called Alta Lipids, Ltd., is to short-circuit the cow's four-stomached digestive process. Alta Lipids's method, licensed from its Australian originators, is to coat the grain with an innocuous protein in a process called "microencapsulation." The unsaturated fats in the protected grain survive bacterial action in the cow's first stomach and are absorbed into meat and milk in the fourth, without having been converted into unhealthy saturates, which strangle human hearts.

In initial tests at the medical school of the University of California, Davis, a group of student volunteers were fed a generous diet of steak, butter, ice cream, cheese, and milk derived from a herd of specially fed cows. At the end of the test, the students' serum-cholesterol levels were significantly lowered. Dr. Robert E. Hodges, the principal investigator, reported that the test group's serum-cholesterol level was 14 percent lower than that of a control group fed a diet consisting of the same foods originating from normally fed animals. Although there were some differences in flavor and texture in the unsaturated-fat foods, the general opinion of the volunteers was that the new products taste as good as, or better than, the normal varieties.

### Timely Times

Among information addicts hooked on uninterrupted doses of data from *The New York Times*, the common complaint is that it takes the whole week just to digest the monumental Sunday edition, not to mention the daily installments, and that no time is left for eating or sleeping, much less for making a living. By the same token, much of "all the news that's fit to print"—as the *Times* proudly describes itself—goes up in smoke as soon as today's news becomes tomorrow's solid-waste-disposal problem. Until recently, the only way that a reader could retain precious bits of *Times* information for future reference had been either to accumulate unmanageable mountains of clippings until the paper yellowed and disintegrated at a touch or to trek to the library, track the subject through the bound *Times Index*, and then peer at the relevant articles in a microfilm projector.

Now, however, the *Times* has found a faster, better way to make its research resources—not only its own articles but also those of some 60 other important publications—available to the rest of the world. The new system is *The New York Times* Information Bank, a computer network that adds almost 1,000 new entries daily to its memory of everything that has already fit into print.

It took more than seven years and a cost of more than $5 million to develop the *Times*'s research tool, which is indexed to respond to obscure details as well as to broad subjects. Thus, a questioner can begin by asking the computer for everything it knows about some general topic; he can then use the computer's response through subsequent questions in order to focus on a specific point. Conversely, the computer's answer to a specific query may suggest broader areas for follow-up questions.

Presumably, the initial customers for the *Times*'s information bank will be well-heeled companies and institutions; the first year's service—which includes a desk-top video terminal and a hard-copy printer, as well as the vital link via telephone cable to the brain at the *Times*—can cost a moderately inquisitive subscriber $15,000 or more.

### Back on the Track

A growing number of American cities, faced with a critical need for expanded mass transit, are betting on a technology that is relatively cheap, clean, safe, and efficient, even a little bit romantic: the trolley car. After providing the transportation links that made possible the early growth of metropolitan America, most of the nation's trolley lines were later scrapped in favor of buses and automobiles. Now that there is rising resistance to inefficient and expensive highway transportation, and gasoline is becoming scarce and dear, the trolley makes sense again to many urban planners and officials.

In Rochester, N.Y., for example, the use of disused tracks still in place prom-

ises to provide mass transportation without disrupting established neighborhoods and relocating homes, businesses, and people for new highways. San Francisco and Boston are expanding their once-declining systems with modern cars, purchased with help from the Federal Urban Mass Transit Administration. And Portland, Oreg., which tore up its trolley tracks in 1958, is considering buying 15 used cars from the Toronto system and running them on 13 miles of existing railroad right-of-way. The city is hoping to divert part of a $110 million federal highway grant into supporting public transportation at the expense of the private automobile.

At stake, says Portland planner Clark Blake, is "whether Portland will grow like Los Angeles, with little control and total sprawl, or whether something will be done now."

ANTHONY WOLFF

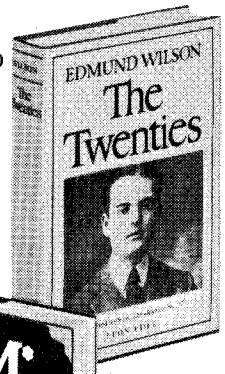


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

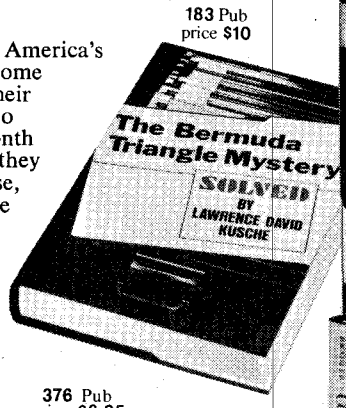
# If you've thought of joining a book club, consider the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

## America's Bookstore

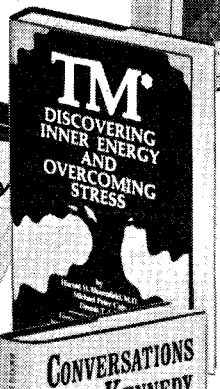
AMERICA has one great bookstore people can depend on. It's America's Bookstore—the Book-of-the-Month Club—the shop-at-home service readers have come to regard as an essential part of their lives. Many of our most enthusiastic shoppers are people who simply don't join "clubs." But they trust the Book-of-the-Month Club to offer them the most important of the new books . . . they welcome the convenience of home delivery . . . and, of course, they love saving money on books they really want. As for the Book-of-the-Month Club's unique Book-Dividend® plan, it's a booklover's dream and a bookbuyer's reward—it can save you more than 70% of publishers' list prices, allowing you to build a well-rounded home library which answers the needs of the entire family. Why not begin to enjoy these literary and monetary benefits by choosing any four of the extraordinary books included here for just one dollar?




424 Pub price $10




183 Pub price $10



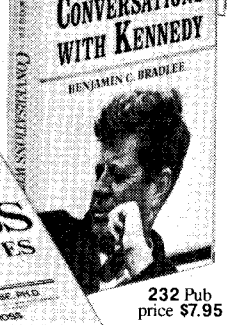

141 Pub price $8.95

412 THE TREASURES OF TUTANKHAMUN *by* I. E. S. EDWARDS Photographs (Pub price $14)

414 THE GRASS IS SINGING *by* DORIS LESSING (Pub price $7.95)

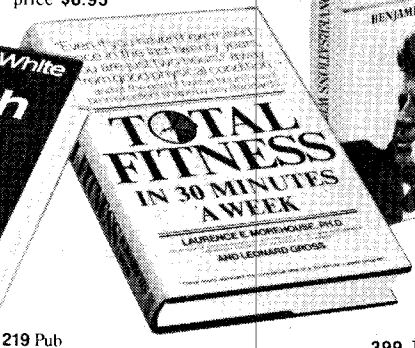
416 JUDY *by* GEROLD FRANK Photographs (Pub price $12.50)

530 STRICTLY SPEAKING: Will America Be the Death of English? *by* EDWIN NEWMAN (Pub price $7.95)

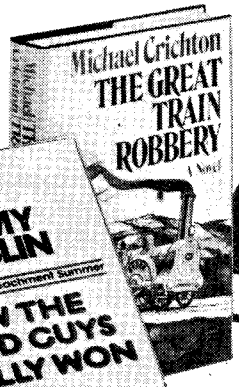



232 Pub price $7.95

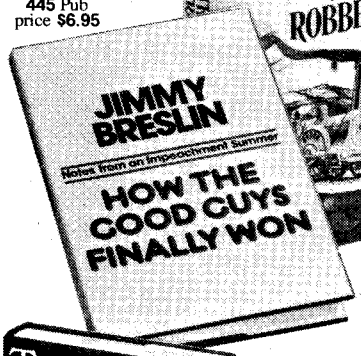
376 Pub price $6.95

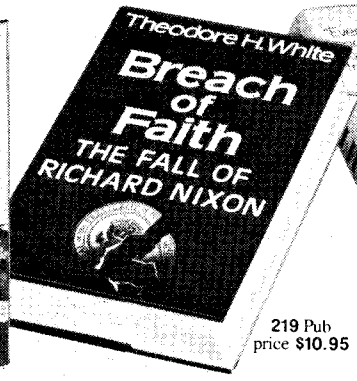



462 Pub price $7.95

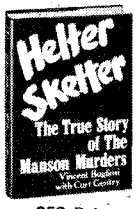



445 Pub price $6.95




219 Pub price $10.95




252 Pub price $10

399 THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: The Southern Voyages *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON Illustrated (Pub price $17.50)

244 THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK *by* CRAIG CLAIBORNE Illustrated (Pub price $12.50)

383 THE BANKERS *by* MARTIN MAYER (Pub price $15)

465 WITHOUT FEATHERS *by* WOODY ALLEN (Pub price $7.95)

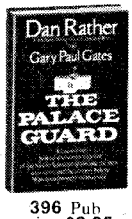
174 DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN TERMS *by* C. O. SYLVESTER MAWSON. *Revised by* CHARLES BERLITZ (Pub price $9.95)

323 TALES OF POWER *by* CARLOS CASTANEDA (Pub price $8.95)

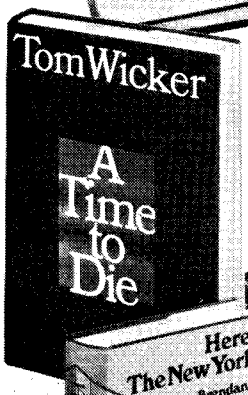
As your introduction to membership you are invited to choose

# ANY 4 FOR ONLY $1

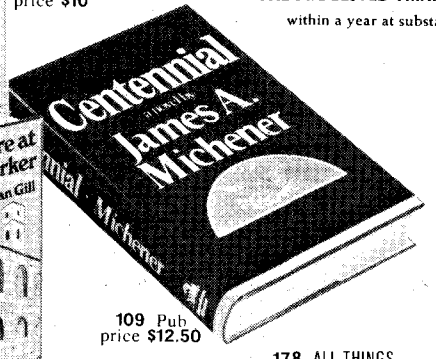
THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose



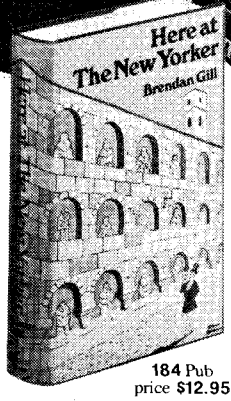

396 Pub price $8.95




584 Pub price $10




109 Pub price $12.50




184 Pub price $12.95

467 Pub price $8.95

372 THE DREADFUL LEMON SKY *by* JOHN D. MACDONALD (Pub price $6.95)

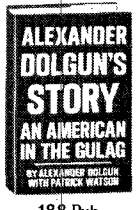
577 THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK OF VEGETABLE GARDENING *by* JOAN LEE FAUST Illustrated (Pub price $9.95)

310 THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO *by* ALEKSANDR I. SOLZHENITSYN (Pub price $12.50)

336 BIRTH WITHOUT VIOLENCE *by* FREDERICK LEBOYER Photographs (Pub price $7.95)

375 THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF JULIA DENT GRANT [Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant] *Edited by* JOHN Y. SIMON. Photos (Pub price $12.50)

307 ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN *by* CARL BERNSTEIN *and* BOB WOODWARD. Photos (Pub price $8.95)




188 Pub price $10

586 Pub price $8.95

474 WINNIE-THE-POOH *by* A. A. MILNE *Illustrations by* ERNEST H. SHEPARD *Color edition* (Pub price $6.95)

178 ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL *by* JAMES HERRIOT (Pub price $8.95)

420 LOVEROOT *by* ERICA JONG (Pub price $4.95)

450 THE MEDICALLY BASED NO-NONSENSE BEAUTY BOOK *by* DEBORAH CHASE (Pub price $10)

140 THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. Illus. (Pub price $12.50)

554 THOMAS JEFFERSON: An Intimate History *by* FAWN M. BRODIE Illustrated. (Pub price $12.50)

197 THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK OF HOUSE PLANTS *by* JOAN LEE FAUST Illustrated. (Pub price $9.95)

519 STRANGER AT THE PARTY: A Memoir *by* HELEN LAWRENSON Photographs (Pub price $8.95)

*Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally somewhat higher.*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

## The Widow-Maker

I was just at the point of growing profound in my last column when I found I had widowed myself. In magazine-journalese a "widow" is any portion of type that hangs over the end of the page when the people in the make-up department "dummy-up" the galleys. Thought, in this journalese, is what dies at the end of a page.

In the East, widows were once thrown onto the funeral pyre or into the tombs with their dead husbands. In some more kindly dispensations, they first had their heads lopped off. Let me think of our make-up department as essentially kindly, and let me pledge a return of kindness at the first opportunity. I do owe them that much consideration for their endless fractioning and widowing of my psyche.

The idea of "fractioning or separating from" is at the root of *widow*. The protoroot *weidh-* (probably related to *wi-*) meant "to separate, to divide." *Wi-*, in the sense of "apart," is the stem of English *wide*. *Weidh-*, suffixed *-'w'-* (the apostrophes indicate variable vowels), probably became Germanic *weidh-'wo-*, a woman cut off from her husband, whence Anglo-Saxon *widuwe* and Middle English *widewe*, *widwe*. Into Latin, the stem's evolution was something like *(wi)dh-'v'-*, *(wi)d-iv-*, *div-*, whence *dividere*, "to divide."

There is also, of course, *grass widow*, which now means "a divorced woman," as distinct from a *sod widow*, "one who has buried her husband." But *grass widow* existed in English before divorce was known (a state of affairs that gave the wives of Henry VIII a pain in the neck), and in those early days it meant "unwed mother." Such a girl was said to have "married" on the grass and to have been "widowed" as soon as her "husband," so to speak, withdrew.

THE GREAT WIDOW-MAKER is, of course, Davy Jones. Davy's relative, James Jones, whom I saw recently, and too briefly, in Florida, titled his fine novel about scuba diving and the sea *The Widow-Maker*. He was keeping it all in the Jones family, whose skeletons I have just been shaking to what I will submit is a conclusion. *Jones*, earlier *Jonas*, is known to be a sailor's corruption of Jonah, the first submariner. But why "Davy"? An earlier form was "Taffy" Jones. *Taffy* is a Welsh nickname for David. It may also be a given name; I cannot find it in any list of Christian given names, but I did somewhere run across a reference to an Anglican Saint Taffy, though that title, too, may be a fond familiar name, as in Saint Nick. *Taffy* is also a standard British term for Welshman, as *Paddy* is for Irishman.

*"I can do the foot in under four minutes."*

But widow the thought. *Taffy Jones* never meant "a Welsh Jonah." Though lexicographers have yet to discover the fact, the root meaning of *Davy Jones* is "the ghost of Jonah."

I have long wanted to own Layton's *Dictionary of Nautical Words and Terms*. [Editor's note. I will gladly buy or barter for any copy any subscriber may have in surplus.] J. L. Dillard, in his just-released *All-American English* (Random House, $15), cites Layton as giving *duffy* or *duppy* as a common Afro-Creole-Pidgin term for "ghost." That usage would presuppose an African stem, the formula of which would be X'Y ('), in which X = *d* or *t*; ' = a variable vowel; Y = *b*, *f*, *p*, or *v*; and (') = a variable terminal vowel sound. The stems *t'b'*, *t'f'*, *t'p'*, *t'v'*, and the same sequence with *d* as the initial dental, would be expressions of this formula.

The existence of such a stem can be corroborated by the Hebrew, which is not an Indo-European language, but of the Afro-Asian family, whose proto-language is only beginning to engage comparative philologists. Just as *weidh-* underlies Germanic and Latin words that have yielded English "widow," "wide," "divide," so Hebrew may be expected to have word stems in common with African languages.

In Hebrew, *dabhaq* means "to seize." The related word *dibbuq* (in English, "dybbuk"), "one who seizes," came to be the term for a revenant spirit that enters (seizes) the body of a living person. Early demonology, present-day voodoo, and the Roman Catholic rite of exorcism are all concerned with such spirit seizures.

The Hebrew stems *dab'-* and *dib'-* fit the formula of the hypothetical Afro-Asian root. It is a dark fit. Davy Jones was no jolly spirit to be celebrated with festive rites on crossing the equator. He is related to the Orphic figures of classical Hades and Christian hell. He is the soul-grabber, the sailors' devil.

*Devil*, as I should like to detail, is from Greek *diabolos*, literally "one who throws across." What he throws across what, and to what destination, is the subject of most sermons, all of which I should be happy to deliver here as a bonus service of salvation to *SR*'s subscribers, all of whom deserve (or at least need) salvation. But I shall be widowed if I try and must leave every reader to find his own way. *Sauve qui peut*: Davy is lurking. □



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

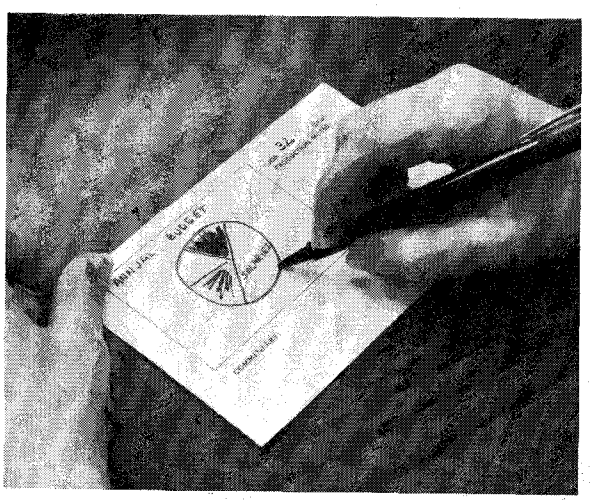
# How to give a better-than-offhand talk without being a showman

**1.** Think about:

**What does my audience have in common?**
**Why are they coming?**
**How much do they know already?**
**How much more do they want to know?**
**What attitudes will they bring with them?**
**What do I want to change or accomplish with my message?**

**2.** "Multimedia" presentations can be written and produced for you by professionals. There are occasions where more modest efforts of your own might be more appropriate. Make sure this is one such.

**3.** Get a pack of 4″ x 6″ index cards.



**4.** Draw a large box in the upper left-hand corner of a card. In that box draw a crude sketch of what comes into your mind when you concentrate on one of the principal points you want to make. It may be a chart, clipping, symbol, diagram, or a photo of a person, place, or thing. Underneath state the point in as few words as needed to cue yourself to the thought.

**5.** Do a similar card about the thought that leads into the thought you have just expressed. Now do one about the thought that follows the first one. Keep going like that.

**6.** When you run out of ideas to tack on ahead or behind, think of the important points that haven't fallen into sequence yet. Make cards for them. **Always work up the sketch before the words.** (If lively words flow out of you too easily to work that way, probably anything you'd say on any subject would fascinate any audience. In that case you hardly need any of this advice.)

**7.** Arrange the cards on a table in an order that makes sense.

**8.** Now get critical. Is the development of the ideas too plodding? Would some other scheme of arranging the cards liven up the beginning and the end? Which cards should be tossed out? Where are you skipping too fast? Where are you trying to pack too much into a single card? Make out the additional cards you need.

**9.** Now get critical about your stack of cards from the standpoint of practicality. Some of your sketches would take too much time and art talent to turn into presentable slides. Substitute images easier to obtain from internal sources or the public domain. If you (and perhaps your secretary) are on your own for this, the KODAK EKTAGRAPHIC Visualmaker kit can much simplify your slide-making problems, both in copying extant material and in snapping originals.

**10.** Run through the talk. Make believe your sketches are already slides on the screen. Speak from the cues you've written under the sketches. (When you give the actual talk, the slides themselves may suffice as cues. Then you wouldn't be reading at all. Why assemble an audience just to hear you read?)

**11.** Decide whether you have too much or too little material. Discard or add cards accordingly.

**12.** Now you are ready to prepare your slides. Worst of the pitfalls is type or other detail that the important but shy people in the back row can't quite make out on the screen. To avoid this and other mistakes, send for the free Kodak publication "Slides with a Purpose." Address request to Dept. 55X, Kodak, Rochester, N.Y. 14650. We'll throw in literature about the KODAK Visualmaker and other handy products.

**13.** You're on!

**14.** You're great!

Kodak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Naval Watching in the Indian Ocean

by George C. McGhee

In recent years there has been much concern about Soviet naval strength in the Indian Ocean. One frequently hears expressions of alarm from Indian Ocean "naval watchers" that at a given time there were more Soviet ship-days in a month than those of U.S. naval forces. One also reads about an impending naval race between the United States and the Soviets in the Indian Ocean. The recent visit of a U.S. aircraft carrier to the Persian Gulf was highly publicized. There was a reluctance to see the Suez Canal opened because it would provide more direct access to the Indian Ocean for Soviet naval forces coming out of the Black Sea. Now Congress is expected to appropriate funds for our first naval "facility" in the Indian Ocean on Diego Garcia Island, owned by Great Britain and 1,000 miles southwest of the south tip of India.

The role of the United States Navy is to keep the sea lanes open for U.S. ships and those of our allies in time of war. Why have people come to be so concerned about naval superiority or sufficiency or just plain parity within specific ocean areas in time of peace? Does this lead one to conclude that at all times we need parity anywhere and everywhere? Should we, for example, be concerned about parity in the Mozambique Channel? Where does such reasoning end?

Much of the imagery of naval strength affecting our current thinking is, I believe, a heritage from the past. For the British, during their period of world supremacy, the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean were indispensable. They could not rule from Egypt to Hong Kong or settle Australia and New Zealand without keeping this route secure. They needed Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Port Said, Aden, Sri Lanka, and all the other stepping-stones along the way. With the disintegration of their empire, however, the Indian Ocean became for the British simply one of a number of bodies of water that their ships must traverse. What basis for concern, then, does the United States have about naval parity in the Indian Ocean with the Soviets, with whom we are engaged in détente efforts elsewhere? Is the Soviet threat there real?

The Indian Ocean, which is bordered on the south by the peaceful Antarctic and flecked by a few sleepy islands, extends on the north for 10,000 miles along a broad arc from Capetown to Perth. We have no naval rights in the Republic of South Africa; however, Australia is an ally under the Anzus Treaty, and the present Labor government there staunchly defends the peacetime tracking and fleet-radio facilities granted us on her west coast. However, for most of the rest of the Indian Ocean littoral stretching from Lourenço Marques to Timor, only recently liberated from colonial rule, warships represent instruments of oppression. Any attempt on our part to assume a "policeman's role" in the Indian Ocean against a theoretical

© 1975 by the New York Times Co.
Reprinted by permission.

Soviet naval threat would be like trying to "assist the old lady who didn't want to cross the street."

The Indian Ocean states, as one would expect, are against any naval buildup or confrontation between the United States and the Soviets in the Indian Ocean. In the United Nations, Sri Lanka, strongly supported by India, has proposed a zone of peace for the Indian Ocean. The Shah of Iran, encouraged by his new oil wealth, has visions of Iran as a world power and the guardian of the entire Indian Ocean area. During his recent visit to Southeast Asia, Australia, and New Zealand, he proclaimed what may someday be called the "Pahlavi Doctrine" of the Indian Ocean area for the Indian Ocean states. He foresees both economic and security pacts linking these states together under his leadership—and calls on us and the Soviet Union to avoid a power confrontation there. In the ebb of our tide as world guardian—after the Nixon Doctrine—do we really want the security burdens of an area so remote from our shores?

Moreover, we have, I believe, discovered in recent years that in peacetime, when the sea lanes are open, naval strength provides us limited leverage to influence the states of the adjacent land areas. Let us take our post-war experience in the Mediterranean as an example. Only in Lebanon in 1958 have U.S. naval forces in the Mediterranean been used to land troops for combat. It has never been quite clear, however, that even this action or what it achieved was necessary. It is also difficult to prove whether the mere presence of the Sixth Fleet, as some have suggested, contributed to the preservation of Jordan during its brief 1970 civil war. Despite the fact that our aircraft carriers, submarines, cruisers, and destroyers have steamed up and down the Mediterranean shores since 1946, we lost our dominant influence in the Middle East even before the introduction of the Soviet fleet following the Cuban missile crisis in 1962.

Why has our navy had so little impact on the Middle Eastern states? The answer is, I believe, that they know full well that in the world of today we would not dare use our navy in peacetime to coerce them. As a consequence, they thumb their noses at us, even with our fleet offshore, and do just as they please. The ill-fated Anglo-French invasion of Egypt in 1956 demonstrated not only the impotence of their fleets but also of ours to deter them. Our fleet did not prevent Faisal's oil embargo. Does anyone pretend that Turkey was influenced in its recent action in Cyprus by the presence of the Sixth Fleet, even when the warships converged on the island for the ostensible reason of taking out Americans? Not at all—the Turks knew that we were impotent to use our dreadnoughts to stop them.

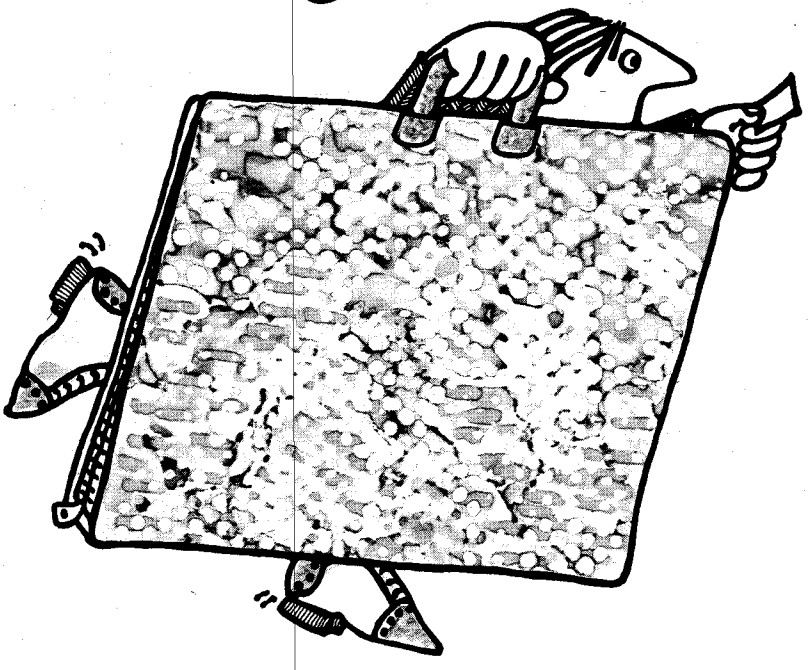
Indeed, the mere presence of our fleet units often creates with the states they visit problems that would not otherwise exist. Many states do not want our ships to visit them. Port calls to provide our sailors shore leave often arouse nationalist reactions leading to protest and

*(Continued on page 57.)*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Portrait of the artist as a salesperson



What every freelance artist needs (besides talent), is somebody to take over the nitty-gritty hassles of marketing. An artist should be free to do what he does best — create — and selling is a full-time job.

The answer, of course, is to get an art rep. But unless you (a) have connections, (b) have a distinguished artistic reputation, or, (c) have both, agents just aren't interested. Which means most up-and-coming artists do all their own selling — market research, acquiring connections, checking leads, the whole bit. And that's a hassle.

**Now there's a better way**

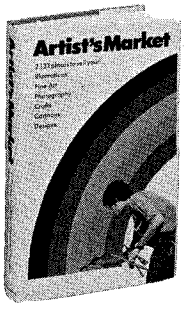
It's called Artist's Market and it takes about 90% of the selling tedium off your back — that includes research, connections, leads, everything.

All you do is decide what types of art you want to sell (photography, illustrations, fine art, arts & crafts, cartoons), thumb through Artist's Market (categorized for easy reference) and pick out the markets best suited for your work. There are over 2,000 to choose from and they all provide you with exactly the information you need.

**Artist's Market**

Prepared by the Art Buyer himself, each listing contains: the name and address of the market and buyer; what types of art the buyer is looking for; pay rates; and how to submit material.

Artist's Market is divided into 35 different categories listing 2,123 markets throughout the U.S. for every form of art imaginable — from art galleries, advertising agencies and fashion design firms to magazines, book publishers and craft dealers. Markets for paintings, sculptures, photography, illustrations, cartoons, designs & batik, macrame — everything.




**Enables you to target your sales**

Artist's Market is a great opportunity to find just the right markets for your particular talents, and in less time than ever before.

Artist's Market is easy to come by, too. It's on sale now at your local bookstore, or you can order it straight from the publisher via the coupon below. It's brand new, 480 pages, clothbound and sells for only $8.95. And Artist's Market is offered with a 30-day money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

Why not order your copy now? Start spending your working time where it belongs — with your art!

MAIL TO: E-169
**ARTIST'S MARKET**
9933 Alliance Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45242

Rush me ____ copies of ARTIST'S MARKET, 480 pages, $8.95 (please add 50c to cover postage and insured delivery). Money-back guarantee if not completely satisfied.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

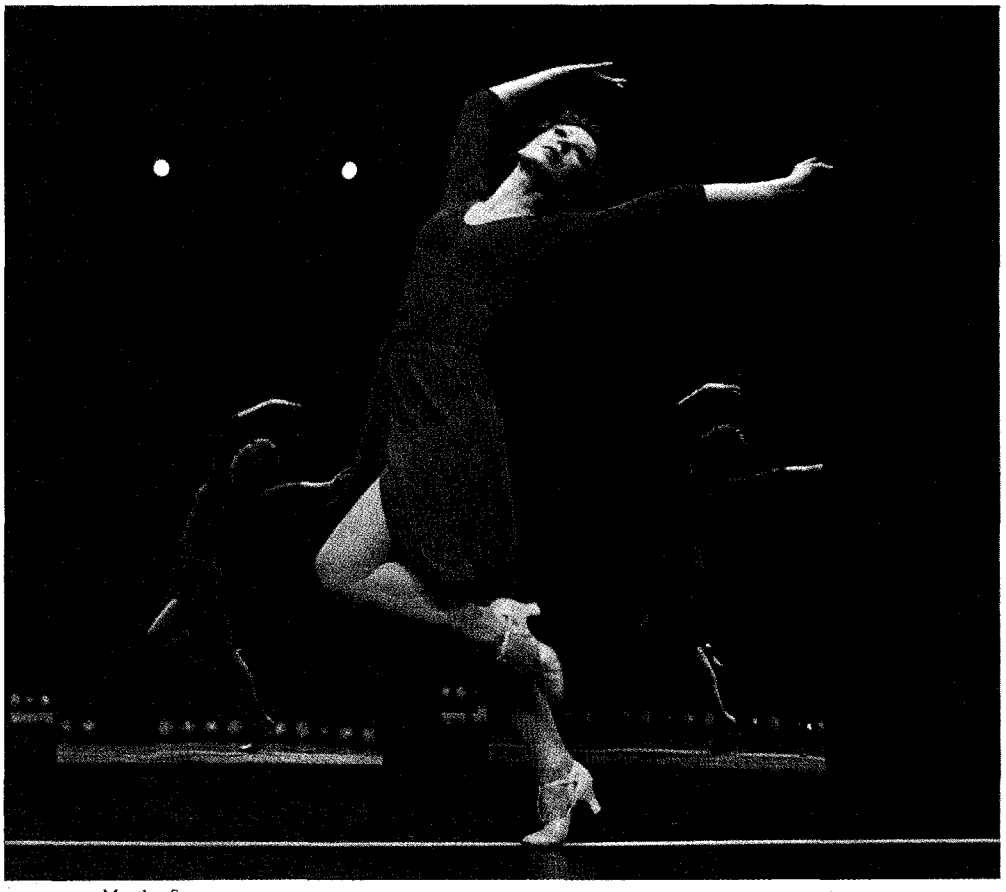
☐ My payment is enclosed

Please charge my
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Acct. # _____

Interbank # _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Martha Swope

*Donna McKechnie in* A Chorus Line—*"Seeking approval in the mirror."*

# Broadway's Bountiful Season

## The economy notwithstanding, New York's Great White Way is aglow with a diversity of hits and box-office jubilation.

by Henry Hewes

As the 1974–75 season emerged, it became evident that Broadway was more bountiful than usual. Amazingly, at a time when most other businesses were hurting, box-office revenue was up 25 percent over the previous year and came within $1.5 million of surpassing the all-time 1967–68 high of $58,941,809. It appeared that people forced to eliminate the larger expenditures from their budget were substituting the more modest luxury of theatergoing. Or possibly the increased attendance could be attributed to the extraordinary diversity of the kinds of theater to be found not just on Broadway but all over New York City.

Everyone was delighted to follow the world-weary, cocaine-addicted Sherlock Holmes as he nonchalantly employed all his brain and a little of his heart to stay one jump ahead of the ruthless arch-criminal Professor Moriarty. Equally popular was Peter Shaffer's more modern psycho-detective story, *Equus*, about a boy's worship of horses, and about the conflict between that pure passion and the dull norms of society which led him to a shocking, brutal act.

A horse of quite a different color was provided by a pair of South African actors in two short plays by white playwright Athol Fugard, about the wretched conditions endured by the black population in South Africa. In the first of these plays, *The Island*, the two actors were convicts who excavated their own souls in a way that both used and burst the conventions of theater. In the other play, *Siswe Banzi Is Dead*, they showed an incredible good nature and sense of ludicrous humor that made their tribulations about identity all the more poignant. Also joking about a grim subject was *The National Health*, Peter Nichols's grotesque romp through a British hospital ward, which obliquely managed to reaffirm life among the sick and dying.

A grimmer subject still is the grief and despair underlying the apparent congeniality of a family at Sunday dinner. Eduardo de Filippo's *Saturday, Sunday, Monday* proved a spirited and moving treatment of this universal theme. A new translation of Molière's *The Misanthrope*, with a great, elegantly decadent set by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, made an eloquently bitter statement about sophisticated modern living.

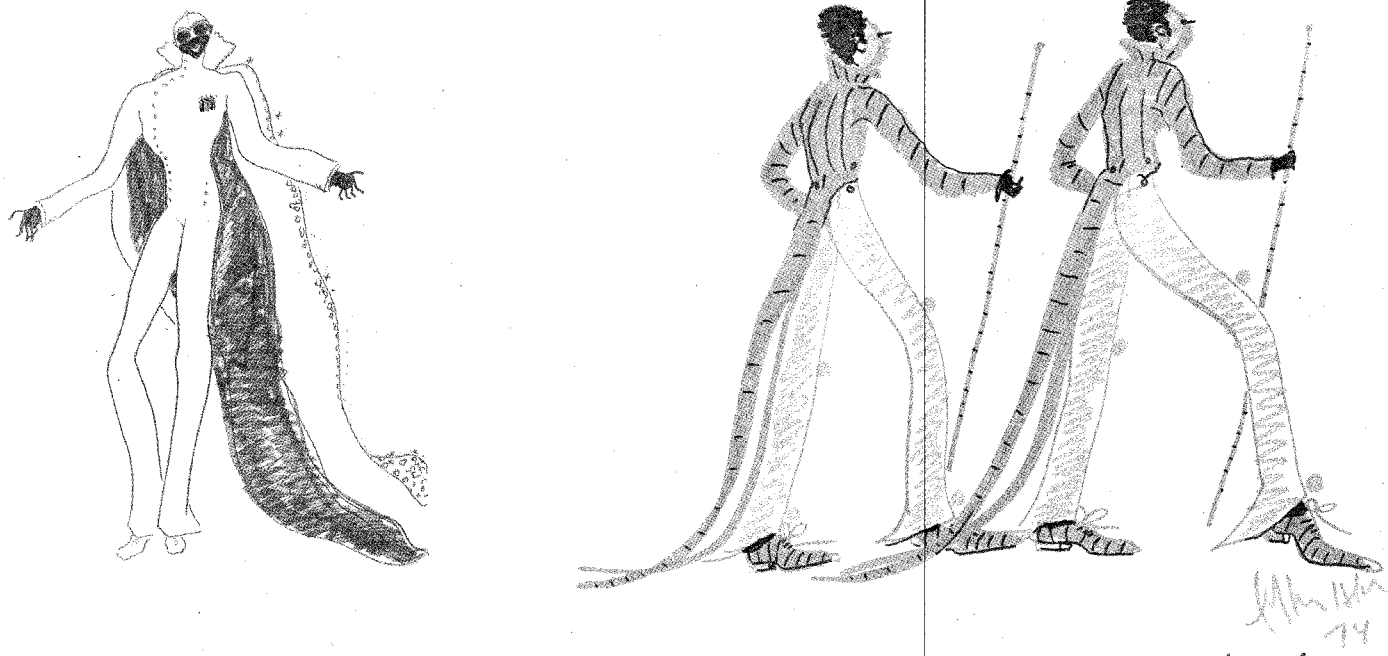
There was much difference of opinion about Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning *Seascape*. Some found its leisurely first act so boring that even its more interesting second act could not redeem the play. Others adjusted to the tempo and became totally fascinated with the playwright's imaginative perspective on our civilization and its probable future.

A similar controversy was provoked by the appearance on Broadway of Robert Wilson's unique and strange *A Letter for Queen Victoria*, whose non-linear form baffled and bored Broadway-conditioned audiences, but which evoked admiration from some of the leading critics and won Wilson a Maharam Award for his imaginative use of design.

Of this assortment of the most significant Broadway plays, only *Sherlock Holmes* and *Equus* were box-office hits. But the theatergoer was also pleased to find a modest supply of less-demanding evenings available. Among the other entertaining shows that wound up in the black were Bernard Slade's *Same Time, Next Year*, Alan Ayckbourn's *Absurd Person Singular*, and Terence Rattigan's *In Praise of Love*; and revivals of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, Somerset Maugham's *The Constant Wife*, and the Arthur Laurents, Stephen Sondheim, Jule Styne musical *Gypsy*. In addition to these eight, two comedies (Murray



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Geoffrey Holder's original costume sketches for* The Wiz.





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polly *at Brooklyn's Chelsea Theater Center—Brought Carrie F. Robbins the Maharam Award for her costume designs.*

Schisgal's *All Over Town* and Terrence McNally's *The Ritz*) and three musicals (*The Wiz* by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls, *Shenandoah* by Philip Rose, Gary Geld, and Peter Udell, and *Rodgers and Hart*) also retained the possibility of becoming financial successes.

Although many hailed this prosperity as a sign that "show biz as usual" was still healthy, an honest analysis indicates that this season's richness can be largely attributed to long-overdue changes in theatrical-production methods that are now beginning to make themselves felt. The most visible example of this came at the very end of the season with the production of *A Chorus Line*.

BEFORE MOVING to Broadway's Shubert Theater, this new smash hit had opened in May at Off-Broadway's Public Theater, and had been voted Best Musical of the season by the New York Drama Critics Circle. Moreover, it won this honor by an even greater margin than did *Fiddler on the Roof* in 1965. This is astonishing because *A Chorus Line* seems to be a random collection of unremarkable elements. Yet these unremarkable elements are so sensitively orchestrated that in the theater, at least, they become ultimately thrilling and totally remarkable.

The musical begins casually. A choreographer is auditioning dancers for the chorus line of a forthcoming Broadway show. In businesslike fashion he reduces the group to 17 applicants for eight jobs. The final testing takes place on a stage that is bare except for a white stripe painted across the floor and a back wall of mirrors somewhat more splendid than the ones found in dance studios. Robin Wagner has designed these mirrored panels so that they rotate from silver to black as the action moves back and forth from reality to theatrical make-believe. Similarly, Tharon Musser has created a subtly effective lighting scheme wherein the dancers' public confrontations are played in white light, and their private thoughts and inner emotional responses are done in a purplish glow.

The plot is simple. Because the dancers will be required to speak a few lines in the show for which they are auditioning, the choreographer, Zach, asks each of them to step forward and tell him something about themselves. What they tell, either in monologue or in song, turns out to be quite ordinary, but becomes unusually compelling. These are the experiences of unspecial people, and they describe the cultural poverty of mainstream America. Some talk about how the ballet was their fantasy escape from a sordid or frustrated home life. Others tell about the terrifying discoveries of their adolescence. And a few others tell about the pain of starting out to pursue a career in New York.

Why are these confessions so engaging? It is because they are spoken by characters whose ordinary lives are going to be made extraordinary by relatively short careers of faithfully executing complicated, but not very profound, chorus-line routines on Broadway. Furthermore, the whole process takes on an extra dimension when we realize that the cast is made up of the very people who are seeking such careers.

The most striking instance of this is Donna McKechnie's portrayal of Cassie, who is too good for the chorus line but who is tired of not quite making it as a star. It is hard for her to suppress her natural flair in order to fit in smoothly with the rest of the dancers, and in the purplish light she expresses her frustration in a marvelously dynamic dance solo, in which, like most dancers, she seeks approval in the mirror. Carole Bishop, as Sheila ("I'm going to be 30 real soon, and I'm real glad"), also expresses her own story and provides much of the show's humor with her sarcastic backtalk. Most memorable of the other dancers is Sammy Williams as Paul, who tells about the humiliating moment when his parents discovered he was working as a transvestite chorus boy—which, incidentally, is not Williams's story but that of Nicholas Dante, who co-authored the book with James Kirkwood.

Beautifully orchestrated music played by unseen musicians constantly but un-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reg Wilson

*Frank Dunlop's staging of* Sherlock Holmes*—The most entertaining revival in years.*

*John Kani and Winston Ntshona—Agonized prisoners in* The Island.

William L. Smith

obtrusively underscores almost all the action. Then, about two-thirds of the way through the audition, a note of inexorability is heard as the dancers are tested for elimination in an inspired piece of pseudo-sophistication about a girl so impossibly attractive that "one smile and you know no one else will do, you know you'll never be lonely with you know who." Zach leads them through a precisely timed series of maneuvers that would confound an NFL quarterback, and it is fascinating to see this meaningless magic so masterfully executed by human beings in practice clothes.

The action now becomes intense. In spite of their competing with each other, the dancers are united in their awareness of the desperate unsatisfactoriness of the work conditions they all must face over and over again. When one dancer who seemed sure to be hired badly injures his knee, his co-workers band together to help him, and seem to be saying, "An accident to any one of us is felt by all of us." Zach's final cruel question before his final cruel elimination of half the dancers is, "What do you do when you can't dance anymore?" After a variety of depressing answers, one girl (Priscilla Lopez) thoughtfully sings that she'll have no regrets because dancing is what she did for love, and "love is never gone, as we travel on, love's what we'll remember." This bittersweet sentiment is quickly followed by Zach's hiring eight



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and firing eight. The audition is over and the lights fade out. However, as the audience begins its applause, the dancers reappear in fancy satin costumes to perform a kick-step production number. The contrast between the genuine and vulnerable backstage life we've been watching and the confident bravura of the polished number is overpowering. There is also a self-recognition by the audience, who can see themselves applauding in the mirror. The grinning dancers seem to be saying, "Our depersonalized, mechanical kick-step automatically makes you clap, and it means nothing. Theater and life both should be better than that, don't you think?" It is this communion of understanding between the common, yet potentially special, people on both sides of the painted line that gives *A Chorus Line* its universal evocativeness.

In the opinion of Michael Bennett, who conceived, choreographed, and directed *A Chorus Line*, it could not have been successfully created under prevailing Broadway conditions. Fourteen months ago he felt such despair about Broadway that he was considering buying some land for $10 an acre in New Zealand and emigrating there, where he might start a modest theater. Then Joseph Papp asked him if he would be interested in staging a revival of *Knickerbocker Holiday*. Bennett, who had a few months earlier held two 12-hour talk sessions with 21 dancers and had encouraged one of them, Nicholas Dante, to try his hand at writing a script based on the kinds of things that were said during these sessions, countered with a proposal that Papp make it possible for him to work on a musical about dancers under workshop conditions. Papp's customary formula at the Public Theater is to begin new projects with a reading for which the actors are paid $50 each, and then, if warranted, to proceed into a workshop with the actors receiving $100 a week. In this case, however, he listened to a tape made up of excerpts from the talk session, for which the dancers were paid nothing. (However, they will all receive a share of the author's royalty, whether or not their particular words were used.) "I liked the project," says Papp, "because it was a single idea with a single purpose. But there was a great danger—sentimentality. It had to keep a hard, authentic, documentary quality."

Fred Eberstadt

*The La Mama Repertory Troupe*

BENNETT BROUGHT IN composer Marvin Hamlisch and lyricist Edward Kleban, whose earlier work at the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club had revealed his talent. At the end of August, Bennett and 16 dancers began a five-week workshop with a three-and-a-half-hour script and three songs. Then Bennett took time out to direct Neil Simon's new play, *God's Favorite*, on Broadway, returning to begin a second 10-week workshop at the end of December.

In mid-February Papp watched a rehearsal and became worried. "The show was becoming the very thing on which it was trying to shed some light," he says, "and the sequence with Cassie seemed pure soap opera. The work was innovative, but I wanted it to have more mean-

**Critics' Choice—Best of the Season**
(In approximate order of preference. Those originating in subsidized productions are followed by the names of those theaters or companies.)
*A Chorus Line* (Public Theater)
*Equus* (National Theatre, England)
*The Island* (Royal Court Theatre, England)
*The National Health*
(National Theatre, England)
(Long Wharf Theater)
(Circle-in-the-Square)
*The Taking of Miss Janie*
(New Federal Theater)
(Mitzi Newhouse Theater)
*Siswe Banzi Is Dead*
(Royal Court Theatre, England)
(Long Wharf Theater)
*Seascape*
*Shenandoah* (Goodspeed Opera House)
*The Wiz*
*Same Time, Next Year*
*Summerfolk*
(Royal Shakespeare Company)
(Brooklyn Academy of Music)
*Saturday, Sunday, Monday*
(National Theatre, England)
*Yentl, the Yeshiva Boy*
(Chelsea Theater Center)
*Kid Champion* (Public Theater)
*Absurd Person Singular*
*The First Breeze of Summer*
(Negro Ensemble Company)
*London Assurance*
(Royal Shakespeare Company, England)
*The Sirens* (Manhattan Theater Club)
*Mert and Phil* (Vivian Beaumont)
*Black Picture Show* (Vivian Beaumont)
*The Ritz* (Yale Repertory Theater)
*Hothouse* (Theater Strategy)
(Chelsea Theater Center)
*Fishing* (Public Theater)

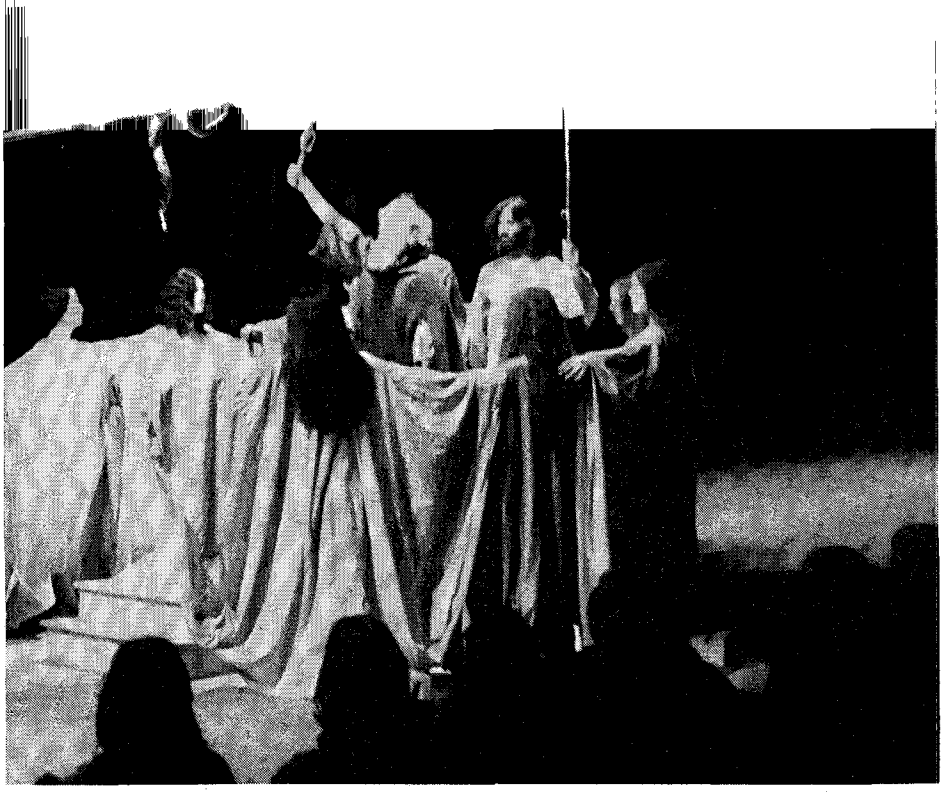
**Most Distinguished Revivals**
(Henry Hewes's choice)
*Sherlock Holmes*
(Royal Shakespeare Company)
*The Good Woman of Setzuan*
(La Mama Repertory Troupe)
*The Misanthrope*
(National Theatre, England)
*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*
(American Shakespeare Festival)
(American National Theatre & Academy)
*Mother Courage* (Performance Group)
*Pericles* (New York Shakespeare Festival)
*A Doll's House* (Vivian Beaumont)
*The Sea Gull* (Manhattan Project)
(Public Theater)
*All God's Chillun* (Circle-in-the-Square)
*Where's Charley?* (Circle-in-the-Square)
*Of Mice and Men*
(Southern Methodist University)

**Most Interesting New Alternate Theater Productions**
(Henry Hewes's choice)
*Trilogy* (La Mama Repertory Troupe)
*The Lost Ones* (Mabou Mines)
*A Letter for Queen Victoria*
(Byrd Hoffman Foundation)
*Pandering to the Masses*
(Ontological-Hysteric Theater)
*The $ Value of Man*
(Byrd Hoffman Foundation)
(Brooklyn Academy of Music)
*Listen to Me* (Judson Poets Theater)
*Hotel for Criminals* (Lenox Arts Center)
*Stage Blood*
(Ridiculous Theatrical Company)

NOTE: *The Manhattan Project's* Alice in Wonderland *and the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's* Bluebeard *were re-revived to further enrich the season.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*roduction of* Trilogy—*The season's outstanding theatrical achievement.*

ing, to express the cry of these people." The producer had a tough decision to make. He'd invested $54,000 in the two workshops, and proceeding into a full production was a costly commitment. Luckily for the Public Theater, which now stands to earn several million dollars from *A Chorus Line*, he didn't communicate his misgivings to Bennett, and decided to go ahead. But his decision was based not on the material but on his faith in Bennett's ability.

Papp further showed his confidence by staying away from the project until a preview early in May. When he saw it he wept and knew that Bennett had transformed the material into a hit: "In a funny way the so-called sentimentality had been drained out of the script by the music. The music was carrying the action of the show, freeing the actors from any task other than just speaking honestly."

Bennett had also solved the problem of Cassie's sequence, partly by dividing it into two scenes, and partly by using the other dancers to demonstrate the mechanized nature of what she had to deal with. The director says, "I suddenly realized that I had no right to tell Cassie not to go back to the chorus, so I gave her a chance to argue it out with Zach."

However, what guided the structuring of the musical was the goal of getting the audience to Paul's monologue without that monologue becoming shocking. Originally Paul had ended with the line, "My father said, 'Take care of my son.' " Says Bennett, "It was too much a set piece. Then my secretary told me that Nicholas had told her it was the first time his father had ever called him 'son.' I added it, and the afterthought gave the speech a new shape, a fresh jump from past to present."

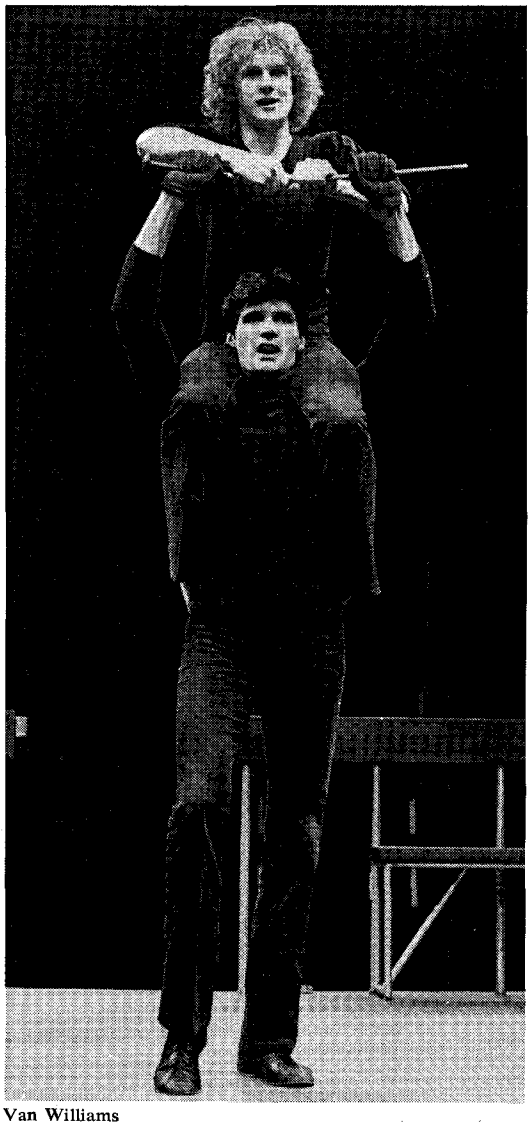
Also essential to the musical's statement was the ending, which cost an extra $50,000 and was only added during the final two weeks of previews. "The ending gets the audience off the hook emotionally. The transformation of people it has come to know as individuals into a mechanical unit is the sad truth of the matter, but for many the dance is the kind of happy show-biz number they've been waiting for all evening." Bennett finds it most appropriate to a work that started out to be about show business and ended up by being about life.

*A Chorus Line* is, of course, only one of the overwhelming number of outstanding New York theater events to come from subsidized theaters. Of 23 works receiving votes in the New York Drama Critics Circle balloting, only four began as commercially financed Broadway productions (see box). And all of the season's most distinguished revivals also benefited from the creative hospitality of deficit-financed work.

ALL OF THIS suggests that passionate theatergoers will look more and more to the Off-Off-Broadway sector for the most interesting theater. For, even this season, a considerable portion of the best theatergoing was found there in the so-called alternate theater. Indeed, the theatrical production some critics considered the outstanding achievement of 1974–75 was Andrei Serban's *Trilogy*, presented at the La Mama Annex. The work most imaginatively explored themes found in *Medea*, *The Trojan Women*, and *Electra*, pushing theater into a larger territory than we knew existed. Serban and his La Mama Repertory Troupe also fashioned a brilliant revival of Bertolt Brecht's *The Good Woman of Setzuan*.

Other alternate-theater groups had a good year, too. Mabou Mines boasted an actor, David Warrilow, who in an adaptation of *The Lost Ones* emerged

*(Continued on page 50.)*



Van Williams

*Peter Firth rides "Nugget" in* Equus—*Voted the season's best play.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A CENTRAL VISION

**Ragtime**
*by E. L. Doctorow*
*Random House, 271 pp., $8.95*

Reviewed by Stanley Kauffmann

E. L. Doctorow's last novel, *The Book of Daniel* (1971), dealt with the children of a couple who had been executed in the early Fifties for atomic espionage. It was the best American political novel in a generation. Now he has written *Ragtime*, which takes place between 1908 and World War I and, though utterly distinct from the previous book in narrative and method, is a kind of prologue to it. Quintessentially *The Book of Daniel* depicted the ideological climate of mid-century: showing how political radicalism had been brought to this country from Central and Eastern Europe, how it had flourished under the economic pressures of the Thirties, and how the predominantly Anglo-Saxon, gently meliorist qualities of this country had been irrevocably changed. Now Doctorow goes back to the beginnings of that change, and he extends the scope from politics to a wide spectrum of an era, a fateful era. *Ragtime* is a unique and beautiful work of art about American destiny, built of fact and logical fantasy, governed by music heard and sensed, responsive to cinema both as method and historical datum, shaken by a continental pulse.

That makes it sound huge, but in fact it is a shorter novel than its predecessor. The size of *Ragtime* is in its subject, its depth, and its powerful distillations. Doctorow has worked with two principal groups of characters: historical personages—J. P. Morgan, Henry Ford, Harry Houdini, Emma Goldman, Harry

Illustrations: Culver

*"The 'ragtime' effect of the book's prose captures a change in the rhythm of American life, a change to the accelerated, impelling beat of a new century."*

*Stanley Kauffmann is film and theater critic of the* New Republic *and teaches at York College. His latest book is* Living Images.



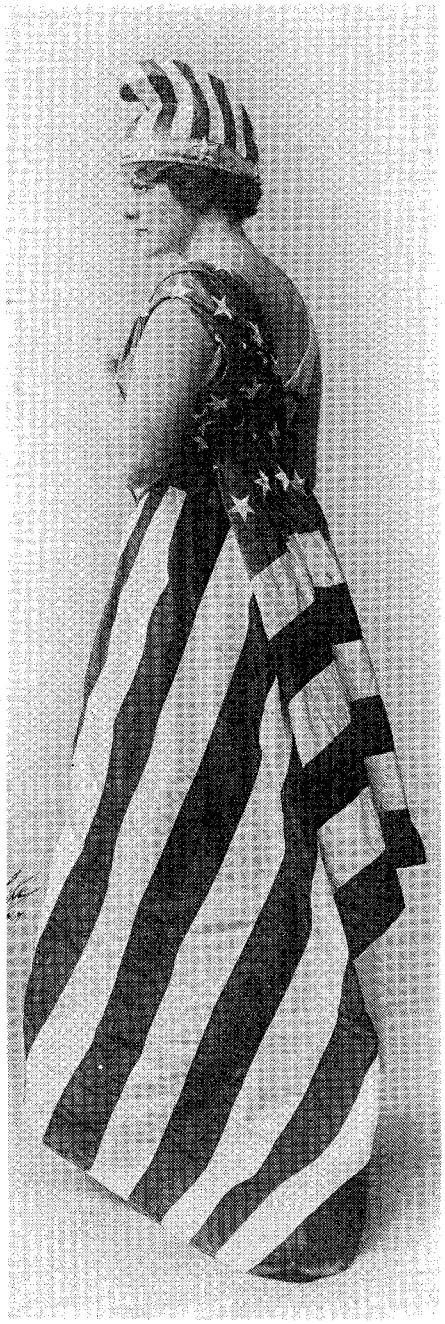
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

K. Thaw, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, Robert E. Peary, and others—whom he takes past the known facts of their lives into credible extrapolations; and fictional characters whose lives interweave with many of the historical ones in those imaginary passages. This method gives equal vitality to all: the actual people are breathed into rounded life; the invented people take on historical weight. No fictional characters are given names except the Negroes (Doctorow's correct topical term); the fictional white people are known as Father, Mother, Mother's Younger Brother, the Little Boy (a New Rochelle family), Tateh, which is Yiddish for Dad, and his daughter. This device subtly implies a true cruel segregation: the blacks are too unrepresentative of life at that time to be symbolic. And another device, the absence of quotation marks around direct dialogue, gives the book the visual effect of a saga discovered, rather than of a novel written.

But it *is* written, exquisitely. The title, like the epigraph from Scott Joplin, is intended doubly: as a period sign and as a tempo indication. Only a long quotation—impossible here—would make clear the feeling of the prose, which goes far beyond mere imitation of ragtime beat, beyond the skillful balance of long and short sentences, beyond the burnished modeling of paragraphs to fulfill them and yet end them with a flick of pleasant abruptness. The "ragtime" effect is fundamentally to capture a change in the rhythm of American life, a change to the accelerated, impelling beat of a new century; and it is something more than coincidence or even irony that the new beat, in its musical manifestation, comes primarily from a black composer. (Blacks figure dramatically in the novel.)

Film, too, infuses the conception of the book. *Ragtime* almost apotheosizes the fact that the very existence of the film form has changed the ways in which fiction is written. Over and over again, for instance, the narrative follows a character until he meets, in person or in reference, a second character: the narrative then flows off with the second person, very much as Renoir's or Kurosawa's camera might have done. Film is also necessarily very much a part of the subject matter, because its invention and its popularity helped to shape the age. ("The value of the duplicable event was everywhere perceived.")

In this era of accelerating change, transition swirls around Doctorow's characters, and everything is chosen to dramatize it. The Father in that New Rochelle family is a flag-and-fireworks manufacturer. The flags relate to patriotism as a neatly manageable emotion, which ceases to be true. The fireworks are toy versions of explosions that become deadly as the book progresses. Mother is the daughter of a "country classicist" straining at the bonds of her upbringing toward a woman's life not yet permitted. Her Younger Brother, who works for Father, is a genius of detonations, gunpowder and emotional; he is infatuated—via newspaper pictures—with Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, beautiful wife of Harry K. Thaw, the degenerate millionaire who shot the famous architect Stanford White in jealousy. Father's boy of seven or eight dreams boy dreams; one day, because of an auto accident outside the door, the famous escape artist Harry Houdini stops in for a glass of lemonade and fires his imagination.



*The flags of yesteryear—Signs of "patriotism as a neatly manageable emotion, which ceases to be true."*

That is one set of beginnings. Another deals with Tateh, the Eastern European Jewish immigrant, and his beautiful small daughter. (His wife soon disappears into the New World's immoral maw.) Tateh is a Socialist and a street artist of silhouettes. Because of the first, he encounters the anarchist leader Emma Goldman; because of the second, he encounters Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. Eventually he and his daughter go from New York to Lawrence, Mass., where he gets a mill job and becomes involved in a famous textile strike. Then they go to Philadelphia, where Tateh's silhouette work gets him into the novelty flip-book business, which in turn gets him into the movie business.

Father's family and Tateh's family meet, after Tateh is wealthy, in Atlantic City. Father is on the *Lusitania* when it sinks. (Doctorow almost seems to have invented history in support of his fiction, rather than the reverse.) Tateh and Mother marry; and the century moves on.

THE THIRD major fictional strand concerns blacks. Early in the book Mother discovers an abandoned black infant in her garden and shelters it. Soon she has also sheltered the teenage mother, Sarah. This leads to visits by the child's contrite father, a successful ragtime pianist named Coalhouse Walker. These visits lead to a racist incident in New Rochelle that bursts into violence, causes Sarah's death, and blazes into a small war led by Coalhouse in the Morgan Library on Madison Avenue in New York. (And that building was co-designed by Stanford White, who figured earlier in the book!)

Synopsized, this may seem arbitrary, but the book is built to reveal design rather than to impose it. For instance, Morgan is portrayed as a mystic, powerful elitist (with some kinship to Shaw's character, the millionaire munitions-maker Andrew Undershaft); the black

(*Continued on next page.*)



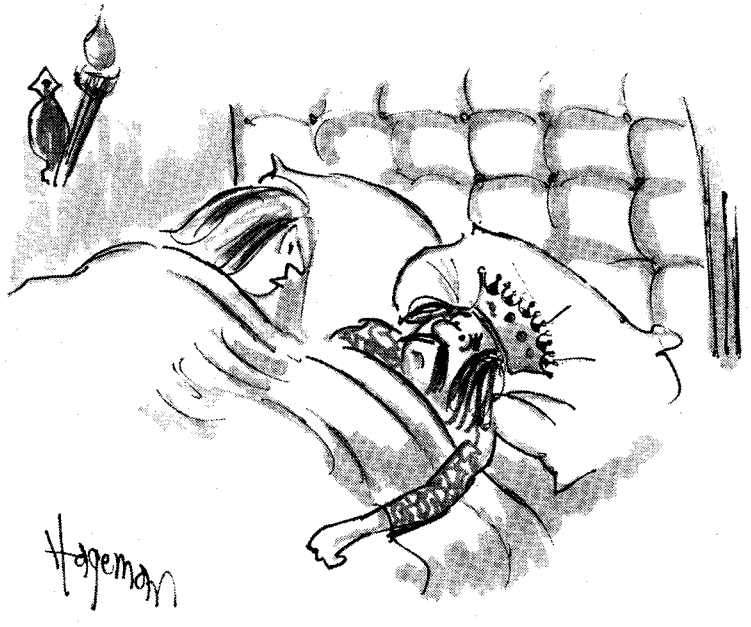
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**"The book's central excellence is its central vision, the idea of the book, which is generative without being obsessive, original without being clever."**

insurrection in his sanctum seems inevitable. Linkages and parallels are the materials of this novelist, as they are of many historians. Linkages: when Father, who is a member of an explorer's club, sails for the North Pole with the arctic voyager Robert E. Peary, their ship passes an incoming steamer crowded with immigrants, presumably including Tateh and his Little Girl. Henry Ford is seen as the perfecter of a machine and an industrial system that will revise society; when Coalhouse gets embroiled in social violence, it's because of his Ford. Parallels: Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, visiting Tateh's tenement room, bathes the sick Little Girl; later, Evelyn, sick in Emma Goldman's tenement room, is bathed and massaged by the veteran anarchist. In the West Room of the Morgan Library, Henry Ford and J. P. Morgan converse as younger and older monarchs disposing of the world; later, in the West Room during the insurrection, Coalhouse and Booker T. Washington, who is acting as mediator, converse like younger and older monarchs of racial revolution. And in and out of the whole book Houdini, the visionary vaudevillian, the escape artist who disrupts conventional acceptances, weaves like a thread of wonder.

What is being delineated throughout is the shape of change. Sometimes it is figurative, atmospheric. ("This was the time in our history when Winslow Homer was doing his painting. A certain light was still available along the Eastern seaboard.") Sometimes the change is socio-economic. (Morgan says to Ford: "I have spent my life in the coordination of capital resources and the harmonic combination of industries, but I have never considered that the employment of labor is in itself a harmonically unifying process apart from the enterprise in which it is enlisted. . . . Has it occurred to you that your assembly line is not merely a stroke of industrial genius but a projection of organic truth?") Sometimes it is social, as when Father takes his boy to the Polo Grounds and silently compares the profane baseball players and the plebeian crowd with the Harvard baseball games of his youth.

*Ragtime* as a whole is so fine that it is almost a perverse pleasure to note a few reservations, as if to certify my grateful admiration. Mother's instant decision to take in the abandoned black baby strains credibility slightly. The character of Sarah, in her stillness and her motion, seems a composition by Doctorow rather than a human being. The brief apostrophes to spring and summer that open chapters 27 and 33 are possibly parodic but not successfully so. Quite often Doctorow obtrudes consciousness of the book as book and himself as author. This occurred sometimes in *The Book of Daniel*, but that work's personal, prismatic style could accommodate the device. Here it jars the objective, quasi-musical style when we read, for instance: "Poor Father, I see his final exploration." A paragraph about Theodore Dreiser seems included solely because Doctorow knew the material. One point is baffling: Doctorow describes Freud's and Jung's visit to America. On a tour of Manhattan's Lower East Side, Jung sees Tateh's Little Girl and experiences a "shock of recognition." Why? Is this a prefiguring of the collective unconscious? And one fly-speck error: Rudolf Friml had not yet composed his first show when Peary set out on his last expedition, so piano-rolls of Friml's "best numbers" could not have been on the ship.




*"Sure, 'uneasy lies the head that wears the crown' . . . Why don't you try taking it off when you're in bed?"*

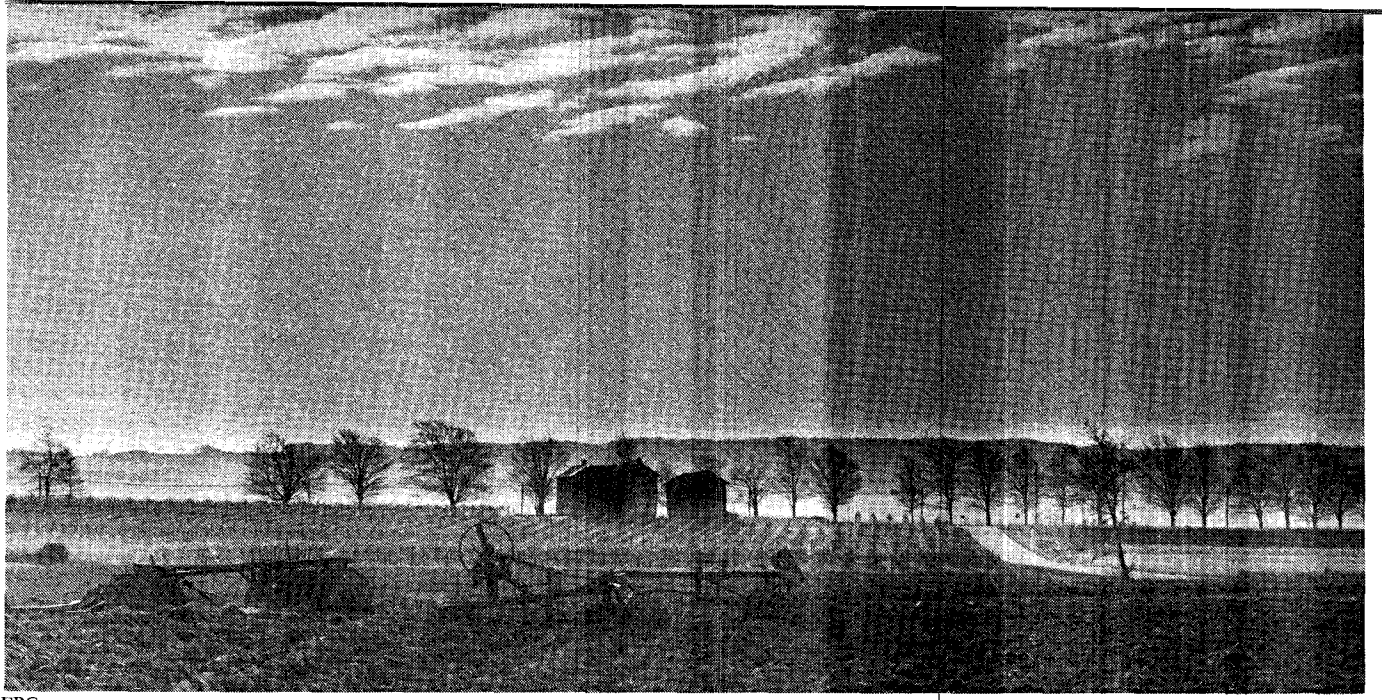
BUT *Ragtime*, with its small flaws, is excellent. Its central excellence is its central vision, the *idea* of the book, which is generative without being obsessive, original without being clever. Doctorow saw ways to fuse imagination with imaginatively dramatized history, to distill an era, to lay open the courses of growth, when life was altering in style and expectation, when lidded injustice was seething toward explosion, when adventure was changing its name. This book, any page of which may seem simple, is complex and rich.

When I read it the first time, it kept reminding me of something I couldn't name. The second time I knew: *Ragtime* reminds me of Hart Crane's *The Bridge*. We don't need to equate the two works to see that, in a different art, Doctorow too was trying to summon up American quintessence from disparate sources, trying to sing an epic with something other than a person as its focus. For Crane it was an enormous artifact, for Doctorow a crucial era.

In his book on Crane, the critic R. W. B. Lewis quotes Robert Frost's remark that "a good epic would grace our history," then says that Crane "bestowed upon our history—or our consciousness thereof—that gift of transfiguration of which poetry is capable and which, by analogy, seems a form of grace." That gift is no less possible for the novel. Doctorow has added a grace to our history. □



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FPG

*"The superbly envisioned characters scatter apart across the surface of the Carolinas to nurse old wounds."*

# Penance and Prophecy

**The Surface of Earth**
*by Reynolds Price*
*Atheneum, 491 pp., $10.95*

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

Although *The Surface of Earth* is a saga about four generations of self-hating Southern fathers and sons bound together in elaborate mutual failure from 1903 to 1944, this novel's strength is neither as a psychological study nor as a realistic evocation of the heat, the cold, the aromas, the social realities of the Carolinas or Virginia. True to the intense rhetorical traditions of Southern fiction (within which the book locates itself with no merely casual self-consciousness), immediate perceptions are here invoked only to serve the novel's larger end, which is neither evocation nor immediacy, but what comes across as an essentially visionary, all-but-prophetic task.

The book begins with the elopement in 1903 of a country schoolteacher with an adored, nubile 16-year-old student, and it ends with the bewildered (alternately moving and exasperating) rapprochement of their alcoholic son with their tough, mistrusting, needful grandson during the closing days of World War II. But rather than cast the realist's cold, analytic eye on these transactions, Reynolds Price follows the Southern tradition, using the high rhetorical possibilities of the language to wrap their condition in a verbal veil of doom and suffering, his fictional voice rhapsodizing and moralizing in a manner that calls to mind not merely William Faulkner, but something rather like Isaiah's view of the sins of the fathers, persisting among us all.

THE NOVEL'S ASPIRATIONS are, to say the least, very grand; the scope of its conception, the intensiveness of its prose, make *The Surface of Earth* what Norman Mailer would probably call a Major Contender. And Price's gifts—his capacity to sustain his voice, the flawless ear with which he hears it spinning out on the page—are so very considerable that no reviewer should presume to pronounce himself on the book's ultimate prospects for fulfilling those high designs. Reynolds Price is anything but naive: among the many contenders, he knows that he almost alone has on his side the grandest traditions of American fiction. From Melville to Faulkner, our Overwhelming Achievements have tended to be the products of overwhelmingly gifted rhetoricians. I must confess that I myself, though very impressed, was not overwhelmed by *The Surface of Earth*. Mr. Price by now must be understandably fatigued by the inevitable comparisons of his work to Faulkner's; unfortunately, he is such a careful and conspicuously gifted pupil of that master that the comparison *is* inevitable. Price is in some ways a "better" writer than Faulkner. Where Faulkner is (as he often is) sloppy and fatuous, Price never would be. Where Faulkner is tortured and obscurantist, Price is elegant and masterful. The advantages are obvious. So are the risks. There are moments—long moments—in *The Surface of Earth* in which the writing intoxicates itself on a decidedly academic belletrism, rapt in the rather empty mellifluousness of its own voice.

Yet this big book—big in every sense—has real power: certain images in it obsess the mind after one reads it, just as they must have driven and obsessed Price's mind as he wrote it. In one lurid and grotesque episode, the hopeful grandson of the book comes across his alcoholic father naked, passed out on the floor of his dead grandfather's study. It is a terrible moment: one feels the stupefied, unfelt shame of the father, the unspeakable mortification of his teenage son. Needless to say, in the hands of a mythologizer like Price, one does not fail to think of Noah. And there is a hint of Ham's curse, especially in a novel that subsumes blacks into a *paysage moralisé* where the compensation for servitude is a doomed, complex moral

*Stephen Koch, author of* Stargazer: Andy Warhol's World & His Films, *appears frequently in these pages.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**"An angry, cuttingly matter-of-fact, deeply humane novel"**–The New Yorker
**"Impressive"**–The New Republic

Nobel Prize-winning author
**HEINRICH BÖLL**
THE LOST HONOR OF
**KATHARINA BLUM**

A Book-of-the-Month Club
Featured Alternate
Translated by Leila Vennewitz
Jacket Illustration by Dave Christensen

$7.95
McGraw-Hill Book Company

centrality I suspect Rev. Jesse Jackson feels he could do without.

Speaking for myself, my hesitations before the achievements of this very remarkable book arise from an ingrained mistrust of an intellect quite so obsessively visionary as Price's. One reads, sometimes avidly, and his marvelous Southern language fills the inner ear. But as the book's rich, driven decades roll by, as sons who "killed" or nearly killed their mothers in childbirth rise to guilty, obsessed manhood, as the stupid blunders and sudden fears of a moment stretch into crippled, deprived lifetimes, as this novel's superbly envisioned characters scatter apart across the surface of the Carolinas to nurse old wounds, endure their destined solitudes, and harbor their impenetrable private wisdoms, an impatient philistine inside one wants to cry out, "Oh, come on now, things don't really happen like *that*!" And of course they don't. Without stooping to yet another tiresome plea for realism, one is forced to wonder aloud if such a heavy reliance on its own rhetorical coherence, however masterful and elegant, can finally sustain a visionary fiction so grandly ambitious as this one is. Unflawed coherence is not enough. Penance and prophecy must impinge on *something*, something in us that is considerably more fertile than the frigid ground of doubt. □

---

WIT TWISTER NO. 51
Edited by Arthur Swan

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 50.*

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ sound startles
from their marshy bed

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ that sleep
where once great warriors bled.

No ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ commemorate
that ancient race;

No ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ marks their
king's last resting-place.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ of Time,
rubbed clean by years, has lost

All traces of their bloody holocaust;

But from the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
backwaters of the bay

Wild birds arise like ghosts and
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ away.

A. S.

*I am me.*
*I am separate.*
*I am an individual.*
*I use...*

the Osmiroid Italic pen
because in a world gone mad with mass production, this marches to a different drummer. Made in England. Made in left-handed models, too. $3.75 for the Osmiroid . . . and a free instruction booklet.

Available at all good art supply, stationery and college bookstores.

*Osmiroid Italic Pen*
Hunt Manufacturing Company
14051 Locust St., Phila., Pa. 19102

OPEN MIND
discusses
"A VIEW FROM THE WHITE HOUSE"
Part II of a wide-ranging discussion with Gerald Ford's key White House aide, Donald Rumsfeld, Assistant to the President.
Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review/World, Inc. moderated by
Richard D. Heffner,
Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"
In New York, Sat., Aug. 2
8:30-9:00 AM WPIX (11)
In Washington, D.C. on
WETA, Channel 26 and in other PBS Cities, consult local listings.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Sins of a Generation

**Liberal Parents, Radical Children**
*by Midge Decter*
*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan,*
*232 pp., $7.95*

Reviewed by Sara Sanborn

Child-rearing is the ideal topic for soul-satisfying debate. Everybody believes the subject to be of grave importance and himself to be an expert. Best of all, the argument can go on forever and no one need be troubled about evidence. By the time the putative evidence grows up, the hypotheses have changed and nobody remembers what the argument was about 20 years before.

Midge Decter has a long memory. She speaks in this book with the austere assurance of one who has been taking precise notes during years of enemy rule and is now prepared to hand them over to the new administration:

> Though you [the young] have made a great point of how you have experienced hostility from us, I do not in fact think that you are actually prepared for the possibility that any parent of yours might discuss your behavior in simple moral terms. . . . There has been little in the history of our relations over the past two or three decades to give rise to the idea that ordinary judgments of morality might one day be directed from our side to yours instead of the other way around.

That day of reckoning has now arrived.

*Liberal Parents, Radical Children* is, the author says, "an essay in fictionalized sociology," and it addresses what she considers an urgent question: what has gone wrong with the children? The introductory chapter is entitled "A Letter to the Young" and begins, "My Dear Children." It then lists, coolly and meticulously, the sins of "your generation":

> The first thing to be observed about you, then, is that taken all together, you are more than usually incapable of facing, tolerating, or withstanding difficulty of any kind.
>
> . . . You are, again taken as a whole, more than usually self-regarding.
>
> And . . . you are more than usually dependent, more than usually lacking the capacity to stand your ground without reference, whether positive or negative, to your parents.

The parents: here is the crux of the matter. Miss Decter believes that "the young" have been rendered self-gratulatory, self-indulgent, and spineless by the "liberal" child-rearing notions of the professional middle class from which they sprang. The balance of her book consists of four typological portraits—"The Dropout," "The Pothead," "The Sexual Revolutionist," and "The Communard." These portraits are not of actual individuals, but the author believes they are "true." Each shows a child being led to destruction by the good intentions of his parents.

The Dropout, for example, begins as a bright boy of many talents. Each new hobby of his is greeted with warm encouragement and expensive equipment; every passing interest is lovingly nurtured by his up-to-date private school. Never is he pushed to "achievement" for its own sake. Nonetheless, in college he finds himself alienated. His professors do not seem to care about his experience of the classroom material, only that he should master it. He turns his back on

"the system" and heads for California, bankrolled by his still-hopeful parents.

So it is with each of the children here, carefully schooled in folly by well-meaning parents, whose best efforts merely give the young a large sense of their own deserving. Much in these portraits is acutely observed and rendered, and,

You'd be surprised what you can buy for under $100. Or $200. Or over $1,000. In fact, you'd be startled.
Konica is the world's most experienced maker of automatic cameras.
And we make them so every photographer can enjoy their advantages. Which is why our prices range from about $100 for a compact C35, to over $1,000 for the Autoreflex-T with varifocal lens.
Whether you're just beginning with 35mm photography, or you're an old pro, you'll find that Konica automatics offer you more features for the money than any other cameras at their price.
For that happily startling experience, see the Konica system at your Konica dealer. Or write for literature to: Konica Camera, Woodside, N.Y. 11377.
Berkey
The Konica Automatics.
From under $100 to over $1,000.


*Sara Sanborn is a freelance writer and critic who spent the Sixties in Cambridge, Mass., and now lives in Austin, Tex.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since I am comfortably over 30 and not inclined to radicalism, much evokes a positively gleeful response in me. So why, I wonder, do I look on this whole book with so little favor?

Partly it is because Miss Decter's indictment and my response seem to reflect the same failure of generosity, the same too-pleasurable readiness to judge the experience of others and find it valueless. These lives, after all, are not over yet; there are many paths to maturity (or permanent immaturity), and it has ever been the part of the young (and the old) to make fools of themselves. The recently young have done it with a conviction of their own merit that can hardly fail to offend, and many have been prodigal of money and time. However, these have been years when everyone has been given to moral high flights, along with a naive faith in continuing affluence.

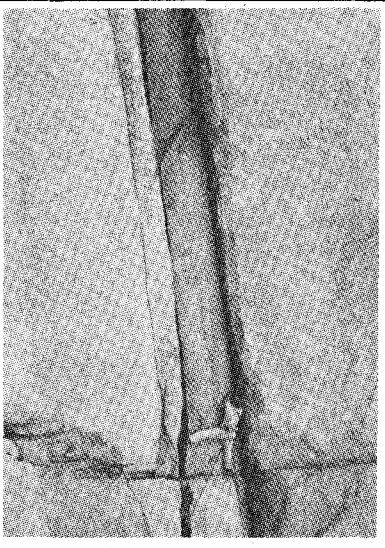
I also think the author's convictions far outrun her argument. Miss Decter takes the young to task for laying all their failings at their parents' doors, and then she, from a different perspective, does exactly the same, and does it with the same penchant for amateur psychologizing.

She seems to forget the independent part the larger culture plays in creating ideas seized by the young—to forget, for example, that the hippies were the residual heirs of the Fifties beatniks, whose parents had had little opportunity to read Dr. Spock. She seems to forget that the society itself has presented disorienting moral dilemmas, and that the responses of the young have not been the least honorable. She also seems to forget that New York is a small place. In other parts of the country (including Texas, where I grew up), "liberal" parents are about as numerous as practicing Buddhists, and "radical," troubled children are quite likely to come from conservative, traditional, church-going families.

Finally, the persuasiveness of these family portraits, the sense they create of an inevitable outcome, is at least partly spurious. They were all aimed in the writing toward their *a priori* typological titles—e.g., "The Pothead"—sometimes quite narrowly and obviously so. The problem with personal-observation sociology is that it has no methodological checks on bias. It can also be countered simply by a different set of observations. (Thereafter the argument tends to degenerate into the *ad hominem*.)

Suffice it that I did not observe nearly so many disabling casualties on my way through the Sixties as Miss Decter did. I have found both younger and older people more intelligent and complicated, quicker to productive learning and less the fools of ideology, than she has, and I suspect that the gains from our recent cultural upheavals will about offset the losses. Much, in short, remains in the eye of the beholder.

However, I think most eyes will be sharpened by *Liberal Parents, Radical Children*. Midge Decter has a way of forcing unwelcome issues. To differ with her is always an exercise in critical thinking. I disagree with much of this book—and recommend it. □

the prescott center

A LEADER AMONG

ALTERNATIVE COLLEGES

Most schools offer the same, standardized program--sit and listen, write it down and trade it back for a grade. At the Prescott Center no one sits. You go out and do it, from the freshman year on.

Continuing the nationally famous innovations of PRESCOTT COLLEGE, the Prescott Center is a four-year college in the Arizona mountains stressing direct field experience in environmental education, wilderness, archaeology, anthropology and humanities--not separately, but as a unified experience. Last semester, students walked on glaciers in Wyoming, studied biology on Mexico's Sea of Cortez, climbed in the remote Rockies and held Gestalt workshops on Colorado River rafts. The year begins with a three-week rugged wilderness journey preparing students, body and mind, for the responsibility of their own education. For application write: The Prescott Center, 104 N. Marina, Prescott, AZ 86301 778-2090.

the prescott center

using the southwest as its campus

If You Love Words,

you'll love VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $2.50 (N. Amer.) or $3.00 (overseas) for a one-yr. subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157B ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

FLENTS ANTI-NOISE EAR STOPPLES AT DRUG COUNTERS

WE KEEP IT QUIET

LE COLISEE

LA NOUVELLE CUISINE FRANCAISE!

RESTAURANT

- Lunch
- Pre-Theater
- Dinner
- After-Theater

36 E. 60th Street
(212) 421-8151
New York, N.Y.

All national credit cards acceptable




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Muted Manifestos

**Economic Power Failure: The Current American Crisis**
*Edited by Sumner M. Rosen*
*McGraw-Hill, 297 pp., $8.95*

Reviewed by Sidney E. Rolfe

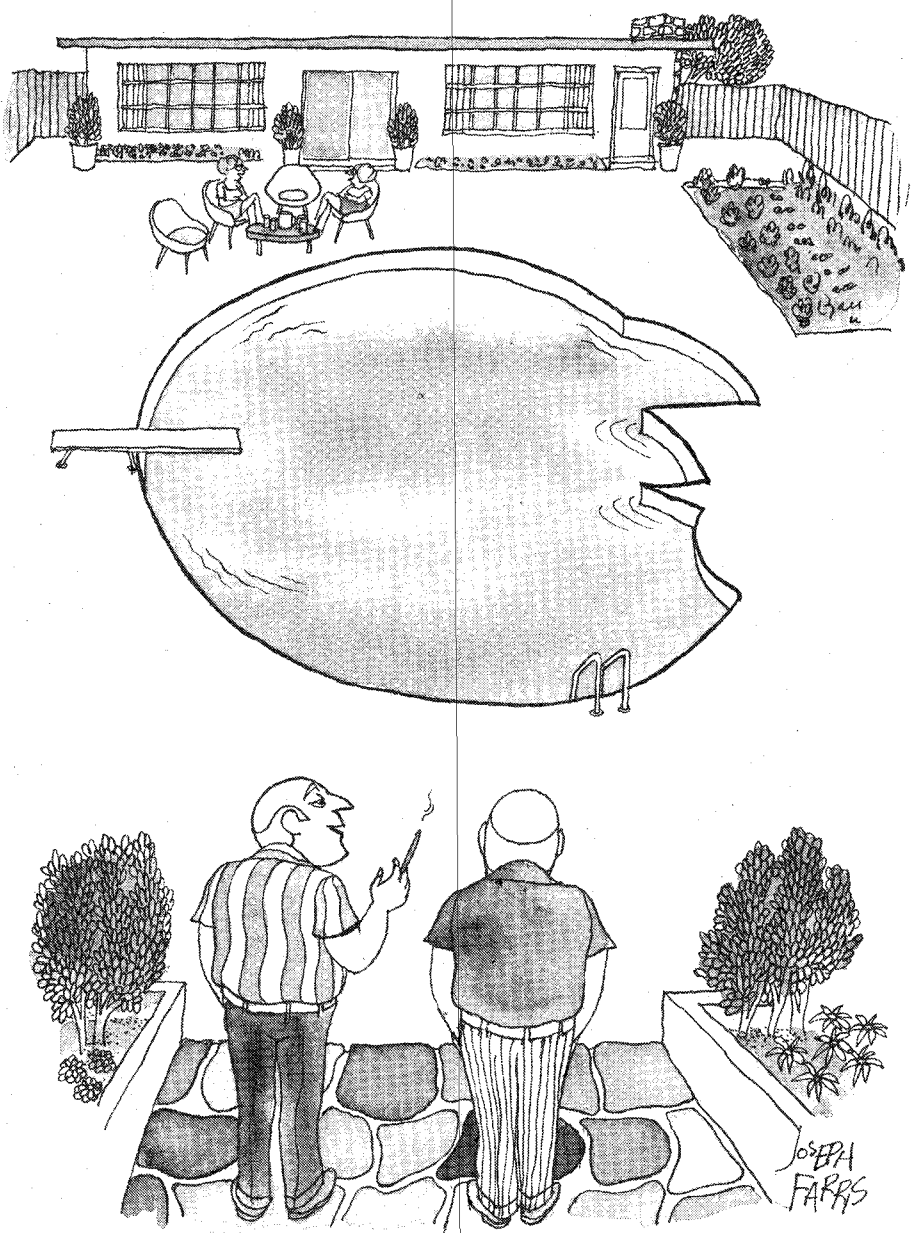
This book is a collection of essays by an assortment of economists. The book lacks any notes on the authors, but the writers seem in the main younger men with what would at one time have been called a strong left-wing bias. But because it is at this late date impossible to ignore many of the obvious dangers of increased government intervention in economic and political life, the message never really comes through quite so clearly as it used to in the old days. In the end, in what purports to be the great where-do-we-go-now? conclusion (Our Long-Run Fate: Toward a New Society), we are presented with a series of qualified hopes and muted manifestos. St. Paul once asked, "If the trumpet sound an uncertain note, then who will answer?" And here, despite some brave beginnings, the book ends on what must be termed an uncertain note.

To be sure, this in part reflects the fact that the book is a collection of essays by various people, not all of whom can agree, despite the fact that the unifying theme of the book is implicit first in its title, *Economic Power Failure: The Current American Crisis*. Sumner Rosen expands that theme in an introduction and a preface, which are intended to set an end-of-the-epoch frame, but which others find hard to follow.

He writes, "Still others see no alternative to accepting the need for socialism in America not on ideological but on pragmatic grounds. I find the last case the most persuasive though I suspect my version would be more communitarian than most, less hopeful than some, about the potential of working-class organizations." The feasibility of this view he then justifies by the observation that "Americans can accept radical changes and learn to live with them and have undergone a number of deep changes."

In order to make the case for the need for American socialism, one would expect some very clear, hard truths about the collapse of the present system. They are in fact hard to find for the simple reason that it is statistically and logically hard to contend that the present system is in fact in collapse. The Ford depression is hardly the Hoover depression in any sense, nor apt to be. Implicit in the theory of collapse is the allegation that "a series of shocks, unprecedented since the Great Depression, hit the U.S. economy beginning with the October 1973 oil embargo. Momentum slowed, the government faltered and fumbled, economists were confused and contradictory," and so forth. In consequence of all these terrible things we are told: "People must take control of institutions. Business, government, labor, the press, the banks—all had roles in building the economic system which is now under stress. Their faults are many."

And it follows that the purpose of this book in the best didactic tradition of infantile leftism is "to arm people with the




*"The board of directors chose to honor me this way rather than with the conventional portrait."*

*Sidney E. Rolfe is an economist whose most recent book is* The Great Wheel: The International Monetary System, a Reinterpretation (*Quadrangle*).



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**"It has now become obvious to virtually all concerned that the logic of the post-Keynesians has been unable to prevent persistent and damaging inflation."**

knowledge they need to do this," that is, to take "control." The motive therefore in the assembly of this book was a belief that the American jig is up because oil prices have been raised and because of the recession of 1974–75. The propositions are at best dubious, and more recent events have indicated quite clearly that the great crisis is either temporary in nature or at worst manageable within the framework of the conventional institutions and beliefs.

THERE IS, MOREOVER, a great tendency in the effort to make every bit of life a catalog of complaints. The reader remains confused as to just what priorities the editor, hence the book, has in mind. Obviously, the reader's confusion reflects confusion within the mind of the writer.

An example: we are told in the introductory section that devaluation and the establishment of fluctuating rates of exchange have been unmitigated disasters. "Devaluation . . . marked the end of American economic hegemony in much of the world." But nothing in the editor's views could possibly applaud American hegemony over other nations, a bias made crystal clear when he later tells us that multinational corporations, spawned by the American system, which incidentally flourished in the Bretton Woods period, are the unmitigated evil of the Western world. He further tells us that devaluation raised import costs and therefore contributed to inflation, which is partly true but mostly irrelevant, and then he tells us that "the underlying weakness of U.S. exports was so advanced that . . . even two devaluations failed to restore positive trade balances." Mr. Rosen would do well to take another look at the statistics relating to U.S. exports, where he will find a doubling volume since 1971 (to nearly $100 billion per year) and positive trade balances, thanks to the devaluations.

He does not bother to tell us that the devaluation was in fact necessary and desirable and that what it ended was a period of an enormously overvalued dollar, established in the immediate post-war period to enable European industry and exports to expand. In this sense, a better argument would be that Bretton Woods served its purpose, outlived its usefulness —as human institutions sometimes do— and was replaced by a system of floating rates which has put a proper value on the dollar, but precipitated neither a diminution of trade nor trade wars nor a decline in economic growth nor any of the other deleterious consequences that many had feared. The system must therefore be counted on virtually every score a success.

If the book starts from what I therefore consider some very faulty premises, it goes on to examine some fairly interesting questions. Included among them are: the end of the Keynesian era; oil; the changed world economy; the end of imperialism; corporate dominance; and, finally, our long-run fate: which choices, who chooses. With such a cafeteria of offerings, a brief review can at best sample.

ONE OF THE more interesting sections deals with the end of the Keynesian era. It is more interesting simply because it has now become obvious to virtually all concerned that the logic of the post-Keynesians has been unable to prevent persistent and damaging inflation. And this inflation has grown to uncontrollable dimensions side by side with the growth of state power. It was, after all, in the Presidency of Lyndon Johnson, the greatest of the imperial Presidents, that huge expenditures were undertaken—often deceptively—without appropriate offsets of taxation, and that the money supply was increased approximately three times as rapidly as productivity grew, with inflation the inevitable consequence. At the heart of this business was, of course, Vietnam. These policies were, furthermore, continued under the Nixon administration, exacerbating the inflation that in turn threatened to destroy much of the social fabric of the economy.

Yet if it was state intervention that has created the great difficulties, and again state intervention that slammed the brakes on monetary growth to plunge the nation into recession, nowhere does this book recognize that the real crisis is recognition of the limits of wisdom of the state. The questions of reorganizing the state by diminishing its power, by submitting it to a series of rules rather than authorities to preclude this type of irresponsible misuse of the Keynesian precepts, are not within the book's purview. "Fine tuning" has failed because the instruments are not sharp enough. But more profoundly, the whole Keynesian vision of government as a balance wheel to preserve both full employment and stable prices has been perverted by a prodigal government, capable of serving short-term goals at the inevitable expense of tomorrow—which is now today. It is not the corporations, multinational or other, or even the labor unions or the banks that have precipitated this state of affairs. It is excessively strong government and excessively strong government alone that has done so. And because government power is coercive power, the same governments have increasingly called on the coercive forces at their disposal—the FBIs, CIAs, IRSs, phone taps, break-ins, wage-and-price boards—to force conformity to their decision-making.

One brief article by Leonall C. Anderson suggests that erroneous monetary policy, resulting in inflation "stopped" by recession, might have been the root cause of much of our difficulty. Most of the other articles attempt to blame everyone else and suggest or seek by way of solution still greater government intervention and power, which is, in my view, compounding the disease. Mr. Rosen suggests that Keynesian remedies are inefficient because the state is subordinate to corporate interests. This alone should give him pause about expanding the power of the state if it is so easily subordinated. Yet

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 38

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.* *Answer on page 50.*

QJOKO RC E FKOEQ MRCAGYOKZ CQRUU QG IO BEMO RW URQOKE-QHKO, QJEQ GV XEZRWF URQOKEKZ BOW IZ QJO PHEWQRQZ QJOZ MG WGQ LKRQO.

—QJGBEC AEKUZUO



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when he looks for "the light at the end of the tunnel," he finds that light in increased state ownership.

IF THE BOOK therefore has some basic flaws in its conceptual perceptions, the real disappointment arises in the final chapter by Gar Alperovitz, "Toward a New Society." For here the note is so uncertain as to result in a positive muddle. Obviously, the writer would like to tell us that he has a perception of the new society based on some kind of statism, but he cannot restrain such comments as "Some traditional conservatives [as opposed to rightist demagogues] have long been correct to argue that centralism of both economic and political power leaves the citizen virtually defenseless." He then proceeds through what could most charitably be termed a series of daydreams to look at alternative types of organizations and finds the most promising among them the kibbutz and China. Now it must be clear that even in Israel the kibbutz is a fading form because the agony and idealism that formed it at the beginning have not been sustained. Could it even be initiated in such societies as the United States? As for China, not only do we know very little, but the fact is that the sleeping giant is only now starting on its odyssey. No sane man would try to predict what form the Chinese experiment will ultimately take, nor could he in any seriousness claim that what he sees there is relevant to the industrial West. Alperovitz is rightly concerned about the excesses of centralism and state socialism. He asks, as though for the first time, "Who controls the planners?" A broader perspective would have told him that this question has baffled the best social thinkers from Plato through Max Weber: it is indeed the Roman Cato who first asked, "Who plans the planners?"

The socially redeeming value of this book is that it lays bare for any reader the great confusion of the critics of our society who may be termed liberal leftists or even liberals. For several decades now these thinkers have in fact been statists, pushing society to greater and greater control by governments, while individual liberties are ever diminished, and, ironically, so is economic growth and welfare. The liberal, even the radical, of the future will be the man who sees that the true enemy can be the state. Even Keynes once wrote that it is far better that a man should tyrannize over his checkbook than over his fellow man. □

# New Books

## Looking Backwards

*by Colette*
*Translated from the French*
*by David Levay*
*Indiana University Press, 214 pp., $10*

With a foreword by Colette's third husband, Maurice Goudeket, these pieces consist of affecting, if invariably oblique, recollections of the 1940 flight from Paris, and of Colette's observations of French life under the Occupation. The longest and best of these essays—impressionistic sketches, really—were written on the return to Paris, when, as Goudeket says, Colette began to watch the war through her window. One looks here in vain for direct political comment of any sort. Instead, one reads advice on footwarmers, on the efficacy of sleep in cold weather, on the proper way to utilize simple food in time of scarcity: how to boil chestnuts, for example, or make a dish of haricot beans with lard. But overall, notwithstanding the zestful air with which Colette dispenses these bits and pieces of advice and the relish with which she manages always to convert quotidian concerns to full-scale human drama, a great sadness makes itself felt in these pages. Only here and there does one read a bleak, elegiac observation about France's glorious past. The rest is all indirection, but of the most telling kind, so that the fall of France and the Vichy-made peace become felt tragedy, a darkness which makes weighty every word of these moving sketches.

•

## From Under the Rubble

*by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Mikhail Agursky, Evgeny Barabanov, Vadim Borisov, F. Korsakov, A.B., Igor Shafarevich*
*Little, Brown, 308 pp., $8.95*

This compilation of 11 essays (three by Solzhenitsyn and the rest by dissident writers still living in the Soviet Union) is based on the style of a 1909 publication by prominent intellectuals in prerevolutionary Russia, a choice literary model that amply demonstrates the passion for tradition which fuels so many of these essays. Not least is this so with three long, scathing pieces by Solzhenitsyn, which are the heart of this collection. The best of these is called "The Smatterers," Solzhenitsyn's description


*Experience the Secret*

ESSAEI TRANSCRIPTS

*A New System of Self-Transformation Created out of the Dead Sea Scrolls*

The ESSAEI TRANSCRIPTS go beyond the literary content of the Dead Sea Scrolls to the secret oral traditions encoded in the cryptic writing.

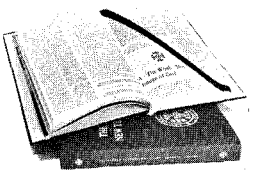
The transcripts not only explain why the Essenes and Theraputae were able to heal and live to ages exceeding 100 years, but show how teachers such as Jesus attained superior intelligence, worked miracles, and communed with God.

Teachers, scholars, doctors report incalculable benefits: "Intelligence improved," "Altered states of consciousness a living reality," "This is the secret of secrets," "Explains the power of Christ."

Our purpose is to provide the conditions and opportunities for learning the system. The transcripts represent a 40-day program you can apply in private. Confidential documents, illustrations and easy-to-follow techniques. In keeping with tradition the teachings are transmitted orally on cassette tapes for private use only.

*Write today*
*And share in this exciting research.*

DECODED NEW TESTAMENT



The original Gospel of Christ was not a book but a *System* of personal regeneration and illumination transmitted orally. Lost during the persecutions, it was never passed down to the organized Church. Now with publication of THE DECODED NEW TESTAMENT, the *Lost System of Christ* is clarified for the first time in centuries. By Gene Savoy, the Bible scholar most closely associated with the emerging New Christianity.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY OF CHRIST
100 NORTH ARLINGTON
POST OFFICE BOX 3279
RENO, NEVADA 89505

Please send me, postage paid, _____ copies of:
☐ Essaei Transcripts $135.00
☐ The Decoded New Testament $ 39.50
☐ Prospectus on The Emerging New Christianity (Free with Above Orders) $ 5.00

Enclosed is my check for (U.S. Tax Deductible*) $____

My Name_____

Address_____ City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Please charge my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge *op*

My credit card number is:_____

*All Monies are U.S. Tax Deductible Contributions

SR




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of those members of the Soviet intelligentsia who pretend to be dissidents, while remaining comfortably ensconced in their universities and research institutes. These men, Solzhenitsyn asserts, are the ones who do all the bidding of the authorities they pretend to loathe, the ones who signed the denunciations of Sakharov and of Dubček when it was required of them. Solzhenitsyn's rhetoric, always capable, is at its savage best here. His fellow essayists are an infinitely more prosaic band, none of whom approaches Solzhenitsyn's level of hauteur, his sheer concentrated loathing of the Communist system. Nevertheless, their essays—particularly those of Mikhail Agursky and Igor Shafarevich—are richly idiosyncratic, compellingly argued, and, considering where their authors reside, extraordinarily forthright.

•

## The Bottle Factory Outing

*by Beryl Bainbridge*
*George Braziller, 219 pp., $7.95*

An absorbing social comedy, if also an implacably grim one. Miss Bainbridge (author of *Harriet Said*, an equally grim work) is a masterful plotter of schemes in which lust, avarice, and cruelty win the day every time over the nobler impulses of humankind. Her talent is for grounding these schemes in entirely credible characters, a talent notably evident in this tale of two female misfits whose emotional lives revolve entirely around their fellow employees in a bottle factory. The fellow employees, all but one of them men, are kindly Italian immigrants whose days are spent bottling and tippling—the bottle factory bottles wine—and occasionally pursuing the females. For the most part, however, and this is a factor typical of the novel's strengths, the men and women behave strictly according to the social rules of their tradition, ethnic codes for whose details Miss Bainbridge has a keen eye. The denouement is a monstrous act in which all the characters have a share of responsibility. Kindly as they all are, each one sees his part through. That they do is a final judgment on them and one altogether typical of the merciless vision that rules this novel.

•

## The Great Victorian Collection

*by Brian Moore*
*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 213 pp., $7.95*

Bloodless at the core, Brian Moore's eleventh novel has its fascinations nonetheless. The protagonist is an innocuous young professor of history who, having dreamt one night that he came into possession of the greatest collection of Victoriana in the world, woke to discover that the dream had come true. In short, Mr. Moore has contrived a most hospitable vehicle for a debate on great issues—illusion versus reality, past versus present values—nor does he forbear to underline these solemn questions at every opportunity. They are weighty burdens to impose on so frail a reed as Mr. Moore's main character, a forgettable creation if ever there was one, to whom it is given, nevertheless, to do a good deal of interior wrestling with lofty problems concerning imagination and individual responsibility. The pleasures of Mr. Moore's novel have in fact to do not with the substance of the story he tells but with his capacity for sustaining a sense of mystery admirably well, his capacity for exacting a controlled drama from so slender a set of premises as that which he has set himself. In so doing, he exhibits his novelist's hand in a show far more interesting than anything that befalls his characters, or any pronouncements on the human condition they may make.

•

## Wilfred Owen

*by Jon Stallworthy*
*Oxford University Press, 333 pp., $18.50*

A sturdy biography of the war poet, enhanced by Mr. Stallworthy's lean style and narrative gift. He has an eye for the crucial fact, the telling detail, and a zest for getting on with the story—virtues which have resulted in a work singularly unencumbered by trivia, the inchoate mass of detail so often dispensed in the pages of recent biography. A considerable quantity of the information here has been gleaned from Harold Owen, Wilfred's devoted younger brother, to whom this work is dedicated. Owen is the source, especially, of a number of corrective points the biography makes concerning Wilfred Owen, the main one being that, contrary to popular, romantic opinion, his experience in the front-line trenches did not shock Owen into writing poetry. Owen, Mr. Stallworthy (and Harold Owen's testimony) makes clear, had written poetry all his life, had thought only of being a poet. The chief feature, the organizing principle of this biography, is, in fact, its documentation of Owen's creative growth, a documentation to which Mr. Stallworthy brings a poet's grace and selective eye.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

*"I don't mind telling my wife I've been fired, but how do I tell American Express?"*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Trade Winds

by William Cole

**Book Fair**

It is my sad duty to announce that "Have a nice day" has spread to Canada. In Montreal, that handsome, bilingual city, your morning teeth are set on edge by it, or by the easier to take *"Bonne journée."* That's what I discovered at the first Montreal International Book Fair, in May. Book fairs have been springing up all over the world, but the big daddy of them all has always been the Frankfurt Fair, each October. Now Montreal is in the act, and it would be hard to find a better location.

Book fairs are not usually open to the public (although in Montreal there was a general admission for the last two of the four days)—it is a time for publishers and agents and book-packagers from all countries to congregate and look over each other's wares. Buy and sell rights. Agree to co-publish. Make deals. The Canadian government put up a million dollars to launch this jamboree.

Sixty-three countries were represented, and 1,336 publishers were involved. Not surprisingly, Canadian and French publishers were prominent. There were bookstalls showing the lines of Russian, Cuban, Japanese, and Arab publishers. Belgium was well represented. Australia was particularly strong, probably because right now they're having a showdown about rights with England. English publishers were few to be seen—a mere half-dozen—and U. S. firms didn't take many booths, although most publishers at least sent rights representatives to look around, or went in with their Canadian distributors. Hard to tell how much business was transacted; deals are usually discussed at a fair and "firmed up" by mail.

What do you find when you walk around the book booths at the Place Bonaventure Exhibition Hall? Well, there are Erica Jong and Xaviera Hollander industriously signing books; poet-novelist Margaret Atwood being shown around; people speaking French, or, in English, saying "about" in the peculiarly Canadian way; booths belonging to publishers named Junk and Fink; a sign in a Spanish-Portuguese booth hawking *The Autobiography of Howard Hughes* (with *Auto* x'd out) by Clifford Irving (the publisher said that three large American firms are interested in this famous work of fiction).

One of the high points of the four-day fair was a colloquium featuring Marshall McLuhan, whose wont is to drop bombs with total conviction: "If the Chinese dare to make their alphabet phonetic, Chinese culture will disappear in 10 years." "North Americans are the only people who go outside to be alone and inside to be social." "Air conditioning has turned Southerners into Yankees overnight."

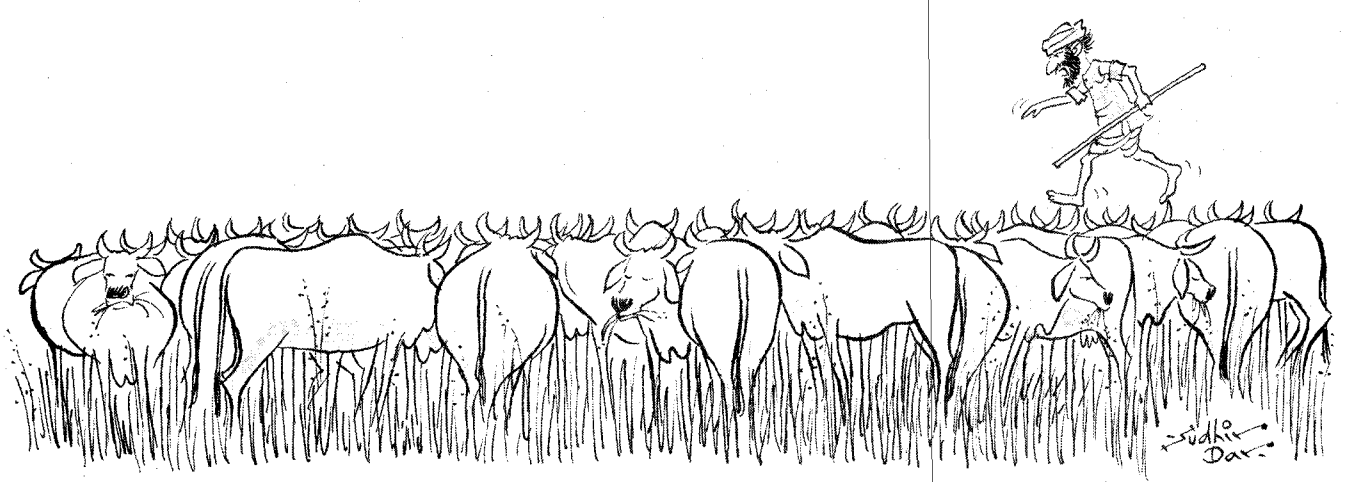
The general feeling among U. S. publishers is that the Montreal fair will never replace Frankfurt, where the activity is frenetic and 10 times as much business is done. But it would be awfully nice—and convenient—if Montreal would. But there's no reason why the Canadian fair can't be a commercially successful annual if English and U. S. firms get behind it in greater strength.

•

FEET JUST BARELY recovered from Montreal, and here comes the 75th American Booksellers' Convention at the Hilton and Americana Hotels in New York. Publishers talking to booksellers. Twelve thousand people with name tags, milling about in poorly laid-out exhibition space. What's coming up this fall? Remainders, mostly. What happens is the publishers have that famous "cash-flow" problem, and they remainder new books while they're still warm.

Also in the future more and more large-format paperbacks, selling for $2.95 to $8.95. Any big, big books? Not really. This is the year of the entertainer, and the greatest one of all, Muhammad Ali, is a four-book man. He announced that "the *onliest* book" he'd profit from was his official "autobiography," written by Richard Durham, but the public may prefer the two by Wilfrid Sheed and Norman Mailer. There are four Judy Garland books, three about Elvis Presley, two, to change the subject ever so slightly, about garlic. Many about the (oh, yawn, yawn!) Bicentennial; many about magic, self-help, cookery, the orgasm, beekeeping (well, two). There's a trickle on Watergate, sinfully little poetry, and not much exciting fiction, with the exception of Saul Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift,* E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime,* and the long-awaited second novel by William Gaddis, *J R.*

Here are some of the things that struck my eye as I wandered around the 600 booths in the exhibition halls: *How to Disappear* (let's send a copy to Roy Cohn); *The Health and Happiness of Your Old Dog*; *Hyaena* ("this misunderstood beast"); *How to Conquer Constipation*; *Sex and All You Can Eat*; *Disaster Calendar*—how about *that* for an idea! Each month you can contemplate the photograph of a different disaster, starting with the Hindenburg in flames! But I got my biggest kick from a title—a new book by Richard Reeves: *A Ford, Not a Lincoln: The Decline of American Political Leadership.* □






PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

## The One Out of Five

I went to my doctor's office and found him to be a very sick man. I immediately diagnosed his condition as an interminable case of malpractice-insurance premiumitis.

I asked him about his symptoms. Was he in pain? He spoke bitterly, feverishly. "People," he said, "are expecting to make a living out of dying. When I started practicing 45 years ago, I paid a yearly malpractice-insurance premium of only $13.50 for a million-dollar policy. Twelve years ago I began to feel it in the pit of my stomach when the premium for the same policy went to $4,500."

"Easy now, doctor," I said, feeling his pulse.

"You ask if I feel any pain. From the pit of my stomach it has now spread to the lower region above the femur and below the ilium, if you know your anatomy."

"You lost me, doctor."

"Okay. Just above the knees and below the hips. It's in a bad place. I just can't sit still. And do you know what I pay for that same malpractice policy now? It's up to $9,400, and I understand they're thinking of raising it to $18,000. I just don't know what I'm going to do about it."

I credit myself for having refrained from suggesting that he take two aspirin and go to bed. His plight was touching. Not only are the figures he quoted true, but patients are beginning to sue doctors as if they were landlords.

"Everybody wants to sue," my doctor said. "What are we—landlords?" he asked, reading my mind without his encephalograph, or his long white office coat, clad only in what he calls his hounds-tooth sports jacket, because a big German shepherd police dog, disguised as a private eye, had taken a chew of cashmere out of the elbow of his jacket when he unfortunately ventured out to make a night call, and which he now wears, torn elbow and all, as a badge of courage.

"This whole malpractice business is the work of that one doctor," he said.

"Which doctor?" I asked.

"Yes, that's a good name for him. It all began in the early days of radio and now in television—those commercials spreading the word that 'four out of five doctors agree.' That fifth doctor who has through the years never agreed on the headache tablet that the other four doctors agreed on. That maverick doctor who disagreed on laxatives, on sinusituses, or on any of the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," he said.

I applauded. He bowed.

"That one disagreeable doctor," he continued, "a malcontent who was not a team man, has single-handedly managed subliminally to indoctrinate the psyche of millions of patients with the message that doctors are not infallible."

"You may be right there, doc," I said. "Undermining the doctor started years ago in the White House. I've noticed that whenever a President got sick the first thing he did was to ignore the resident Surgeon General and go to Walter Reed Hospital. Of course, the reason he goes to Walter Reed is that the Surgeon General is so busy writing cautions on all those millions of packs of cigarettes, warning that they are hazardous to your health."

He hadn't been listening. He said, "I don't know what to do. I've been seriously thinking about walking off the job."

That shook me up. Doctors are known to prescribe "walking" as a remedial aid for infirm patients, but to hear him seriously prescribe walking for himself made me realize I could lose my man of medicine, on whom I have relied for so many years to sustain life, who knows by heart every broken wire that holds me together. This made me realize more firmly the torment he was suffering.

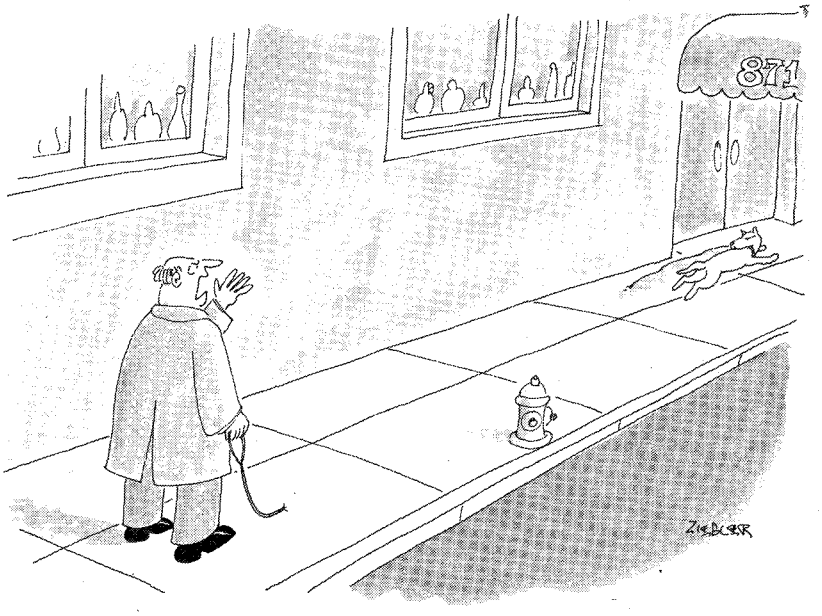
After all, he did not major in malpractice. And as Dr. Roger O. Egberg, special assistant on Health, Education, and Welfare, put it, "A surgeon approaches a patient with the idea that, depending on the circumstances, he has an even or 80 percent chance of improving or curing a condition." In other words, AMA does not—repeat *does not*—stand for American Malpractice Association.

Relatives of a patient who does not respond to surgical or medical treatment are quickly given to overwrought emotional outbursts in which they blame the doctor, and even sue for malpractice.

If I seem to be taking sides, it is not unseemly that I do so. I was told recently that a man died at the age of 91. His son turned on the doctor who had attended the old gent and cried out, "You butcher, you!"

This added malpractice fight is something my doctor doesn't need. He has enough on his mind trying to remember whether a painful crick in my neck takes an ice pack or a hot pad. Given enough torment, he could "walk off the job." He is no Job.

And yet, I cannot visualize that in the middle of, say, a gallbladder operation, my doctor would throw in the sponge. □




*"If you think you'll solve anything by running away, you're wrong!"*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# artsletter

Prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts.

PUZZLING PRIZE-GIVING. Talk in book publishing is that the more obscure your novel, the better the chance of winning a National Book Award or a Pulitzer Prize. Not too much shock when Joe Heller's Something Happened was passed over by the NBA judges in favor of Robert Stone's well-reviewed Dog Soldiers, but some gasps when it was announced that Stone's book was to share the award with a book nobody had heard of, Thomas Williams's The Hair of Harold Roux. Then a week later comes the announcement that the Pulitzer Prize in fiction has been awarded to Michael Shaara, a 45-year-old university professor, for The Killer Angels, a book not even on the NBA Nominations list, and one that had caused puzzled brows in the industry. "Don't worry," the editor now soothes his worried author. "Nobody reviewed your novel; nobody's even heard of it, so you've got a good chance for an NBA or a Pulitzer."

RED INK IN ROME. Since 1906, the American Academy in Rome has granted fellowships that provide artists, authors, musicians, and scholars with a near-idyllic home away from home on the Janiculum hill. Recipients -- who have in the past included William Styron, Elliott Carter, and Samuel Barber -- have enjoyed living quarters in a palatial Roman villa, meals, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, as well as inspiration from the "senior residents," those distinguished scholars and artists (such as Van Wyck Brooks and Peter Blume) who have been invited to guide the fellows in their work. But fiscal realities are now threatening the Academy's ivory towers; due to inflation, two devaluations of the dollar, and mandatory pay increases for Italian staff members, it is now operating with an accumulated deficit of $500,000.

The dollar value of each fellowship is put at $10,000 for single scholars and $15,000 for those who are married, an amount that covers cash stipends, an allowance for travel in Europe, supplies, meals, and maintenance for their living quarters. But an ever-growing overhead -- for field trips, concerts, residents, and the library (which alone operates on a $100,000 budget) -- puts the actual price closer to $20,000. Thanks to its endowment, the Academy gets a basic annual income, and various institutions have helped out by awarding their own grants to Academy-chosen fellows, paying for a year's stay in the Rome community. The National Endowment for the Arts, for example, is providing funds for four fellows next year, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the A. W. Mellon Foundation have given similar assistance in the past. Nevertheless, Harold C. Martin, president of the Academy, estimates that the institution needs about $300,000 in "new funds" to balance the budget by 1976. He hopes that foundations, corporations, and private individuals will contribute funds to the Academy and that more institutions will grant their own scholarships to pay for fellowships at the Academy. "Next year we have nine fellows chosen from 500 distinguished applicants," Dr. Martin reports. "We want to provide them with what they deserve -- time -- and the temporary freedom from having to put bread on the table."

KONTINENTAL DIVIDE. Doubleday is planning an American semi-annual version of Kontinent, the journal created as a forum for displaced East European intellectuals, which has been published in Russian and German quarterly editions since last November. The first U.S. issue, scheduled for February 1976, will feature selected material from the first two European editions and will include articles by Solzhenitsyn, Sinyavsky, Sakharov, Kornilov, Ionesco, and Brodsky.

When the journal first appeared in Europe, it appeared on a dissonant,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather than dissident, note. German novelist Günter Grass publicly thundered criticism of Solzhenitsyn and Sinyavsky for collaborating with Axel Springer, the German press magnate who had financed Kontinent's conception, and whose subsidiary, Ullstein Verlag, is putting out the German edition. Grass accused Springer, a right-winger noted for his campaigns against communism and student radicalism, of disseminating the same kind of doctrinaire falsehoods that the exiles had found so objectionable in the U.S.S.R., and he suggested that Solzhenitsyn et al. were "keeping very bad company."

Solzhenitsyn shot back: "Can one be choosy about a publisher when you think of the 400 million oppressed people in the East?" As for Grass's comparison of the Springer realm with the publishing situation in Soviet Russia, Sinyavsky replied, "Your point of reference is a pile of opinionated newspaper clippings. . . . Our point of reference is a mountain of corpses. . . ."

NEWS SPACE FOR THE ARTS? An NSLA survey of the top dozen U.S. newspapers suggests that, while belt-tightening is the fashion in the press as the cost of newsprint rises higher and higher, space allotted to the arts, especially critical reviews, is on the increase. William Honan, editor of the Arts & Leisure section of the Sunday New York Times, summed it up: "When times are bad, people want more entertainment, not less." In any case, the Times is running substantially more editorial (and advertising) linage in the arts fields now than a year ago, up eight editorial columns on Sunday alone. Martin Bernheimer, music critic of the Los Angeles Times, reports an increase in space set aside for critical reviews. "We are getting as many as nine daily music reviews now compared with four or five a year ago," he reports. "The Times is most generous with its arts space, even since January 1, when we went to cold type and cut down slightly on the size of the pages." Scott Schmidt, managing editor of features for the Chicago Tribune, has more space now than a year ago. He points out that movies are having a record year and need more and more critical reviews. Mary Beatty, of the Washington Post, believes there is little change in news space for the arts, certainly not less space than before. Editors of arts sections in St. Louis, Detroit, Miami, Houston, and Kansas City agree there is no tendency to tighten arts space, except for slightly reduced announcement stories.

ARTS BRIEFS. Artur Rubinstein, with conductor Daniel Barenboim, recently recorded the five Beethoven piano concertos in London. The 89-year-old Rubinstein, whose records outsell those of any other classical pianist, has just signed a new five-year contract with RCA. . . . The Directory of American Poets, 1975 edition, lists the names of 1,500 contemporary poets published in the United States -- along with their addresses, telephone numbers, latest books, and publishers. The reference volume also provides a good deal of other information of interest to writers, including a listing of more than 450 national organizations that sponsor literary activities in one way or another. Write Poets and Writers, Inc., 201 W. 54th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019. Purchase of the $6 paperback, $12 hardbound, will also bring the buyer a quarterly newsletter. The latest issue (June/July 1975) includes a useful rundown on writers' colonies and how to apply for admission. . . . Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell concerts, now in their forty-fourth season, will be held at a new site next year -- one with 10,000 seats and room for some 5,000 more on surrounding lawns. The traditional season of five weeks of symphony concerts is also being changed and expanded -- to 12 weeks of various programs in the new structure.

ARTSLETTER is prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Causes for Complaint

by Katharine Kuh

From time to time *SR* reports on the art scene and its periodic causes for kudos and complaints. Herewith four random notes on causes for complaint:

(1) The current practice of capitulating to ransom demands for stolen paintings and sculpture actually encourages further looting. Why not, if thieves escape legal punishment and, in addition, are often recompensed for their crime? That insurance companies prefer paying ransom to reimbursing owners for the full value of their loss is understandable, since, as a rule, ransom adds up to appreciably less, but that museums are following suit seems worse than shortsighted. Stolen works of art, when renowned, are virtually impossible to sell. Given the immediacy of present-day communication, they become known too well for ready disposal. If museums banded together internationally and resolutely refused to deal with art thieves or their agents, raids would be likely to subside, and public art institutions to emerge from constant threats of violence. Were ransom payments largely taboo, benefits from thefts would scarcely justify the risks involved.

On April 14 the director of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts announced the robbery of Rembrandt's *Portrait of Elizabeth van Rijn*, a painting that had been on anonymous loan for 45 years. According to the museum, two men forcibly removed the canvas, while holding guards at gunpoint. Later they brutally beat another attendant. Less than a month passed before *The New York Times* reported that "negotiations" were under way with persons reputed to have stolen the painting. Because, in this case, the museum is not the owner, neither is it the final arbiter, but in light of an extremely long-term loan, surely it should be permitted the ultimate decision. The thought of a public institution's negotiating with criminals is repugnant. If at times we must make concessions in order to rescue kidnapped people, certainly we need not do the same for inanimate objects, no matter how valuable.

The Gallery of Modern Art in Milan was robbed twice in three months. No sooner was the first batch of paintings returned (presumably after ransom payment) than the museum was burglarized again, and more than half of the same important nineteenth-century canvases were hauled off in the new raid. As a lucrative practice, this repetitive cycle can hardly be surpassed. After all, practice makes perfect.

Perhaps more unnerving was the be-

*Rembrandt's* Portrait of Elizabeth van Rijn, *stolen from Boston's Museum of Fine Arts in April—"Capitulation to ransom demands encourages further looting."*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**"A modern museum, if it is to live up to its name, must act as a constantly growing force, and this is precisely what the Museum of Modern Art is not doing."**

havior, last February, of the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. A work by Thomas Gainsborough was stolen and the thief apprehended but allowed to go free in return for the undamaged picture. The shocked judge said, "Here's a man who steals a $100,000 painting and walks out of the courtroom," because the museum refused to press charges. "We made it clear to the police," admitted the director, James Elliott, "that our total interest was the return of the picture," an exemplary attitude for encouraging further raids. The Atheneum should know, because only five years have passed since it acquiesced in ransom payment for a stolen Salvador Dali.

(2) Last May the Museum of Modern Art gave a party in honor of Alfred Barr and René d'Harnoncourt, two men who have left indelible stamps on that establishment. At the ceremony naming special galleries for them, the turnout was large and nostalgic. Sipping champagne in the garden were many old-timers who remembered the birth of this *wunderkind*, which, more than any other institution, revolutionized the direction of American museums. Under the aegis of Alfred Barr, it became a pioneer, always in the lead and always in the news. With him, art assumed a broader connotation, including architecture, design, film, and photography, along with the more conventional media of painting, sculpture, and graphics. In the Middle West, the South, and on the Pacific coast museums learned from and were energized by the new Manhattan experiment.

It was these memories that gave poignancy to the celebration last May, for though Mr. Barr, who retired some time ago, was present (looking very frail), Mr. d'Harnoncourt had earlier died in an automobile accident. It was also sad to realize that today the Museum of Modern Art is less an incitement than a static monument to the past, struggling valiantly but unimaginatively to maintain its status quo. Such is the fate of most institutions once they are established, successful, and influential—in short, once the battle is won. Surviving with continuity becomes more important than blazing trails. Yet a *modern* museum, if it is to live up to its name, must act as a constantly growing force, and this is precisely what the Museum of Modern Art is not doing.

Scholarship is still impeccable, installation is in the best sophisticated taste, and, of course, the museum keeps up with current fashions. It also boasts the finest extant art collection from the first 60 years of our century, an invaluable assemblage that is knowingly (and perhaps unnecessarily) fattened by occasional costly additions intended to fill lacunae. Witness the recent acquisition of an unusual early Matisse to flesh out what is commonly considered the most distinguished survey of this artist's work in existence. To buy from strength is wise, but is it wise for a museum of modern art to be so rigorously tied to past values that it has frozen itself into a predictable mold? Because its former leaders were visionaries who, above all, understood and dominated their own period, the museum has made the mistake of trying to duplicate them, instead of reaching out in new directions to employ both its collections and backlog of innovations in more direct response to contemporary exigencies. What the Museum of Modern Art drastically needs is prophetic guidance along with a revised philosophy prepared to honor the past while yet getting on with the future.

The institution is a logical pivot for an all-out assault on visual education, a wide-open field that has scarcely been furrowed. If the museum could concentrate on mass re-education of the eye with the same intensity it once brought to enlarging collections and increasing services, it might well break out of its lethargy. New methods cannot rely on old and accepted shibboleths—on words, words, words via wall labels, lectures, brochures, electronic devices, gallery tours—or on the proverbial exhibition. We need more inventive conceptions; we need to explore stimuli that engage all the senses and incorporate immediate cumulative knowledge. The problem demands a many-pronged drive with experimentation on multiple levels. The program's hope for success must be oriented to the children of this country, preferably by way of their teachers, who are, ideally, their pipelines and lifelines to learning. Rethinking the visual training of *all* teachers from the grade-school level to the specialist is part of the answer.

(3) Recently an Official Vice-Presidential Inaugural Medal was put on public sale. One side reveals a horrendous portrait of Nelson Rockefeller replete with fuzzy wrinkles and jutting jaw, a banal image of wisdom and strength he may applaud. But surely he cannot accept this bit of inept realism as art, or the uninspired eagle on the reverse side. For Mr. Rockefeller is a knowledgeable art collector and was a governor who triggered the most enlightened state patronage of the arts in America. That a sculpture in any way related to him could be so dull is not excused by the fact that most contemporary artists are little concerned with conventional portraiture. But why, indeed, must medals be limited to such barren stereotypes? If our postage stamps are improving, why not our medals?

We learn that Sen. Mark Hatfield headed the Inaugural Medal Committee, and we can only hope its members are better legislators than art connoisseurs. With numerous excellent museums in Washington, the committee could have turned for advice to such knowledgeable directors as Carter Brown of the National Gallery or Joshua Taylor of the National Collection of Fine Arts, either of whom could have provided a list of outstanding American sculptors.

I refer to the Rockefeller medal not as an isolated example but as typical of present-day bureaucratic naiveté in the field of art. Witness the earlier Inaugural Medal for President Ford, another undistinguished eagle and portrait by two sculptors who have little or nothing to do with America's esthetic history. Even worse, at recent ceremonies in the White House, Senator Hatfield presented President Ford with an 18-inch, three-dimensional bronze eagle by Frank Eliscu, the man also responsible for the Rockefeller

**ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 77**

(BRUCE) BLIVEN:
A MIRROR FOR GREATNESS

Franklin . . . insisted on the right of Congress to impeach a President, remarking that the only alternative in the past had been assassination (a lesson that the twentieth-century dictatorships have had great difficulty in learning).



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

medal. Moreover, the gift, a commercialized version of our national symbol, now resides, we are told, in the Oval Office—I trust not in perpetuity.

Our record in the past was better, but then, too, our government was smaller. I think of shining names like Charles Willson Peale, John Copley, and Gilbert Stuart which were identified with searching likenesses of Presidents and other important American figures. I think of Hiram Powers's marble portraits of Washington and George Gray Barnard's busts of Lincoln. In each case, these men produced works that transcended the fame of their sitters to become authentic artistic experiences. Now, at last, when contemporary American painters and sculptors are internationally recognized, surely official Washington must open its eyes and discover what much of the world already knows.

(4) Another ground for complaint concerns the preservation of art monuments in Italy, especially in Venice. Various laudable American and European organizations are presently dedicated to the conservation of that city's historic, crumbling buildings. No one can argue against this much-needed service; yet I find myself somewhat bewildered by a patently unfair distribution of responsibilities. Over the years, it appears that both the Italian government and certain of its well-heeled citizens have failed to accept their share of the burden. Obviously, the great art of Venice and of other Italian cities is momentous for all of us and must be considered an international legacy that cannot be protected alone by one small country, but admittedly its preservation is particularly crucial to its native land. And let us not underestimate the magnitude of the danger. Venice, literally sinking into the sea, is attacked on all sides by mold, mildew, waves, floods, pollution, and local indifference.

Various international committees such as Save Venice, which is based in New York, are zealously soliciting funds and organizing restoration procedures, but until the Italians themselves assume a major role, the future looks bleak. Periodically Save Venice appeals for contributions and at the same time reports on its own progress, on that of other countries, and on Italy's efforts—which at the moment appear slightly less passive than usual, though far too late and too little.

In a *New York Times* article published last October and called "Rome Still Fiddles While Venice Sinks," a UNESCO official was quoted as saying:

> We contributed to the saving of the temple of Borobudur with the help of the Indonesian Government, and the Egyptians cooperated in the international campaign for the Nile valley temples. In Venice we've spent hundreds of thousands of dollars and the time of our best people, and what has been accomplished? Zero. We feel like saying to the Italians, "We'll stay friends, but let's not talk about Venice anymore."

Even the last newsletter from Save Venice reports that in 1973 the organization offered $45,000 to repair the "tottering walls" of the Church of the Gesuiti if the Italian government would agree to match funds, which it did. Though the walls are now stabilized, the Italian government as yet has only come up with one-third of the promised amount, a better, alas, than usual record. □


# Is there a mime theatre in Arkansas?

Or New Mexico? Or upstate New York? Is the dance thriving in Iowa? Where? What about the New England music festivals and repertory companies? Who runs them and funds them? What are their seasons and specialties? For the answers to all questions on virtually all aspects of what's happening in U.S. performing arts today, you need our new 1975 "Baedeker"—THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS AND CIVIC CENTERS. It gives travelers, job seekers, educators, theatre buffs, and all lovers of the arts access to the programs, people, creative promise of 8,000 organizations and facilities in all 50 states that are performing now. $35.00

# Is there a school for sacred music in Oregon?

The new companion volume is equally valuable. THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS/EDUCATIONAL lists and describes every accredited educational opportunity in the performing arts in the U.S. today—from sacred music to classical drama to oriental dance to the art of clowning. $40.00.

*Honorary Board of Advisors:* Paul Baker, Warren Caro, Jean Dalrymple, Agnes de Mille, Robert Henderson, Walter Kerr, Stuart Ostrow, Louis Rachow, Robert Tobin

Both volumes include city/state, categorical and alphabetical indices.

**Use the coupon. Order now.**

**THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANIES,** Drawer Z, Momence, Ill. 60954

B&T

Please send:

____copies of THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS AND CIVIC CENTERS. $35.00.

____copies of THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS/EDUCATIONAL. $40.00.

Individuals must send payment with order for cost of book plus 50¢ handling and postage per volume plus state and local taxes. Orders received without checks will be returned. If tax exempt please state reason.

Name

Address

City

State/Zip

____copies of the two volume set. $70.00

SR-726




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Dance

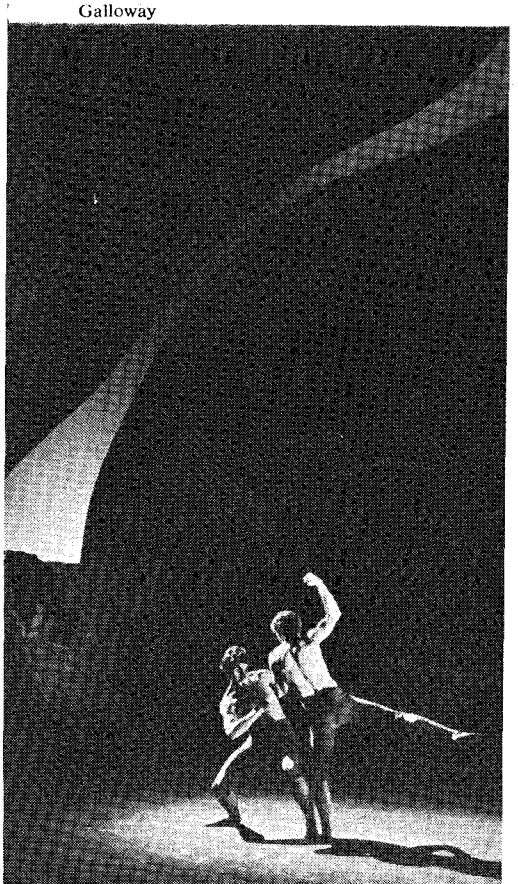
by Walter Terry

## Next Stops: Houston, Salt Lake, Hollywood, Chicago, NYC, Etc.

A six-day swing around the country brought me first to a Bicentennial "first." For in Houston, Tex., I attended the premiere of the first in a trilogy of ballets produced by the Houston Ballet on Texan themes especially for the Bicentennial. Appropriately, the trilogy was launched by *Allen's Landing*. This was the original name of a site bought by the Allen brothers, Augustus and John, in 1836. The spot, at Buffalo Bayou, was on navigable waters and picturesque to boot. The brothers decided to build a town on their landing and to name it after Texas's great hero, Sam Houston. Thus was Houston born.

*Allen's Landing*, choreographed by the Houston Ballet's acting artistic director, James Clouser, is a pageant-ballet in six scenes with a score (utilizing musical themes dating back as far as 1837) by Fisher Tull from Waco; settings by Dorothy Hood (the first stage designs by a noted Texan painter), lighting by New York's Jennifer Tipton, and costumes by Sonja Zarek, a Canadian. Clouser, associated with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet for nine years as a dancer, choreographer, composer, and, lastly, assistant to the director, hails from Geneseo, N.Y., the state which bred the Allens, but in this pageant-ballet he has captured the sweep, the expansiveness, the lustiness of Texas. True, he will need to rework some passages by the time this major ballet trilogy is rounded out in October by *Moonscape* (with a score by Michael Horvit incorporating NASA's *Apollo* spacecraft transmissions) and *Galveston Suite* (to music of Texarkana's Scott Joplin). But at the premiere, at least four-fifths of it was wholly successful.

*Helena Duel scene in* Allen's Landing *—"Captures the lustiness of Texas."*
Galloway



Miss Hood's magnificent setting provides, without being at all literal, the red earth, the massive jagged contours of rock, the vastness of sky (or is it a canvas of promise?) sundered by an upshooting coil which changes in color (it is actually made of mesh and thus permits sharply defined contrasts in hue) and which suggests a Gulf of Mexico waterspout, a tornado, the Rio Grande—which divided two nations—or, perhaps, aspiration.

Against this, and within its shifting moods, the action occurs. There is a recurring earth-Indian figure, reminding the builders that they need to live with and not violate nature. The episodes encompass the discovery and homesteading; the conflict between Mexican and Texan, presented in terms of a wistful, haunting love duet between a Texas youth and the Mexican sweetheart who may never "cross the line"; rough and violent duels in which combatants have their left hands strapped together and hold knives in their right hands in a battle to the death; welcoming German immigrants, with their respect for hard work and love of bright music, to Houston; 1839-brand culture provided by a touring ballerina of uncertain accomplishments and an unsteady pickup troupe of dancers; and the bustling cotton exchange of the boom town which transformed Houston from "Bayou City" to "The Queen of Commerce."

*Allen's Landing* not only is a fine example of what a Bicentennial production can be in terms of history and nostalgia but also mines veins of riches too rarely explored and exploited by America's many regions. Neighboring Louisiana, for example, with its French ancestry, would have a totally different heritage to celebrate. A Bicentennial ballet with Puritan roots in Boston would be wholly different from this Texan explosion. And man's ever-fatal tendency toward violence? In the West it would be Clouser's battlers with their wrists strapped together, but in New York City it would be Jerome Robbins's rumble for *West Side Story*. Doomed romance? In Texas it would be the Texan-Mexican lovers; in New England, Hester Prynne and her man of the church.

In the fall, the revisions of *Allen's Landing* will be completed and the "Texas Trilogy" will be rounded out with Jan Stockman Simonds's *Moonscape* and with *Galveston Suite*, choreographed by Ruthanna Boris, whose ballet of another kind of Americana, *Cakewalk*, has long been popular at home and abroad.

A non-Bicentennial highlight of my visit to Houston was a performance of Clouser's *Con Spirito*, set to the Overture, Polka, Furiant, and Dance of the Comedians from Bedrich Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*. Clouser found the formal inspiration for his choreography in the complex but sharply defined designs of Czech peasant embroidery, and the result is one of the best showpiece ballets I have seen in a long, long time. And the company dances it with wonderful vivacity.

Indeed, the Houston Ballet is a good company, as trained by its former director, Nina Popova, and potentially a first-rate one. Its dancers range in points of origin from being descendants of Houston's founding Allens to being experienced and expert artists from as far away as Hawaii and Finland. The city of Houston, then, has good reason to celebrate the Bicentennial in '75–'76, and its own ballet troupe in all the years ahead.

FROM HOUSTON'S streamlined streets I flew to Salt Lake City's and Ogden's snowcapped mountains to see Willam Christensen's Ballet West (born in 1952 as the Utah Civic Ballet) in a program of classical dance ranging from one of the oldest ballets extant, *La Fille Mal Gardée* (1786), to George Balanchine's *Four Temperaments* (to music of Hindemith); to watch the Utah Repertory Dance



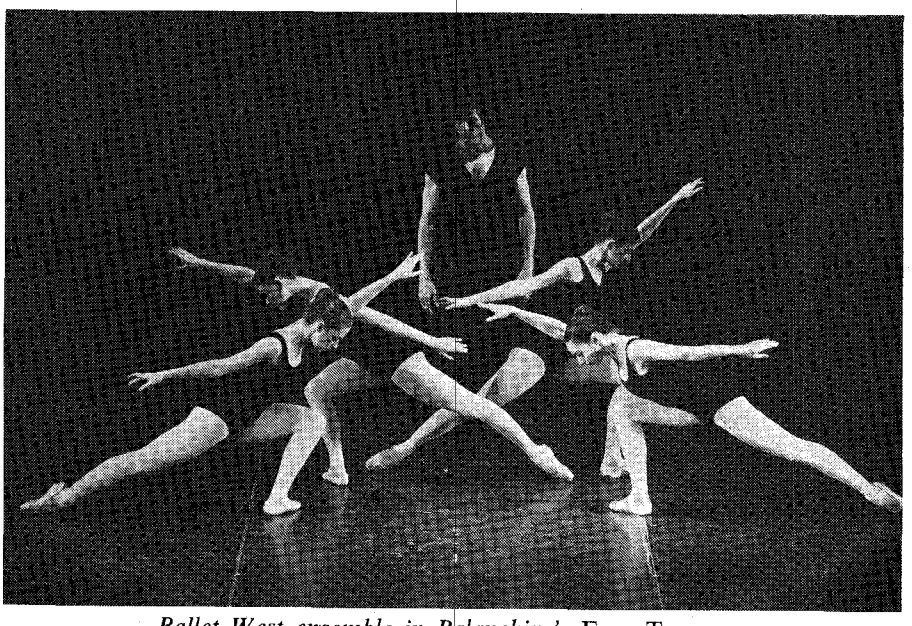
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatre in a modern dance *Event*, which had the dancers swinging through the galleries of the Utah Museum of Fine Arts to the accompaniment of the Deseret String Band; and to visit the beautiful new headquarters (classrooms, workshops, and well-appointed stage) of the Children's Dance Theatre, founded just 25 years ago by one of the most remarkable women in the world of dance, Virginia Tanner.

Ballet West, on tour in Ogden, was in good form. In comic, romantic, frothy *Fille* (in the well-known version set by Dimitri Romanoff, after the Dauberval original and later revisions by Mikhail Mordkin and Bronislava Nijinska), Suzanne Erlon and Tomm Ruud headed the cast as the vivacious young lovers, and the assisting dancers—the company numbers 28 members, plus a unit of apprentices—were admirable in every way. The Balanchine classic, with its sharp lines and mood "humors"—Melancholic, Sanguinic, Phlegmatic, Choleric—certainly did not make the seasoned balletgoer forget, say, Maria Tallchief, Tanaquil LeClercq, Todd Bolender, or Herbert Bliss in key roles, but these Rocky Mountain youngsters did a fine job in a ballet that must be clean, clear, and stylish, and that must have precise rhythmic punctuations, if it is to succeed. Ballet West succeeded.

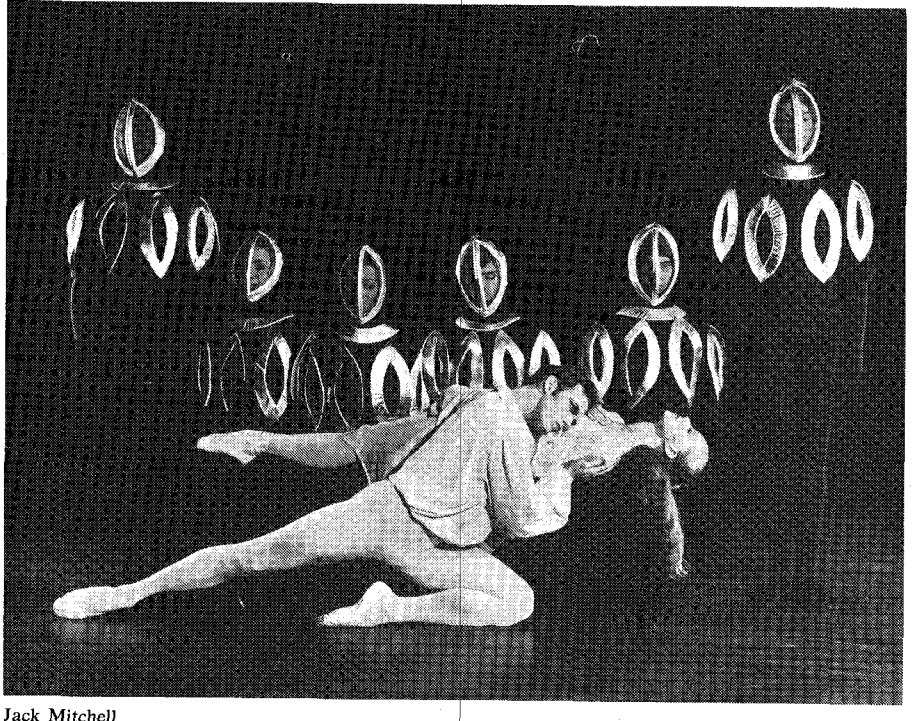
*Event* attracted big audiences who sat, stood, or strolled the museum floors while staying behind white tapes pressed to the carpet which, in pleasant swirls, separated the performers from the watchers. The Repertory Dance Theatre, brought into being 10 years ago by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, is a small but strong company with an adventuresome spirit reflected both in its constant touring and in its creative drives. For *Event*, the dancers started casually. They would walk, pause with the lovely lines of danced sculpture, run unencumbered through the galleries, and, almost imperceptibly, develop their easy actions into elaborate dance patterns drawn from the works of their choreographers—notably their best one, Bill Evans.

Repertory excerpts, working in harmony with old-time country music, and done without the elevation (both physical and esthetic) of a stage, made it possible for the onlookers to come so close to the dancers that they could feel almost as if they were participants themselves, neighbors of equilibrium defied in suspenseful balances, of body weight swinging low or pushing up for an airy moment, breathing, sweat, muscle control, exhilaration. A rewarding *Event* indeed.



*Ballet West ensemble in Balanchine's* Four Temperaments—*"A classic with sharp lines and mood 'humors.'"*

Miss Tanner, beginning her second quarter-century as the prophetess-pioneer of children's dance education, weekly reaches in Salt Lake City close to 700 students, from adults to children three and a half years old. She had her staff teach not only in her new headquarters but also, with state funding, in public schools, offering both student- and teacher-training programs. Perhaps the best way to describe Miss Tanner's working of miracles for children is to quote three earlier American dance pioneers who wrote glowingly of her. Doris Humphrey felt that Virginia Tanner had found the "key to opening the child's treasure-house of imagination." Ted Shawn wrote, "America would be



Jack Mitchell

*Chicago Ballet's Charlene Gehm and Dennis Poole in* Romeo and Juliet—*"Music by Tchaikovsky, choreography by Ruth Page."*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

safe in the hands of children such as these." And José Limón said, "Salt Lake City is the most blessed city in the world to have the world's master children's dance teacher." To see her Children's Dance Theatre, sponsored by the University of Utah, and to enter her center is to find the child who is at once disciplined and free. Miss Tanner has said, "There is a great deal of truth to the statement 'All God's chillun got wings,' but far too often those wings have been clipped before they have known the joy of soaring." Tanner children soar.

FROM UTAH'S SNOWS to balmy Hollywood was a change not only in climate but also in dance projects. The new Los Angeles Ballet, although its participants are not as young as Miss Tanner's, is also youth-oriented, but it is totally professional, entirely theatrical. Its artistic director, John Clifford, is 28, a brilliant dancer (known to all New York City Ballet fans), a prolific choreographer, and a man who says, "I'm going to make it work." This is warmly seconded by a member of his board of directors and a director of the Los Angeles Ballet School, Miriam Golden, remembered by American Ballet Theatre devotees as an important dancer in the first seasons of the Ballet Theatre. Miss Golden (now Mrs. Ziegler) has seen ballet plans for L.A. come and go over the years in discouraging sequence, but of this new enterprise she says, "This is the best hope yet for ballet in Los Angeles."

Clifford, a native of Hollywood, at 14 was given his first job by the Emmy Award–winning choreographer, Tony Charmoli, on a Dinah Shore show. At 18 Charmoli used him on a Danny Kaye special. The Bolshoi Ballet, visiting L.A., permitted him to take company class, with Maya Plisetskaya giving him special coaching. The great Russian-American ballerina, Alexandra Danilova, brought him to the attention of George Balanchine, and Clifford was on his way to the top with the New York City Ballet.

His Los Angeles Ballet, just two years old, has a repertory of 35 ballets, six by Balanchine and many by Clifford. He says he doesn't want to choreograph everything, but that funds are needed to hire others. His company has had both good and poor reviews. But Clifford, supported by a hard-working, enthusiastic board, is going to see to it that his hometown has a ballet troupe equal in prestige to those of other major cities—the prestigious, 40-year-old San Francisco Ballet included.

In Hollywood, I saw his handsome, young, and gifted dancers in a special ballet class and, shortly thereafter, a unit of the ballet dancing to enthusiastic applause in New York's Avery Fisher Hall in four of the New York Philharmonic's "Promenades," directed by André Kostelanetz. Clifford's ballet *Tea for Two*, using six songs of Vincent Youmans, was lightweight, as it should have been, but it was well crafted, ebullient, and thoroughly entertaining.

Ruth Page has kept Chicago one of America's major dance centers for more years than it is gallant to report. First as a dancer, then as a choreographer, and later as a director—usually combining all three duties on municipal, national, and international levels—Miss Page has become in herself an American dance institution. Now she has secured for her newly constituted Chicago Ballet, with herself as director and Ben Stevenson as artistic director, an entire building in Chicago, where she has established a delightful theater, intimate but roomy for dance and with excellent sightlines; big and airy classrooms for the associated ballet school, costume rooms, workrooms, dressing rooms, plenty of office space, and even a comfortable spot for entertaining after performances.

On a recent visit to her delightful theater, I saw a program that included her own *Romeo and Juliet* (to the Tchaikovsky music and designed by André Delfau), a succinct, beautifully paced, and touching evocation of the famous romantic tragedy; a solo with choreography by Stevenson; a *pas de deux* by John Cranko; and a *pas de trois* by Frederic Franklin. Michelle Lees was lovely in the Isadora-like solo, *Leaf* (music of Marcello), and as for Cranko's *Grieg Pas de Deux*, Carmen Mathé and Dennis Poole came up with a first-class display of prowess and balletic polish. Charlene Gehm and Poole were the young lovers in a fine performance of the Page ballet.

For bigger productions with bigger casts and sometimes with such guest stars as Fonteyn, Nagy, and the Panovs, the Chicago Ballet moves to a major Chicago theater or takes to the road, but the theater on North Dearborn is a new and important home for Ruth Page's next half-century of service to Chicago, and American, dance. □

# Seeing Things

## "What I Really Want to Do Is Direct"

The title above appeared several years ago as a caption under a *New Yorker* cartoon. A busty blonde actress in the cartoon was being interviewed by a reporter, and her wishful remark was, of course, calculated to induce wry laughter. Since that time, a good many women, whatever their brassiere sizes, and whether they wear them or not, have been attempting to batter down the barriers between them and what has been—in this country, at least—an almost exclusively male occupation. In Italy, France, and Sweden, a few women have been directing films, with often notable results. In this country, Elaine May stands as the only woman director of real stature. Susan Sontag had to go abroad to make films, but the results were much too murky and intellectualized to make much of a dent in the prevailing situation. Others found the documentary field more hospitable, and several good films of varying length have turned up recently at festivals and museum showings. But the American theatrical film has been all but bereft of woman directors.

To help correct this apparently chauvinistic condition, the American Film Institute facility at Greystone in Beverly Hills last year instituted a directors' workshop for women, partially funded by the Rockefeller Foundation. Working primarily with videotape, a group of 10 women, among them the noted actresses Ellen Burstyn and Lee Grant, did experimental work, using story material of their own devising and actors of professional ability. Videotape differs considerably from film, though, in its capabilities. Obviously film, not tape, was needed for more thoroughgoing training, and the Rockefeller Foundation has come up with a larger handout for the second year of the workshop.

While this was going on, one woman with little previous experience in film direction decided to make her own feature film. Joan Micklin Silver, a former music teacher, novelist, and screenwriter (for a film called *Limbo*), found herself emi-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Hollis Alpert

Hester Street—*"The director provides insights into how cultures cross-fertilize."*

nently dissatisfied with the work of Mark Robson, just as most screenwriters feel that directors mess up their conceptions. With this came the impulse to do her own film, and to this end she began writing and directing shorts for an educational-film company, thinking this might open the door for her. It did not. Her husband, Raphael Silver, a real-estate developer, came to the rescue. He told his wife that if she could come up with a low-budget film idea, he'd raise the financing.

ONE OF MS. SILVER'S SHORTS had to do with some Polish-Catholic immigrants to this country. In the course of her research, she read everything she could find on immigrants, and, while doing so, she came across a short story by Abraham Cahan that had been published in the 1890s. Cahan was a noted journalist and editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. His stories embodied telling observations about the Jewish immigrants from Poland and Russia going through Ellis Island on their way to the lower East Side of Manhattan and elsewhere. Not only was Ms. Silver caught by their flavor; they reminded her of stories told her by her own father. From the story she wrote a script called *Hester Street*, setting it in New York at the turn of the century. With a budget of $350,000 (later raised somewhat by union demands) she turned Morton Street in Greenwich Village into a replica of Hester Street, circa 1900.

Then, with the film finished, she attempted to find a distributor for it. She met with interest from the major companies, but was told the film was too "special," too limited in interest, to attract the necessary audiences to make distribution worthwhile. She considered a television showing as a way out. A selector of films for the Dallas Film Festival happened to see *Hester Street* at a sparsely attended screening, and he invited it for two showings at the Bob Hope Theater on the campus of Southern Methodist University. I now quote Philip Wuntch, film critic for the *Dallas Morning News*: "*Hester Street* was welcomed as possibly the festival's surprise hit." Audiences responded to the film with heartfelt cheers and applause, so much so that one might have thought that Joan Silver had personally defeated Texas A. & M. in the Cotton Bowl with a last-minute touchdown. Too special? Word reached New York about the Dallas reaction, and distributors started calling Joan and Ray Silver, the latter now in the position of adding film-producing to his other endeavors.

*Hester Street* deals in a moving and nostalgic way with the ordeals of some young immigrants attempting to adapt their dreams of the golden land, America, to the shabby realities. A dapper worker in a clothing sweatshop has left his wife and child behind in Russia, and, while waiting for them to arrive, he finds himself attracted to a lady who runs the local social center. When his orthodox wife arrives, his "Americanization" proves a barrier to their resuming their conjugal relationship. The wife is dressed in clothes that proclaim her a greenhorn; she still wears the wig decreed by old-country custom. How the problems of the couple are finally resolved makes for a charming story, directed with unpretentious sympathy and sensitivity by Ms. Silver. A canny choice of music adds redolence to the atmosphere she creates. And, somehow, the director manages to take the film out of the "ethnic" category and provide insights into how cultures cross-fertilize. One senses the diversity of the American experience for newcomers, and, without stressing it, she makes the point that this land, after all, is largely compounded of refugees and seekers of the dream. No flash, no filigree for Ms. Silver; so deft is her handling of actors that this might have been her tenth film, not her first one.

More nice things were to happen. *Hester Street* was invited for the prestigious Critics' Week at Cannes; there, though not in competition, it was declared one of the best of the festival. The usually bilious Rex Reed (where Cannes is concerned) wrote back: "The Americans are off to a blazing start with *Hester Street*, a film that has more humor, charm, and decency than most big-budget Hollywood films." I don't always agree with Mr. Reed, but I'm with him on this one. The French at the festival went wild over the film, and Ms. Silver found what it was like to be lionized at Cannes. As I write this, the Silvers are in the process of concluding their "deal" for distribution. The investment will undoubtedly be recouped, and the film will open shortly. If audiences continue to respond as they did in Dallas and Cannes, it may even confound the major companies and earn a tidy profit. Big-time agents, including the redoubtable Sue Mengers, are after Joan Silver to sign with them. The 40-year-old Ms. Silver has begun her career literally in her prime. The barriers for her, at least, are bound to come down. As it stands right now, she joins Elaine May in this country's sparsely populated top rank of woman directors. □



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

## Out of the Orient Into Limbo With the Met

The decision of the Metropolitan Opera Association's executive committee and board of directors to crown the season that produced its first, ever, tour to the Orient by replacing the general manager who had brought it through, successfully, is an act of willfulness unique even for such a self-perpetuating entity. And in offering that displaced executive, Schuyler G. Chapin, the bait of $100,000 annually to shift his talents to fund-raising, it has doubtless given some of the unions with whom it does business a good case for saying, "What goes on here?"

Why such a move should be considered necessary is less an indictment of an individual than the rounding-out of a cycle and the closing of a circle. The Metropolitan now gives in New York and on tour more than 250 performances annually. This is not merely a lot of performances for one man to supervise—it is an especially large lot for an individual to supervise while planning, two and three years ahead, another 200 or more performances per season.

There has been, for a dozen years past, talk of restructuring the Metropolitan's top command along lines long familiar at La Scala and innovated at London's Covent Garden in the Fifties: a top business executive (such as David Webster) with artistic responsibilities delegated to a group of professionals (such a conductor as Rafael Kubelik, Georg Solti, or the current Colin Davis, with qualified technicians to supervise the stage). It had influential supporters at the time (1970) when a successor to Rudolf Bing was being debated.

These supporters did not, however, include the Metropolitan's then president, George S. Moore, whose hostility—it might be more accurately rated as animosity—to the idea of entrusting an "artist" (i.e., conductor) with the authority to spend money was well known. So Goeran Gentele, a seasoned administrator, was plucked from the modest Royal Opera in Stockholm with hardly forgettable results: he was killed in an automobile accident in Sardinia only days after his term of office began in July 1972. This left the Met general manager-less, with Gentele's deputy, Schuyler G. Chapin, undertaking the execution of plans formulated, for the most part, by Gentele and his music director, Kubelik.

Here, providentially, was the opportunity for the Met to make a clean break with the old system of one-man rule, and for it to start afresh with an arrangement more suitable to changing times. But the power structure of the Met as then (1973) constituted was opportunistic neither in mind nor in spirit. It equivocated and delayed, temporized and deferred, until by sheer inertia Chapin had become a claimant beyond denial to the office whose rigors he has resourcefully survived. When the arrangement with Kubelik (who had allocated only part of his time to the Met) inevitably collapsed, Chapin was left even more heavily burdened with planning.

J. Heffernan

*Schuyler Chapin—Ousted in a restructuring of the Met's top command.*

There were, not at all unexpectedly, loose ends, details fouled, decisions not pushed through, some because of the board's reluctance to authorize a firm budget. The high artistic accomplishments represented by the company's first production of Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, a new staging of Wagner's *Tristan*, and the first *Ring* cycle in a decade and a half were accompanied by high costs that aroused alarm in the Met's inner, *inner* circle. The retirement of Moore and his replacement by William Rockefeller (an amiable man but essentially unequipped with the experience to be president of the country's largest operatic establishment) brought on a search for the backstopping Chapin urgently required. The choice of young, talented, American-trained James Levine (the preferred pronunciation is Le-*vine*) to be music director was enterprising but not without possible conflict of interest; the appointment by the board of Anthony A. Bliss (one of its members and a former president) as a paid, full-time "executive director" was an act of desperation not without ambiguities. Not the least of the latter was the propriety of one board member sitting in judgment on the spending, for artistic purposes, of money allocated by other board members to properly qualified professionals.

The eventual intention of discontinuing the centralized authority of a general manager was to some extent a vote of no confidence in Chapin, but to a large extent a reversion to the policy Bliss advocated, pre-Chapin, even pre-Gentele. He was one of the principal proponents of a trinity of collaborators, each to run an important component of the Met's complicated business. But, like much else about the Met these days, a defensible development was made offensive by leaks, ill-phrased, ill-timed interviews, and other premature disclosure of "intentions" which resulted in internal dissension and factionalized emotions before logic or persuasion had played their part.

In pushing through this reorganization at a time when Chapin's option as general manager was up for renewal, the board has put itself squarely in the position of doing the right thing for the wrong reasons at the wrong time. Such a change should not be made when there is an incumbent general manager, but when a logical time of transition presents itself. Further, in failing to provide a formula in which Chapin could conscientiously, honorably, and pridefully take part, it has dishonored its obligation to a man who has served it well in three difficult seasons, and wasted a period of on-the-job training no other person in the operatic world now possesses.

The clear fact is that in taking a precarious course of action—which Bliss himself admits is a gamble—the small coterie that currently controls the Metropolitan's personnel and policies has acted



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to serve interests unmentioned to the public, and hardly responsive to that public's interest. One was the strong possibility of losing an influential, affluent member of its executive committee—J. William Fisher, vice-president of the Metropolitan's board and head of the Gramma Fisher Foundation—who had small regard for Chapin as an administrator. He had made no secret of his intention of leaving the Met until the Bliss appointment was improvised. The other was a clash of influence related to Levine's appointment as music director. This derived directly from Chapin's "boldness" in engaging Sarah Caldwell of Boston—perhaps the most multi-talented person on the American operatic scene—to conduct next season's performances of *La Traviata*, in which Beverly Sills will appear as Violetta, without "consulting" Levine. As Levine himself was responsible for this turn of events because he was "not available" for these performances (he had obligations to conduct elsewhere), it was hardly incumbent upon Chapin, as general manager, to solicit his approval. But it was used, in the negotiation of Levine's contract as music director, as an instance of the things he would not tolerate—and brought on the collision of authority which came, simply, to the position that Chapin was expendable (at a price) and Levine was not.

Some opinion held that Chapin should have moved over, bided his time, and—even as Bliss did for 10 years—awaited the day when he would be brought forward to the position of influence he had previously occupied. This would have been both devious and unwise: a member of the club, such as Bliss was and is, could take such an action out of loyalty. An employee, such as Chapin has been, could only take such an action out of weakness. Hence he turned it down, in a letter that originated, of all places, in Tokyo.

In acting as it has, the board has not only moved into areas of artistic control in which it should have only an advisory part—contrary to some opinion, it contributes only a small part of the necessary funds itself, and is the administrator of a vastly larger amount raised from other donors—but also ill-served its best interests. Any enterprise with the kinds of problems by which the Metropolitan is beset needs as much help as it can get from all the people herein identified (and some others)—each according to his skill and the will to apply it *productively*.

Bliss, for example, has had a sizable indoctrination in the *long-term* problems of the Metropolitan that could very well steer it to new, secure, high ground. John Dexter, the proposed partner in the troika who would supervise stage matters, has an Old Vic background and a New Met foreground generally to his credit. James Levine is certainly qualified to grow into the kind of music director the Met has long needed and not had. He could pull together not only public performances but internal procedures that have rendered life unduly hard for some very talented people.

In the latter respect, there has been, in recent years, a tendency to wild, improvisatory gambits that can only be characterized as witless. One was the notion of persuading Beverly Sills to perform, in a revival of *Andrea Chénier*, the leading role of Maddelena, for which she is wholly unsuited by vocal type and artistic disposition. Another was "offering" the same distinguished artist the title role in a new venture with Samuel Barber's *Vanessa* (a notorious "killer," first for the voice of Eleanor Steber, then that of Mary Costa). The excuse offered in both instances was, "Sills sells tickets." As both of these notions surfaced during the Chapin tenure, some of the burden must be borne by him.

For every plus, where humans are concerned, there is likely to be a minus: Bliss may be tempted to dabble in decisions for which he is unqualified; behind Levine stands his manager, Ronald Wilford, president of Columbia Artists Management, which makes a business of selling singers to opera companies; behind Wilford stands Rudolf Bing, whose promotional appetites have never been stronger; Dexter is still more closely attuned to the English stage than to the American.

By eliminating a proven leader, the Met's central authority is closer to limbo than it ever has been. Can one imagine Japan Air Lines, which accomplished its crucial share of the Met mission in fine order and with the efficiency befitting one of the world's great aeronautical enterprises, replacing its chief of operations because somebody thought he would be better at promotion? The Met should be equally awary of allowing businessmen who raise money to second-guess the professionals it hires to spend it. Otherwise the center of authority will always be in limbo—which, it may be recalled, is "a region on the border of hell." □


Summertime. Angel makes your listening easy...

GERSHWIN
'S WONDERFUL
two-piano arrangements
from the '30s and '40s.
An American in Paris · Three Preludes
Oh, Lady Be Good · Embraceable You
Fascinating Rhythm · The Man I Love
Strike Up the Band · 'S Wonderful

S-36083 (LP, Cartridge & Cassette)

Never-before recorded duo-piano transcriptions of showtunes and concert pieces—all in the authentic Gershwin idiom.

ITZHAK PERLMAN (violin)
ANDRÉ PREVIN (piano)
THE EASY WINNERS
Rag-Time Music of Scott Joplin
The Entertainer · Solace (A Mexican Serenade)
Elite Syncopations · The Ragtime Dance
Magnetic Rag · Bethena (A Concert Waltz)
Pine Apple Rag · The Strenuous Life · Sugar Cane Rag

S-37113 (LP, Cartridge & Cassette)

Perlman's own arrangements of ten popular Joplin tunes—for solo violin and piano. This is the most delightful "new look" at Joplin since Angel's Red Back Book collection.

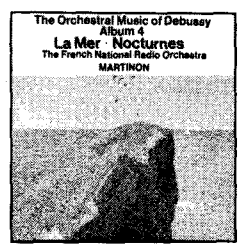
Overtures by Suppé & Strauss
Suppé: Light Cavalry · Poet and Peasant
Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna
Boccaccio
Johann Strauss, Jr.: A Night in Venice
Blindekuh
The Johann Strauss Orchestra of Vienna
BOSKOVSKY

S-37099

Overture favorites! Boskovsky and his corps of "seasoned Viennese musicians" perform this music in the authentic, spirited style it was written.

S-36088

Relaxed, heartfelt and romantic. Pennario colors these thirteen solo pieces with controlled tenderness and great care. On this program of favorites: Etude in F; Preludes in D Flat, in A, E and more.




Angel

S-37067

Rich, spacious sonics add immensely to the sweep and splendor of The Sea—mystically, magically recreated in a symphonic work. Nocturnes is a sensuous listening experience.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Should We Tamper With Heredity?

## Out of the mad-doctor films and onto the front page, human gene-changing experimentation is now a burning social issue.

by Albert Rosenfeld

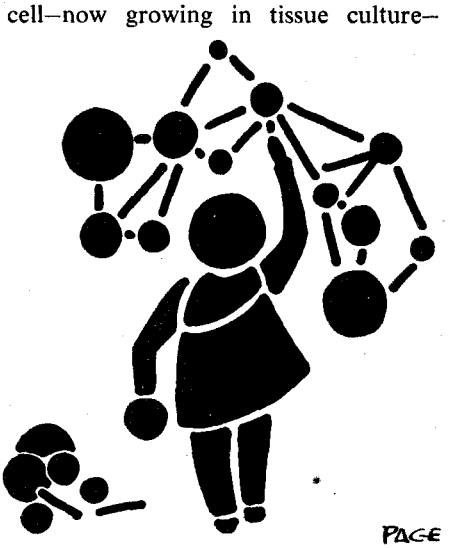
Genetic surgery. Genetic engineering. Gene therapy. These were almost whimsical phrases only a few short years ago. At that time, DNA had just been revealed as the master molecule of heredity, and biologists had begun to decipher the genetic code by which DNA governs the activities of all living cells. Phrases like "genetic engineering" were coined to accompany largely journalistic speculation regarding the purposeful manipulation of DNA—speculation that most scientists placed in the realm of sheer futuristic fantasy.

This was not true of all scientists, of course—else we journalists could not have produced so many authoritative quotes! But fantasy has turned into near-reality with astonishing rapidity. As a consequence, a debate has lately been raging in scientific circles: when, if ever, is it ethical to apply knowledge of how to juggle human genes? Is it perhaps unethical even to undertake the research necessary to acquire such knowledge? The debate has now been joined by doctors, lawyers, educators, theologians, legislators, and philosophers—particularly those who specialize in the new discipline known as bioethics.

The currency of the debate is reflected in the titles of a couple of two-day meetings I recently attended: "Conference on Ethical and Scientific Issues Posed by Human Uses of Molecular Genetics" (in New York, co-sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences and the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences) and "National Symposium on Genetics and the Law" (in Boston, under the joint aegis of the National Genetics Foundation and the American Society of Law and Medicine).

What do we mean when we use a phrase like "genetic surgery"? Is it purely metaphorical? Not at all. Genetic surgery is, rather, a literal description of what can be done.

Let us say that the "patient" is a skin cell—now growing in tissue culture—




taken from the victim of a human genetic disease. The cell cannot perform a vital metabolic function because the necessary enzyme is missing, and the enzyme is missing because the cell lacks the genetic instructions—the gene—for making that enzyme. It is, therefore, the prospective recipient of a gene transplant. But where does one find a donor?

Suppose there exists a single-celled organism—a bacterium, say—that produces the missing enzyme. If it does, we could assume that it possessed the gene with instructions for manufacturing the enzyme. The bacterial cell would thus become the prospective donor of the gene.

Now, how will the genetic surgeon perform the operation? A handy surgeon's-assistant might be a virus—specifically, a bacteriophage, a virus known to infect that particular species of bacteria. A virus can penetrate the nucleus and incorporate some of the genetic information unto itself. Might the virus, then, be employed to excise the desired gene, using its own enzymes as both scalpel and sutures? Could it then carry the gene away, invade the human cell nucleus, and complete the transplant?

FARFETCHED as such speculations may sound, the gene transplant just described is not speculative. It is a factual account, oversimplified, of a gene transplant carried out in 1971 by Carl Merril and his associates at the National Institute of Mental Health. The skin cells had been taken from a victim of galactosemia, a defect in which, because of a missing enzyme, the body cannot process the milk sugar galactose; hence, excess galactose accumulates, causing serious illness and premature death. The donor cells were *E. coli*, of the same family that inhabits the human gut. And the "surgeon's-assistants" were bacteriophages. In tissue culture, at any rate, a human genetic disease had been cured by genetic surgery. (After these experimental results were reported in *Nature*, many scientists found them hard to believe. But the experiment has now been successfully repeated in other laboratories in the United States, Germany, and Australia.) To transfer this kind of know-how to the level of treating the whole human patient (gene therapy) is, of course, a much more complicated problem, and no one would consider trying it until considerably more research has been done. But the promise is great. Hundreds of thousands of people are born into the world with genetic defects.

Yet the question arises: should we do it, even if we can? Should we even approve the research? The question seems strange, even somehow heretical. We have promoted research, especially biomedical research, as an almost holy cause, an obvious good-in-itself. But molecular-genetic knowledge gives us dimensions of potential control over the life processes that radically change our situation.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Merril's gene transplantation is only one of many techniques currently in use. They include the fusion and hybridization of cells—often employing viruses as intermediaries, though sometimes mere "conjugation" of cells is sufficient—and the mingling of diverse chromosomal materials, as well as circular DNA segments called "plasmids" that can reproduce without joining the chromosomes at all, resulting in the formation of "recombinant" DNA molecules. Such research has large potential benefits. We might, for instance, hope to impart to cereal plants the capacity to fix nitrogen—a capacity that only leguminous plants now possess—thus considerably reducing the need for commercial fertilizer. We might impart to cultures of bacterial cells the ability to mass-produce insulin. But as our capacity to revise and move around genetic materials with such relative ease increased, so did the potential "biohazards." A group of geneticists led by Paul Berg of Stanford sent out a cry of alarm, and called for a temporary moratorium on this type of research until the implications could be examined, an international conference held, and proper safeguards agreed upon.

NOT THAT BIOHAZARDS were new to research. Everyone working with infectious bacteria or viruses, whether for medical purposes or with bacteriological warfare in mind, has been obliged to take special precautions. The virulent strains they handled could all too easily infect the researchers themselves, and, if allowed to escape, could endanger surrounding populations. Safe containment procedures have, in large measure, been worked out. But the new recombinant technologies posed new and special hazards. Not only might we inadvertently confer antibiotic resistance to infectious strains (this can now be done routinely, on purpose), but, more worrisome, there was the possibility that we might confer virulence on some hitherto harmless strain. Suppose some new and unknown characteristics were added to the DNA of *E. coli* that transformed them into killer microbes. We might have no defenses against them. A nightmarish kind of Andromeda Strain might thus appear among us—not from another planet, but the product of our own foolish devising—that could decimate life on earth. The prospect is unlikely, but it is too possible to be brushed lightly aside.

**"The prospect of a nightmarish kind of Andromeda Strain appearing among us is unlikely, but it is too possible to be brushed lightly aside."**

The voluntary moratorium was almost universally observed until an international meeting of 140 scientists representing 16 nations held recently at the Asilomar Conference Grounds in Pacific Grove, Calif. It is already a historic meeting, "Asilomar" being referred to as symbolic of a landmark event, as Alamogordo was before it. At Asilomar, after three days and partial nights of almost nonstop discussion, it was finally agreed that research might cautiously resume, provided all who engaged in it follow rigidly prescribed procedures that would minimize—perhaps eliminate—the major hazards.

The Asilomar scientists have, since then, been criticized—at recent hearings held by Senator Kennedy, for example—for not calling in a more representative sampling of the public to help them arrive at their decisions. But I think the scientists are to be commended. It was they, after all, who raised the alarm, took the initiative, called the moratorium, and publicized their concern via every available communications medium. The press was also very much in evidence at Asilomar. What the scientists decided there was not, after all, forever binding. For that small minority of scientists who feel that non-scientists should stay out of their affairs, I, of course, hold little sympathy. These are public affairs that may profoundly alter all our lives, and our informed participation is crucial. But there is nothing in what was done at Asilomar that prevents the public and its elected representatives—now that the scientists have made them aware of the hazards—from adding guidelines and safeguards of their own, to satisfy themselves that everything possible is being done to prevent fears from becoming realities.

Because of these fears, which are not groundless, some have advocated the total abandonment of this line of research as unethical in its very nature—even though such a course might dash the hopes of curing or preventing many diseases and defects via gene therapy. The hazards, they feel, simply outweigh the potential benefits. But I like the middle position taken by Theodore Friedmann of the University of California at San Diego. Friedmann has seen the suffering of too many children who are afflicted with genetic diseases. Despite his own clear-cut qualms about biohazards, he feels that, in cases where no adequate alternative therapy is available, we must continue to seek better answers for these unfortunate victims. I also go along with what Alan M. Dershowitz, a Harvard law professor, said at the Boston meeting. He, too, had previously expressed grave concern about the ethics of continuing genetic research. But, all things considered, he finally guessed that he would rather risk the hazards of research than the greater hazards of no research.

Research in molecular genetics is potentially applicable not only to the host of diseases that are identifiably genetic in origin, but also to cancer, as well as to most of the degenerative diseases of old age, including, perhaps, the aging process itself. To abandon such a fruitful line of investigation is not only to forgo basic knowledge of living organisms. It is also to abandon all the victims of all these diseases, currently living and yet to be born. Medicine is still in many respects a primitive science. To settle for what we now know is to condemn future generations to all the existing ailments plus all those new ones that keep turning up—through environmental changes, for example, or through mutations of microorganisms. I am aware of biohazards and would certainly not minimize the need to guard against them. I have on many occasions over recent years expressed my own concern in this regard. As new safeguards are being sought, research progress may have to slow down for a while. But to cut off research on principle (which not many people really advocate) or—a greater possibility—to make research almost impossibly difficult to carry out, thus holding up promising advances for unconscionable lengths of time—and to do so on ethical grounds—is not a solution that satisfies. If we have the means, or can even see a reasonable hope of discovering the means, of preventing, curing, or significantly alleviating human disease, then a choice *not* to proceed (with all due safeguards) would, it seems to me, be a choice against ethics, and against humanity. □



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrations: Ken Rinciari

## Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall:

# The Great Cosmetics Safety Debate

**Increasing numbers of cosmetics are suspected of causing harmful side effects. Snow White's stepmother today might ask herself, But is it safe to be the fairest of them all?**

by Jourdan Houston

Interstate 70S in Rockville, Md., is only one strand in a concrete-ribbon network that winds around the green knoll like so much spaghetti. The cosmetics-research center on the knoll looks like any company's standard brick branch office—it is lean of line, low-lying, and primly landscaped down to the last pebble. But once you turn off Interstate 70S, park, and walk into the Gillette Company's main cosmetics-research center, you quickly realize that this is no ordinary business establishment. First, you are intercepted in the reception area, where someone pins on you the yellow plastic card that brands you as an outsider. Next, as you walk along carpeted corridors lined with professor-sized offices, you begin to detect a hint of formaldehyde.

Then you descend to the lower levels, and the plush administrative perquisites abruptly disappear. Here, determined-looking men and women in white lab coats walk briskly along coded corridors —yellow for those who are surgically clean, green for those who are, like me, presumed to be "contaminated." We unclean types must stick to the green corridors, winding along through the labyrinth past computer-equipped laboratories, a concrete-and-steel inhalation chamber, and animal dormitories full of self-cleaning cages housing white rats, white rabbits, and monkeys. Finally, you climb a flight of stairs and at last arrive at the site of the human experiments, a complex comprising a waiting room, changing rooms, a cosmetics-application room, and a hotbox room for generating perspiration. The complex is also equipped, presumably, with a cashbox

*Jourdan Houston is a freelance journalist based in New Hampshire.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for paying off those part-time experimentees who contribute to the beautification of America. Equipped to the teeth with Ph.D.s and futuristic gadgetry, this center-within-a-center is the prize exhibit of America's cosmetics-testing industry.

Manning this $4 million building near Washington, D.C., are toxicologists, physiologists, pathologists, biochemists, and medical technicians. They produce no cures in their research, except, perhaps, something for a few blemished psyches. The 50,000-square-foot laboratory where they work was opened in June 1974 by the Gillette Company, strictly for medical evaluation of the company's over-the-counter drugs, cosmetics, and toiletries, right down to the coating on the famous Gillette razor blades.

The most sophisticated research facility in the industry, the Rockville operation is frequently cited in the growing national debate over the testing and safety of the 25,000 complex cosmetic products manufactured in the United States alone. After years of benevolent government regulation, proposals tor stiff control of the $7-billion-a-year industry are proliferating like gift packages of after-shave lotion at Christmas: in the past two years the federal government has issued more consumer safety–related directives than it has in the whole 35 years in which it has had mild jurisdiction over cosmetics. The American industry, with more than 1,000 manufacturers, and its counterparts abroad–especially in Europe–are clearly at a new pass, facing public and governmental demands that they probably will not be able to atomize into misty oblivion. The subject of sprays, deodorants, and shaving cream touches, rather literally, too many people.

IN THE UNITED STATES ALONE, 210 million people use cosmetics and spend as much on an estimated 6 billion squirts and applications yearly as they do on drugs prescribed for illness. Yearly consumer outlays include $500 million apiece for deodorants, shaving items, and perfume, while sales of hair preparations nudge $1.5 billion. Altogether, sales have doubled in a decade, with anticipated growth as high as 15 percent annually. And, like beer, cosmetics sales don't seem to suffer the ravages of hard times.

Yet for thousands of people yearly, use of these products produces rashes, respiratory problems, stomach distress, bladder infection, and even baldness. These inconvenient disorders are usually reversed simply by discontinuing use of a suspicious product and, sometimes, by getting medical attention. Occasionally, products producing these miseries are recalled from the market by the mild-mannered mentor of the industry, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA). Recalls during 1974 included a plastic nail lengthener (it had an ingredient known to cause breathing difficulties and blood-pressure depression), a fingernail polish with formaldehyde, and a baby shampoo with microorganisms able to cause severe eye infection. But most bad reactions to cosmetics are believed to be initiated or exacerbated by allergies.

**"A case of botulism will move a man from mushrooms to morgue in no time, but lotions and potions rarely act with such speed and obvious finality."**

The trouble is that cosmetics injuries lack immediacy and vivid impact. A case of botulism will move a man from mushrooms to morgue in no time, but lotions and potions rarely act with such speed and obvious finality. True, there have been occasional incidents, such as the 1972 deaths of 39 French infants who had been dusted with a baby powder containing lethal amounts of hexachlorophene, a preservative and germ-killer that was later restricted in U.S. products. Then there was the more recent U.S. recall of all aerosol products using propellants containing vinyl chloride, a substance linked to a rare liver cancer.

Reports this spring have implicated both hair dyes and an aerosol antiperspirant ingredient as likely sources of health problems. Lab studies suggest a link between hair dyes and cancer or birth defects; a similar conjecture arises from a recent report by a New York physician who has noted high use of hair dyes among his breast-cancer patients. In June, the FDA began steps that will probably halt the manufacture of three popular aerosol antiperspirant products that contain zirconium, an ingredient that–a special FDA panel recently asserted–subjects "millions of Americans" to unnecessary risks of lung damage when used in aerosol form over long periods. Under the FDA edict, the makers of the three sprays involved–Sure, Secret, and Arrid XX–would have to prove their products' safety before renewed marketing would be allowed, although existing inventories would probably be allowed to remain on the market.

These recent incidents and warnings have underscored the relatively recent recognition that cosmetics action is not just skin-deep–products can be inhaled, and they can be absorbed deep into the human body. This reality has arisen at two congressional hearings on cosmetics safety held in barely more than a year, the last held in mid-June.

At last year's hearing–the first such freewheeling congressional review in 36 years–Dr. Sidney Wolfe of the Washington-based Health Research Group told Sen. Thomas Eagleton (D.-Mo.), sponsor of a comprehensive safety bill, "The long-held belief that cosmetics stay on the skin, due to the impenetrable nature of our outer surface, has been refuted by studies showing very high absorption of topically applied chemicals into the bloodstream," and by such "epidemics" as the deaths of the French babies. "Many ingredients in cosmetics are, in less gentle circles, described and treated as toxic substances," he mused. "Curiously, when those same chemicals are used for the purpose of beautification, their harmful attributes are covered up."

IN THESE DAYS of sophisticated research, cosmetics are no longer just so much water, wax, lanolin, and perfume. Relatively untouched by consumer-protection laws, they contain increasing dollops of such marketing lures and conveniences as highly suspect propellant gases. They are also full of pharmacologically active ingredients catering to the new ethic of personal grooming. The craze for such cosmetic aids might best be called "preventive cosmetics"–the almost fetishistic preservation of whatever natural attributes one believes he or she possesses, and protection of the body from all manner of bacteria, both the useful and the olfactory variety. As a result, the line between cosmetics and drugs, which by law must be cleared for safety and efficacy, grows ever finer.

"There's always been a big argument over when you are a drug and when you are a cosmetic," explains Dr. Robert Giovacchini, toxicologist and Gillette vice-president with responsibility for the new laboratory. "Under the U.S. law, it's not so much the ingredients you use –I'm excluding from that the antibiotics, the steroids, and the obvious drugs–but under the Food and Drug Act, it's the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

claim you make. If I come out with a foamy medicated shave cream, I'm a drug; if I come out with a foamy shave cream, same ingredients, I'm not a drug."

This legal latitude and the occasionally careless use of pharmacologically active ingredients have, Dr. Giovacchini believes, helped create the safety outcry. "When you're dealing with pharmacologically active ingredients, then you're talking a whole different ball game, and I think what's happened is that everyone has a fear that people are moving into this area under the guise of cosmetics, and they may not be being tested adequately."

According to Dr. Karim Ahmed of the Natural Resources Defense Council, up to 90 percent of cosmetics have not been adequately tested for safety. But the industry's major lobby, the Cosmetic, Toiletry, and Fragrance Association (CTFA), points to manufacturers' safety records. The association stresses industry self-regulation (inspired in no small way by the growing legislative clamor) and the millions being spent by the CTFA to review safety of aerosols, hair preparations, and color additives.

Yet two embarrassing ironies stand out in the discussion, no matter who is speaking. First, no one—not the FDA, not industry—knows how many cosmetics manufacturers there are or exactly what they make, and, until recently at least, no one has known how many cosmetics-related injuries occur each year.

All concerned agree that there are more than 1,000 U.S. manufacturers. Of these, about a dozen firms, led by Avon, capture most of the market. But because no license is required to concoct cosmetics, unknown numbers of firms are operating in almost complete anonymity. Small or large, they sell what is legally defined as anything "intended to be rubbed, poured, sprinkled, or sprayed on, introduced into, or otherwise applied to the human body . . . for cleansing, beautifying, promoting attractiveness, or altering the appearance."

Their products fall under Federal Trade Commission truth-in-advertising regulations, and under FDA powers based on a 1960 law requiring that food, drug, and cosmetic colors be approved as safe. They also derive from the 1938 Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, a three-pronged law in which only the first two tines are sharp. Under this law, moves may be made against a cosmetic only if it is proved "adulterated" (contains poisonous or putrid materials) or "misbranded" (misleadingly labeled). The law does not require safety testing, ingredient labeling, registration of manufacturers, or reporting of consumer injuries. These are tenets safety advocates want appended to it.

The FDA may inspect plants that it knows about, but the examination may be only visual. Lacking any subpoena authority, the agency, which says it inspects 500 establishments yearly, cannot immediately impound suspect products or force makers to hand over ingredient or test data—although, in fact, companies sometimes do so voluntarily.

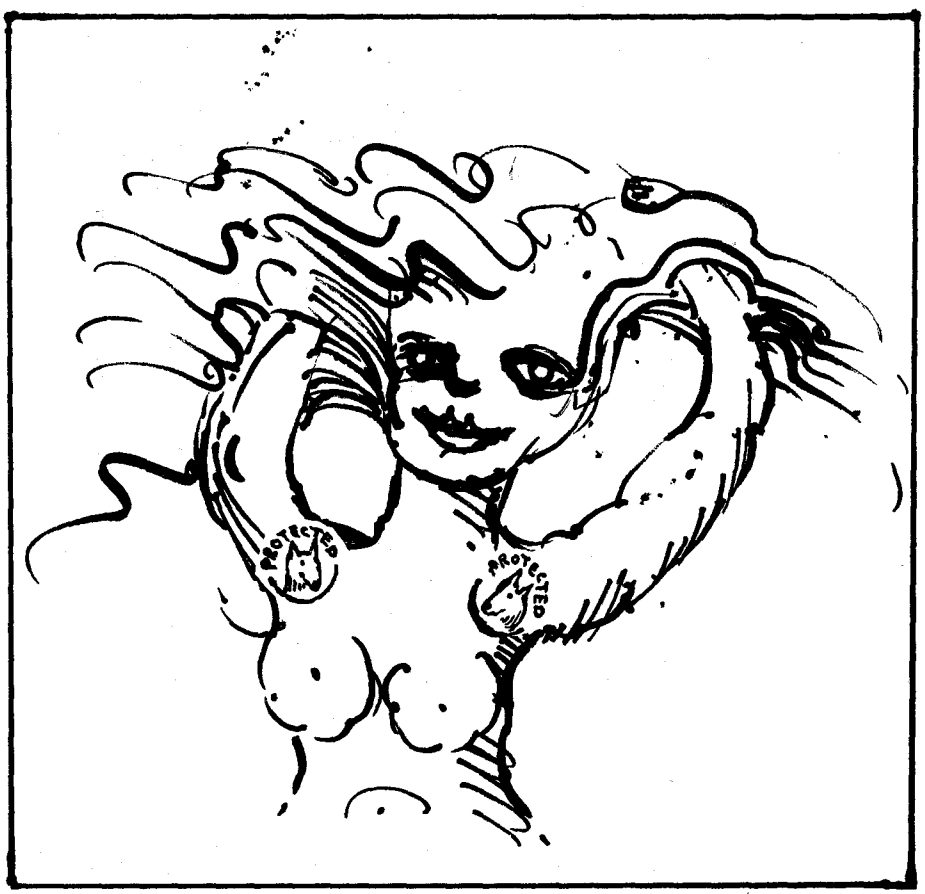
"As a practical matter, the agency is not often in a position to take regulatory action," admits John Wenninger, deputy director of the FDA's cosmetics division, "because we lack the medical and scientific resources and the data necessary to sustain our case. Many months and years of intensive work by our staff may be needed . . . to prove our case in court." An administration bill in the last Congress sought to increase FDA powers to help speed investigations, but the bill never got to the floor.

Wenninger and others at FDA admit that cosmetics rank low among priorities, a fact borne out by 1973 figures showing that although FDA took 2,075 legal actions against firms and products, only 17 of them were related to cosmetics.

For this reason, recent FDA legislative activity struck the cosmetics industry like an aerosol bomb, especially in light of the Cosmetic, Toiletry, and Fragrance Association's agreement with the FDA to institute "voluntary" regulations aimed at averting stronger measures. Under the plan, to which no company is bound, makers were to register with the FDA, file ingredient formulas, and report adverse reactions suffered by consumers. By May 30, 1975, about 830 of the industry's 1,000 firms had registered, and 17,445 formulas had been filed, but only 147 of the thousands of manufacturers, packers, and distributors involved had submitted adverse-reaction reports on products. The trade euphemism for that last skimpy showing is "product experience reporting," and the lag is partly attributable to late distribution by the FDA of the forms—but not fully.

"What we want to do," says Heinz Eiermann, FDA cosmetics division chief and a former cosmetics company executive, "is to have the law catch up with science."

Momentum to achieve that aim is evi-




*"The subject of sprays and deodorants touches, rather literally, too many people."*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent, both in FDA legislative efforts to unlock the agency's enforcement handcuffs and in its proposed regulations for cosmetics—rules that have sprouted like freckles. "When you go from zero to about 10 regulations," observes Wenninger, "that's got to be called dramatic." The rule-making process, designed to help the FDA enforce laws with flexibility, is slow, however, braked by a system of objections and hearings. Of 10 mandatory cosmetics regulations proposed since 1972, only three—restrictions on mercury, hexachlorophene, and vinyl chloride—are in effect.

Of seven regulations pending, few will become effective this year. Two deal with product components—the first, a neoprene rubber component used in packaging and suspected of catalyzing into a possible carcinogen, and the second, a minimally used soap ingredient, halogenated salicylanide, that can cause severe skin reactions for some users after exposure to light. A third regulation attempts to legally define and to outline tests for products carrying claims of being "hypoallergenic," a term now used at manufacturers' discretion, meaning "less likely to cause allergic reactions."

But the most contentious regulations have been those calling for label information—the listing of ingredients (except flavors and fragrances) in order of predominance; warnings on aerosols, feminine deodorant sprays, and products "for which adequate substantiation of safety has not been established"; and a ban on printing any required information on the backs of labels on "see-through" containers of liquids, such as shampoos. Most will go into effect next year.

The industry's voluntary effort also failed to deflect the legislative current. If ingredient labeling is the most unpopular of demands at the FDA, safety testing has been the most controversial tenet in Congress. Almost every bill submitted this session deals with it, among them those authored by Senator Eagleton, Rep. Lenore Sullivan (D-Mo.), and Rep. Paul Rogers (D-Fla.). The FDA is reintroducing its bill enhancing its powers, too.

Final legislation is almost certain to delineate testing requirements, along with mandatory ingredient labeling, registration of firms, consumer-injury reporting, and increased FDA subpoena and inspection authority. For testing, it must be resolved whether testing procedures should be specified in legislation or left to FDA regulatory procedure, whether products must receive formal FDA approval before marketing or could be sold if no FDA action were taken within a certain period after gathering of test data, and whether cosmetics with a history of safety should be exempted from tests.

*"The trouble is that cosmetics injuries lack immediacy and vivid impact."*

Whether to exempt existing cosmetics from testing is a major issue. "I have this recurring nightmare," FDA Commissioner Alexander Schmidt testified, "in which our building across from HEW, which is a fairly large building, is being totally inundated by small vials of cosmetics." In FDA's headquarters at 200 "C" Street, SW, officials say they would prefer cosmetics firms to have safety substantiation ready on request, and to be prepared for possible special testing procedures for high-risk product categories. This is the essence of the pending Eagleton legislation.

The cosmetics industry is, of course, appalled by suggestions that all 25,000 existing products be tested individually, however similar and however benign they may seem to be. Spokesmen cite figures from an industry-financed Arthur D. Little study estimating that such testing costs would reach $6.5 billion and occupy the country's 1,340 veterinary and experimental pathologists for 30 years, half-time.

The question of costs also colors arguments against the proposed ingredient labeling: the cosmetics firms fear they will lose trade secrets. The aim of ingredient labeling is to allow consumers to compare contents for value and to avoid materials some may be allergic to. Although ingredient names have been standardized, some cosmetics chemists argue that buyers won't understand the lists anyway.

The labeling of cosmetics ingredients is now scheduled for 1976. Several companies already do list contents, and Giant Stores, one distributor that requires its private brands to be labeled, has found the cost to be "minimal"—this according to Esther Peterson, once Lyndon Johnson's consumer-affairs adviser. Her successor, Virginia Knauer, has also been vocal about the need for cosmetics-safety legislation.

Mrs. Knauer believes that most cosmetics injuries go unreported. So does the FDA. Industry says they are few. The "numbers" mentioned during the debate have ranged from one industry spokesman's 10,000 injuries to the 60,000



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**"Cosmetics industries have been producing for at least four millennia, a period that coincides, not surprisingly, with the known existence of the mirror."**

cited by Mrs. Knauer and many others. The higher figure is taken from the old National Product Safety Commission report, which is based primarily on cases of accidental ingestion.

A new FDA study—based on a survey of cosmetics use and effects in 10,000 households—shows adverse reaction to cosmetics above conservative estimates, and is expected to spark vigorous challenges by industry. Now, says the FDA's Eiermann, we should be able to "really determine whether or not there is a problem, or what the size of the 'problem' is." Although complaints to his office have doubled since 1971, the current yearly total scarcely hits 650. Trends do appear within the tiny sample, however, as in the rather celebrated cases of feminine deodorant sprays and of a deodorant containing vitamin E, both of which had been tested before marketing, and both of which evoked hundreds of consumer complaints.

Feminine sprays, which reached peak sales of $60 million in 1972, may no longer be termed "hygienic" by FDA order, since no such properties have been found. After a lengthy and, some charge, pusillanimous review of the charges, the FDA allowed continued sales of the product, which mainly contains propellant, alcohol, perfume, and sometimes talc. The agency proposed that a warning label be placed on the sprays. The deodorant, promoted as natural (it contained less than 1 percent vitamin E), was voluntarily recalled by the manufacturer, which had reportedly spent five years getting the product ready for marketing. Neither the FDA nor the companies could isolate suspect ingredients.

Even at the Gillette laboratories, where in 1968 personnel linked vinyl chloride to liver abnormalities, and steadfastly refused to allow its use, review of proposed products does not always reveal potential difficulties. In October 1973 the company recalled two newly released "extra-strength" antiperspirants after its researchers, in routine follow-up research, tied the product to lung inflammation. At Rockville all new and reformulated products come on the carpet, moving downstairs to the linoleum if their ingredients have not been investigated sufficiently there or elsewhere. Toxicity and pharmacological tests follow, including long- and short-term animal tests for internal effects, irritation, and allergy potential. A familiar ingredient may not be so thoroughly tested each time, although the finished product it joins may be.

Once a substance gets a green light for human tests, paid volunteers, often from civic groups raising charity funds, filter through a special entrance. Daubs of chemicals are then patched on their skin, and for testing antiperspirants and deodorants, they don a johnny and sweat in that hotbox.

THE "SAFE LOOK" in cosmetics, whether mandated or merely inspired by pending measures, is being sketched in here. But sketches are under way abroad, too. In Europe cosmetics legislation is advancing through the Common Market council. Once passed, it should be adopted by member states within 18 months. (Some nations, such as Holland, already have strict laws.) Belgium has already adopted the principles of that law, which includes label requirements, impoundment rules, and a controversial ban on about 400 ingredients.

In South America at least three countries—Argentina, Brazil, and Venezuela—have been paying heightened attention to cosmetics. In Asia, Japan maintains a law with labeling requirements, licensing, and restriction of such potentially harmful materials as mercury, a substance restricted only recently in U.S. cosmetics.

Cosmetics industries flourish wherever adornment has moved into the marketplace; they have been producing for at least four millennia, a period that coincides, not surprisingly, with the known existence of the mirror. In less aware times, cosmetics were far more hazardous than they are today. Long-departed European courtiers would no doubt have been horrified to learn that the lead pastes that whitened their faces and the mercury compounds that reddened their lips encouraged both hair and teeth to depart from their heads. But the question remains: are we sure that we, too, will not someday find ourselves similarly surprised? If that happens, unlike the Elizabethans, we will have no excuse. □

**(Theater—Broadway's Bountiful Season:** *continued from page 19.)*
as the best deliverer of Samuel Beckett dialogue since the late Jack MacGowran. The Performance Group produced Brecht's *Mother Courage*, and with surprising effectiveness used different arrangements of ropes and pulleys instead of the play's famous canteen wagon. The Manhattan Project found new values in Chekhov's *The Sea Gull*. The Ontological-Hysteric Theatre came close to being decipherable with *Pandering to the Masses*. The Ridiculous Theatrical Company had outrageous fun with *Hamlet* in *Stage Blood*. And the Byrd Hoffman Foundation's *The $ Value of Man* achieved a lovely harmony with its phantasmagoria of balanced images.

WITH THE CURRENT RECESSION, the deficit-financed theater organizations are finding it difficult to raise funds. This is unfortunate because rising costs have killed Off-Broadway as a place where a successful production could hope to make a modest profit for its investors. And organizations like the Chelsea Theater Center, the Negro Ensemble Company, the Public Theater, and the Mitzi Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center need donated money to run successful plays at a loss. For instance, Ed Bullins's *The Taking of Miss Janie*, a retrospective about interracial life on campus during the Sixties, won the Drama Critics Circle Award as the Best American Play, but closed prematurely at the Newhouse because it was losing $3,000 a week.

Of course, Off-Off-Broadway organizations like the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club, the Manhattan Theatre Club, the Circle Repertory Theatre Company, the New Federal Theatre, and Theater Strategy also run plays at a loss. However, because they are limited to 16 performances, they are permitted by Actors' Equity to put on plays at a lower pay scale. As long as this hospitable formula is left undisturbed, our playwrights and performers will develop their talents, and future theater harvests will continue to be bountiful. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 24): least, teals, tales, stela, slate, stale, steal.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 38* (see page 28): There is a great discovery still to be made in literature, that of paying literary men by the quantity they do not write. Thomas Carlyle



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Wonder Drug With the Ugly Name

## Diabetes, arthritis, ulcers—these are only a few of the ills likely to be eased by the broad-spectrum drugs called prostaglandins.

by Edward Edelson

As any long-suffering consumer will tell you, the shelves of our pharmacies are overflowing with excellent medicines that still bear the grotesque polysyllabic names they were given when they were just laboratory curiosities.

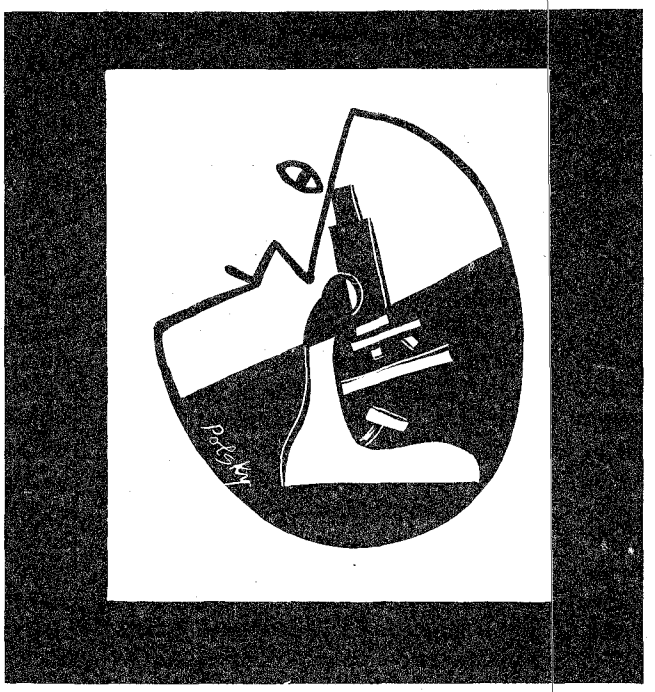
Take the compounds called prostaglandins—a name that manages to be at once inaccurate, ugly, and confusing. These drugs were given this general label originally because someone thought they were found only in the prostate gland. We now know, of course, that these promising new compounds are manufactured throughout the body.

In any case, the lab-name "prostaglandins" grates on the public ear—and to make things even worse for lay persons, medical researchers have developed a mind-bending letter-and-number system for identifying the 14 known prostaglandins: $E_1$, $F_1$-alpha, and so on.

None of this would matter, really, except that physicians and scientists are talking about prostaglandins the way baseball fans talked about Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle when they first broke into the major leagues. Prostaglandins are expected to provide a hefty share of the new miracle drugs of the Seventies and Eighties—a belief that is being backed by millions of dollars of research money and an expectation that is already being fulfilled.

The first prostaglandin has already been marketed by the Upjohn Company for use in late abortion. The World Health Organization is conducting a worldwide testing program in the hope that prostaglandins may provide the foolproof birth-control agents that everyone is seeking. There are active programs for developing prostaglandins to treat ulcers, asthma, some kinds of heart disease, and some of the worst complications of diabetes. Down the road are possible applications of prostaglandins, real or man-made, for almost any disease imaginable—arthritis, cholera, glaucoma, and so on.

These developments are possible because prostaglandins are perhaps the most versatile, ubiquitous, and powerful compounds ever discovered. Manufactured in the cell membrane from simple fatty acids, prostaglandins act locally and quickly, in incredibly small amounts, and with an amazing variety of activities. One of their major functions seems to be to serve as a keeper of the gate, regulating the intracellular activity that is caused by the arrival of hormones—messengers from other parts of the body. But that's only part of the total picture.



What a given prostaglandin does depends on where, when, and for what purpose it is made. The most widely studied member of the family, prostaglandin $E_1$, has been found variously to increase or decrease inflammation, to stimulate smooth muscle contraction, to inhibit production of stomach acid, to open bronchial tubes, to block the breakdown of fats, to constrict the pupil of the eye. The list, though far from complete, will do for a sampling.

Such a broad spectrum of activities gives scientists a major challenge in drug-making: delivering the right prostaglandin to the right place at the right time. But it also gives them an almost endless list of possibilities—especially when you consider that the list of possibilities can be doubled by working with prostaglandin antagonists (cancel the action of a prostaglandin that raises blood pressure, and the result is something that lowers blood pressure). Also, there is the added possibility of producing man-made analogues of prostaglandins, comparable to the highly successful synthetic steroids.

Further, on the basic research level, work with prostaglandins is giving new insights into the inner molecular workings of the cell. Against this background, it's small wonder that scientific papers on prostaglandins are appearing worldwide at the rate of two a day, and that virtually every major pharmaceutical company is now conducting a research program on prostaglandins. (Upjohn, which holds the basic patents on prostaglandin manufacture, is doing the lion's share of the work.)

NONE OF THIS could have been foreseen some 40 years ago, when a Swedish scientist, Ulf S. von Euler of the Karolinska Institute, gave prostaglandins their name. Von Euler was following a trail that began in 1930, when two New York gynecologists, Drs. Raphael Kurzrock and Charles C. Lieb, discovered that

---

*Edward Edelson is science editor of* The New York Daily News *and author of* Great Masters of the Movies.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**"Scientists are talking about prostaglandins the way baseball fans talked about Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle when they first broke into the major leagues."**

fresh semen could cause the relaxation of strips of uterine tissue from women who had had children, while it caused the same tissue from sterile women to contract. Both von Euler and Dr. Maurice W. Goldblatt, working independently in England, later found that something from human seminal plasma made smooth muscles contract and lowered blood pressure when it was injected into animals. Von Euler identified the substance as a fatty material and gave it a "provisional" name because he believed that the material came from the prostate gland.

Using sheep glands, von Euler tried to isolate the material, but his work was interrupted by World War II. After the war, von Euler turned to research on another compound, noradrenaline, and his work eventually won him the Nobel Prize. But the prostaglandin project seemed too promising for him to abandon, so von Euler asked a younger colleague, Dr. Sune Bergstrom, to pick up the work of isolating and making a precise identification of the substance.

SOME LEAN YEARS FOLLOWED, because the analytical methods of the time could not isolate and analyze the incredibly tiny amounts of prostaglandin produced by the sheep glands with which Bergstrom was working. There was an obvious solution: collect many more sheep glands. But that required a considerable amount of money. And so in 1957 Bergstrom, asking for money, wrote to Dr. David I. Weisblat, an executive at Upjohn, whom he had met 17 years earlier when both were working at Ohio State University.

Weisblat was impressed enough by the long-range implications of Bergstrom's research to get a $100,000 Upjohn grant that allowed the collection of tons of sheep glands, leading to identification of the precise chemical structure of two prostaglandins. That grant turned out to be just the start of a major Upjohn effort —an effort that has made the company far and away the leading force in prostaglandin research. (Indeed, Upjohn executives are now impelled to remind people that the company has many other research projects going, aside from its major effort in prostaglandins.)

Although Bergstrom's work was impressive ("A classic . . . the stuff that Nobel Prizes are made of," said Dr. John A. Hogg of Upjohn), and although other scientists, notably Dr. Bengt Samuelsson, added more and more prostaglandins to the list, there was a major stumbling block to any practical application of this knowledge: the supply of prostaglandins from natural sources, such as sheep glands, was too tiny to allow broad biological testing.

The bottleneck was broken in 1965, when scientists at the Karolinska, at Upjohn, and at Unilever in the Netherlands simultaneously discovered how to make relatively large quantities of prostaglandins by incubating fatty acids in tubs with sheep glands; enzymes in the glands turned the fatty acids into prostaglandins.

For the first time, scientists had enough of the prostaglandins for laboratory testing on animals and humans. To stimulate large-scale testing, Upjohn used a daring approach—it passed out samples of the hard-won prostaglandins to any interested scientists, including some from competing drug companies. That act of confidence led to a worldwide boom in prostaglandin research, a boom that shows no signs of slackening today. And in 1966 the supply of prostaglandins was broadened even further when Upjohn chemists and Dr. Elias J. Corey of Harvard worked out ways of synthesizing the prostaglandins.

THE STORY since then has been one of almost predictable excitement. Prostaglandins simply keep turning up in the most unlikely places, solving old mysteries, and opening new doors to practical applications.

One of the most important of these events took place in Uganda, where a young Indian investigator named Dr. Sultan H. M. Karim had been doing work on the chemical processes of childbirth and abortion. Dr. Karim wrote away for a supply of prostaglandins, and through his research was thus able to find them in the amniotic fluid surrounding the fetus. Moreover, Dr. Karim found that one role of a specific prostaglandin was to cause uterine contractions. Soon, Dr. Karim was using prostaglandins to induce labor in cases where that was necessary. That effort led to the use of prostaglandin for therapeutic abortion; the first "patient" was a neighbor's prize Siamese cat, which had been impregnated by a roving tom.

It was pretty much a straight line from Dr. Karim's work to the marketing of Prostin, a drug now used both here and in Great Britain for therapeutic abortion. But this use, scientists believe, may be just the forerunner of much more important applications of prostaglandins in fertility control.

In tests, at least, prostaglandins have been found to cause the degeneration of the *corpus luteum*, a body that is formed in the ovary after an egg is produced. The *corpus luteum* produces progesterone, which is essential for a successful pregnancy. No *corpus luteum*, no pregnancy—so the luteolytic action of prostaglandin, as it is called, is under intensive investigation. Because prostaglandins also cause the fallopian tubes to contract, speeding an egg out of the body, the compound could be doubly effective as a sort of once-a-month "morning-after" pill. A woman who wanted to avoid pregnancy could induce menstruation by using a prostaglandin, inserted in the vagina to act locally.

Scientists working on prostaglandins as a birth-control method know that they are treading on possibly treacherous ground, because of the way the compound acts. If an egg is unfertilized when prostaglandin causes it to leave the body, the compound is a contraceptive. But if the egg is fertilized, the prostaglandin—in the minds of those who believe that life starts at the moment of fertilization—has caused an abortion. Despite this potential controversy, dissatisfaction with present methods of birth control is spurring research on the prostaglandins.

THERE IS NO CONTROVERSY about other therapeutic possibilities for prostaglandins. One of the more fascinating of these was brought to light by the research work of Dr. John R. Vane and other physicians of England's Royal College of Surgeons, who were able a few years ago to answer one of medicine's more puzzling questions about the most widely used drug, aspirin. Though physicians prescribe aspirin by the ton, no one knew its mode of operation until Vane found that the compound works by inhibiting prostaglandin synthesis. The same is true, it has been found, of all the drugs used to treat arthritis and other diseases where inflammation is im-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portant—which means that prostaglandins have a potentially important role in helping people with these conditions.

Another use was revealed when Dr. Andre Robert of Upjohn found that prostaglandin $E_2$ stopped the secretion of stomach acid. Dr. Robert and another Upjohn scientist, Dr. B. J. Magerlein, moved on from that finding, much appreciated by physicians treating ulcers, to another: they developed a prostaglandin analogue that is 100 times more powerful than the natural form. Tests in humans are promising.

To list all the promising results reported with prostaglandins would be a near impossibility. Used as an aerosol, a prostaglandin preparation has opened the bronchial passages of asthma patients to stop their attacks of wheezing. The same preparation has been used successfully as a nasal decongestant whose action lasts up to 14 hours. And evidence indicates that prostaglandins may be able to play a role in controlling blood clots, by acting on the platelets, the cells that are essential to the clotting process.

And there's a whole spectrum of possible uses brought to view by the ability of prostaglandins to open up blood vessels to increase blood flow. Take high blood pressure, medically called hypertension, which in recent years has emerged as one of the nation's leading

public-health problems, because it affects one American in five and causes a large percentage of strokes and heart attacks. Several years ago, Dr. James B. Lee, then at Harvard, found that injections of kidney extracts into animals produced an impressive drop in blood pressure. Dr. Lee has established that the active factor in the extracts consists of three different prostaglandins; this finding supports his theory that "essential hypertension"—the most common kind, which is of unknown cause—may be a deficiency disease caused by a lack of the right prostaglandins in the kidneys. Work in this area is continuing.

**"Prostaglandins keep turning up in the most unlikely places, solving old mysteries, and opening new doors to practical applications."**

PROSTAGLANDINS also promise to help relieve one of the most tragic complications of diabetes, the relentless shutdown of blood vessels that causes pain and ulceration, and that also often necessitates amputation in elderly patients who have been kept alive by insulin. Dr. Lars M. Carlson and Dr. Ingvar Eriksson of the University of Uppsala in Sweden have reported that infusions of prostaglandins into arteries of affected legs have produced striking reversals of this process. "The disappearance of pain and absence of side effects in these patients are encouraging for further clinical trials and investigations of the local use of prostaglandin $E_1$ in this condition," they wrote in the British medical journal *Lancet*.

But, as both scientists and laymen have learned in recent years, glowing reports about a handful of cases are often difficult to translate into a drug that can be used by large numbers of people. For one thing, physicians have learned that no drug, however promising, is free of side effects. The prostaglandins are no exceptions. In various experiments, the side effects have included diarrhea, abnormal heartbeats, asthma attacks, unwanted uterine contractions—in short, all the effects of prostaglandins, but in cases where they were not wanted.

For another thing, regulatory agencies, particularly in the United States, have become a lot tougher about the supporting data needed to introduce a new drug. A few years ago Upjohn executives were talking about 1975 and 1976 as a time when prostaglandins may start coming on the market in quantity. Now that timetable has been pushed ahead a few years, and an element of caution has entered Upjohn's discussion of prostaglandins. (However, there is a good commercial reason for that caution: the closer Upjohn gets to a marketable product, the less it wants to reveal information that would help competitors develop a competing product.)

But though the first burst of innocent enthusiasm may be over, most scientists believe that the great days of prostaglandin research and development lie ahead. One scientist finds an "amazing parallel" between the development timetables of the prostaglandins and the steroids, which, it is agreed, were the wonder drugs of the Sixties; year by year, the scientist says, there has been a remarkable resemblance in the unfolding of research. One parallel that many companies are eager to explore is how the really valuable steroids turned out to be man-made analogues. The field of analogue research in prostaglandins is only beginning, and, one researcher said, "to give just one example, one of these analogues may turn out to do what aspirin does, only better."

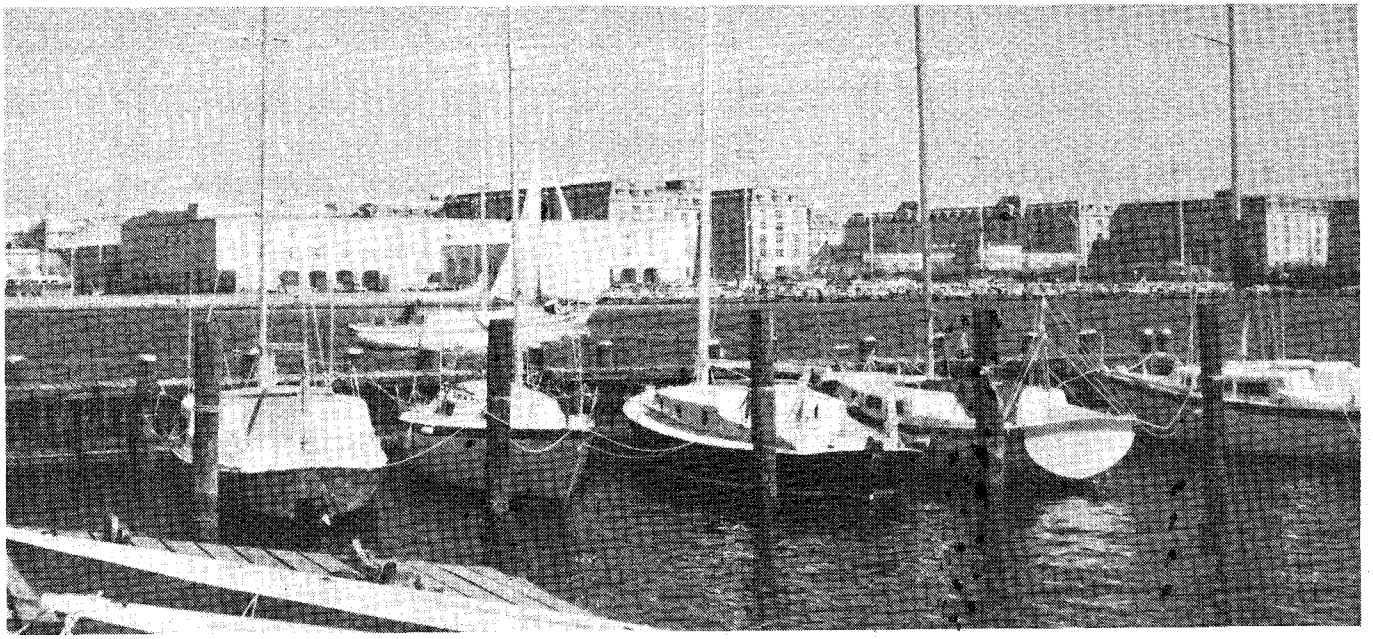
THE LATEST EXCITEMENT in prostaglandin research concerns a family of compounds named endoperoxides. Once thought to be merely an intermediate step in the production of prostaglandins, the endoperoxides are now believed to be an important link in the chain that transmits biological messages into the cell. The process includes the prostaglandins and the vital family of internal messengers called cyclic nucleotides. "Our knowledge of endoperoxide activities is limited, but preliminary findings of their potency and unique properties suggest that they may be exciting new regulators of cyclic nucleotide metabolism," wrote Dr. Robert R. Gorman of Upjohn's experimental-biology group.

And prostaglandins may also have a role in helping feed the world. Already, they are being used as an animal drug in England to synchronize the reproductive cycles of cattle, permitting more efficient artificial insemination. They are also being used to induce daytime birth in pigs—which may sound trivial unless one hears pig farmers talking about the losses they suffer when births occur during the night and members of the unattended litter are crushed when the sow rolls over them.

So far, the actual uses of prostaglandins can be counted on the fingers of one hand. But the best is yet to come. Someday we may even learn to live with the name that was bestowed so casually on these compounds so many years ago. □



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photographs: H.S.

*The Naval Academy at Annapolis—Gifts from the Empress of China, relics of the war with Japan, memories of the* Monitor.

# Join the Navy, See Annapolis

by Horace Sutton

With all the fascinating fragrances wafting out of Annapolis, a seasoned settlement on the corner of the Severn River and Chesapeake Bay, it is not easy to tell whether one is inhaling the tantalizing smell of frying crab cakes, the aroma of the sea, or musty fragments of colonial and federal history. They are all here in a jumble of crowded streets, brick walls, old streetlamps, cascading ivy, splendid restaurants, beautiful gardens, open markets, and, down by the City Dock, all sorts of evidence of a predilection for sailing on open water. It makes a splendid place for the U.S. Naval Academy, even though that wellspring of admirals seems to hang out into the water like an appendage to the town.

The academy is a colorful addition, but Annapolis, as they are very ready to tell you down here, is not just the Naval Academy, which, after all, wasn't established until 1845. By that time Annapolis had already lived 200 years of history, if one is to count the original settlement established by Puritans who migrated from Virginia and called their new haven Providence. It was finally given its present name in 1694, in honor of Princess Anne. Only two years later King William's School opened as one of the first public schools in America. It became St. John's College, the alma mater of, among others, Francis Scott Key, the class valedictorian who went on to become the Republic's most successful songwriter.

By the time the winds of revolution began to swirl among the colonies, Annapolis, as Maryland's capital since 1694, sported a number of stylish buildings, some of which still stand. That signal fact isn't lost on the Annapolitans, who are inclined to sniff haughtily at visitors rolling in from Williamsburg. As the local gentry are quick to note, Williamsburg is, after all, a restoration.

In Annapolis one can see the Maryland State House, which was begun in 1772 and finished in 1780. It served as the new nation's capital from November 26, 1783, to August 13, 1784. Washington resigned his commission as commander in chief of the Continental Army in its old Senate Chamber, an event marked by a bronze plaque. In the same room the new U.S. Congress ratified the Treaty of Paris, which brought the Revolution to an official end, and Thomas Jefferson was appointed the first U.S. ambassador. When he strode out of this room, Jefferson was on his way to give France a heady whiff of egalitarian ideas and to receive in turn essences of French style, which were later to influence the fledgling nation in matters of government, culture, and even cuisine.

Six of the desks used by the legislature during its short residence here as the first peacetime capital of the nation are original. The rest of the State House, built from 1902–1905, serves the present Maryland legislature. The House of Delegates is decorated with paintings of speakers of the House. Those worthies include the present governor, Marvin Mandel, who was speaker of the House when Gov. Spiro Agnew—y'all remember him—resigned to become Vice-President of the United States. The governor's mansion, which was occupied by Agnew and now by Marvin Mandel, is handy to the Maryland State House in old Annapolis. So, for that matter, is the Old Treasury Building, which was built in 1735 to house the colony's financial headquarters. It had long since ceased to deal in currency by the time modern administrations came to power.

Fanciers of old houses will be tempted to explore the Chase Lloyd House, which Samuel Chase, who signed the Declaration of Independence, had built in 1769, and the Hammond-Harwood House, a Georgian colonial gem of 1774. William Paca, another signer of the Declaration, later a governor of Maryland, had a splendid house as well as a garden, which was called the most elegant of its time.

Carvel Hall Hotel, which will be remembered by naval types as the social center for the Naval Academy, covered the Paca Garden. The hotel has been



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demolished. With its old bricks and mortar went Marcellus, a hotel fixture who knew officers of all grades when they were midshipmen. The Paca Garden, after two years of research, has been restored the way it looked in colonial times, and Paca's house on Prince George Street is being restored. Williamsburg can have the last laugh.

The whole historic district envelops one square mile of the tightly fit town, but there is a mass of history stored as well on the grounds of the Naval Academy. It will take the visitor through the nation's wars and through its naval history, beginning with John Paul Jones, whose sarcophagus occupies a crypt beneath the academy's chapel.

For a young Scot who sailed to America as a 12-year-old cabin boy, worked on a slaver out of Jamaica, beat a murder rap, and was once, near the end of a flamboyant career, accused in Russia of a criminal assault on a young girl, Jones is enshrined in honor, complete with marine guard. Having received a commission in the new Continental Navy in 1775—he was 28 at the time—he danced the seas from the Bahamas to Nova Scotia, harrying the British with enormous success. In alliance with the French, he carried the war into European waters and came home with a gold-hilted sword given him by Louis XVI. Ultimately, the U.S. Congress recognized his success, awarding him a gold medal.

As ambassador to France, Jefferson urged Jones to accept an offer tendered by Catherine the Great to become a rear admiral in the Russian navy, a commission he undertook. Jones died in France in 1792, and his remains lay for a hundred years in an unmarked grave in the Protestant cemetery of St. Louis. Finally, in 1905, the American ambassador, Horace Porter, located the grave, had the remains positively identified, and Jones came home escorted by American warships. He is accepted now as the father of the U.S. Navy, and the elaborate crypt where he reposes is surrounded by paintings of his maritime exploits and even the sword that King Louis XVI gave him. The cornerstone of the chapel above Jones's crypt was laid in 1904 by Adm. George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay.

As at West Point, the grounds of the Naval Academy are sprinkled with statues of heroes. The Herndon Monument, across from the chapel, recalls the heroism of Comdr. William L. Herndon, who went down with his ship in a hurricane off Cape Hatteras in 1855, but not before he was able to transfer over 150 passengers and crewmen to a rescue vessel standing nearby. The kickoff event of June week is a mass climb by freshmen—they call them plebes at the service academies—to the top of the monument. The plebe who gets to the top first and puts a midshipman's cap on the summit is destined to become the first admiral of the class, or so the legend insists.

*Picnicking at City Dock—Chincoteagues, crab sandwiches, and fried gizzards.*

The naval museum in Preble Hall is a mass of exhibit cases that display the artifacts of naval exploits in all wars. The *Monitor*, called "the little ship that launched a navy," is honored as much for its exploits against the *Merrimack* as it is for the fact that it became, despite its defects, the forerunner of *Monitor*-style ships built by the British in World Wars I and II, and even in the late Fifties by the U.S.S.R. and by Rumania, which used them as river gunboats.

The far-reaching political overtones expressed by the presence of the U.S. Navy become apparent in the display of gifts that American commanders received from the Empress Dowager of China during the navy's world cruise from 1907 to 1909, the first show of American might. A further punctuation is a variety of relics captured during the Pacific war—the white headband of a kamikaze pilot, Japanese naval guns, army uniforms worn by the Emperor's soldiers on Eniwetok, and a copy of the instrument of Japanese surrender signed by MacArthur, Halsey, and Nimitz for the United States, along with representatives of the United Kingdom, the U.S.S.R., the Republic of China, Australia, Canada, the Netherlands, New Zealand, and the provisional government of the French Republic.

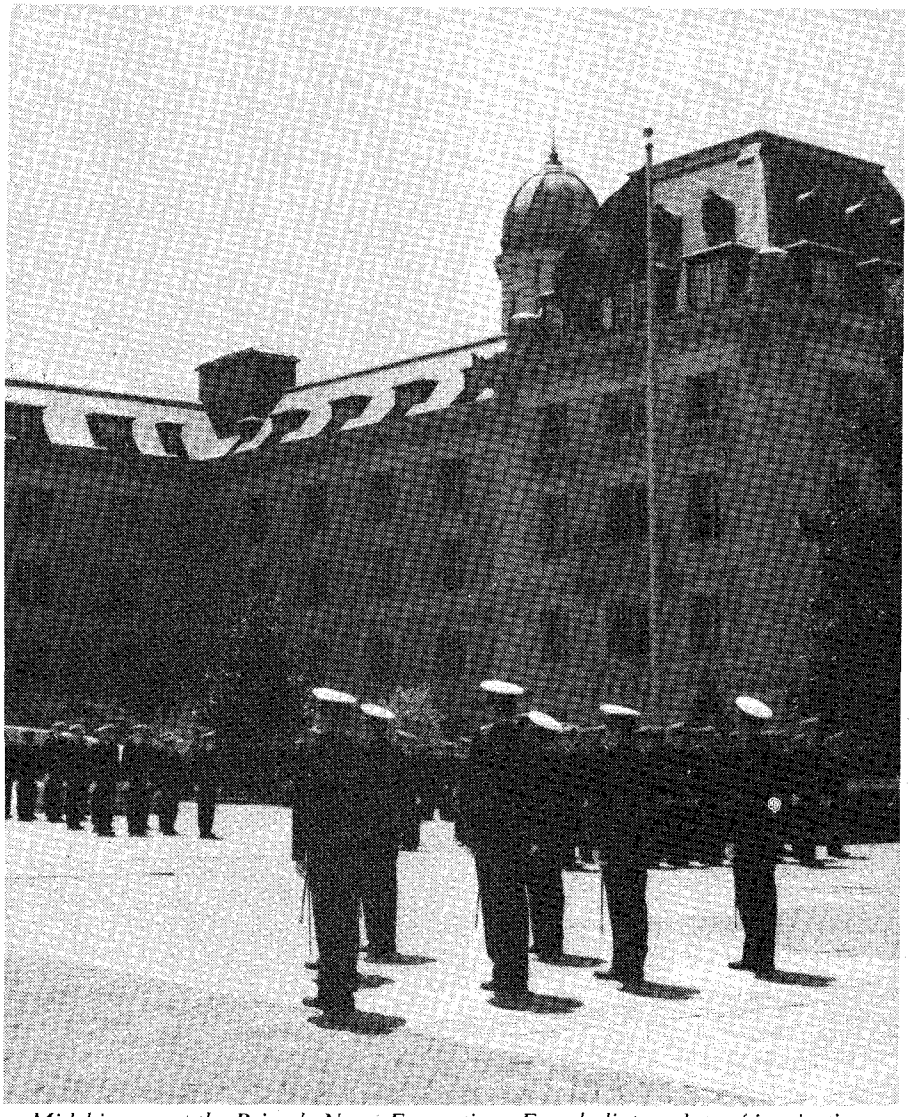
Although it is my habit to avoid wax museums as passionately as I steer away from carny popcorn stands and roller-coaster rides, I was importuned by a small boy with enormous persuasive powers to visit the Annapolis Naval Historical Wax Museum. While it may not win me over to waxworks as a way of investigating history, this one, on the City Dock, is about as imaginative a presentation as one might find short of importing live actors. Here are the Maryland settlers sailing for the New World at Cowes, England, Anthony Stewart watching as his brig, *The Peggy Stewart*, is put afire in Annapolis harbor because he elected to pay the British-imposed tax on tea.

Here, in wax, are scenes of Stephen Decatur in Tripoli, Matthew Perry in Japan, the *Maine* in Havana, the *Lusitania* sinking in the Atlantic, Robert Peary at the North Pole, Franklin Roosevelt, in his own voice, telling the American people about Pearl Harbor, John Kennedy rescuing a shipmate from the wreckage of the *PT 109*, and Neil Armstrong taking man's first step on the moon. For the five-star finale, there is Francis Scott Key, the old St. John's grad, writing the *Star-Spangled Banner* while he watches the bombardment of Fort McHenry during the Battle of Baltimore in 1814.

The wax museum is part of the waterfront scene, which is perhaps the most



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Midshipmen at the Brigade Noon Formation—For gladiators, lots of inspiration.*

appealing corner of Annapolis. The whole dock area and the original square known as Market Space is lined with shops and restaurants, forming something of a plaza, albeit a maritime one, with boats of all sorts pulled up at one end. The centerpiece is Market House, a covered bazaar saved from demolition—there were those who had a skyscraper in mind—by public interest. Among the stalls one can scarcely miss Muhly's Bakery, which sends out perfumed waves from its fresh-baked breads. Although this is fish country, the browser may also be tempted by the fried-chicken counter, where fried gizzards are 10 cents, livers 50 cents, two drumsticks cost 75 cents. The raw bar is a frenzy of oyster and clam shucking for take-out orders. A bushel of Chincoteagues sells for $22, take-out crab cakes are $1.25, fried soft-shell-crab sandwiches are $2.50, and codfish cakes cost 55 cents.

On the sunlit day I was there, the crowds were assembling picnics from this collection of manna, edging across the street to The Licker Locker for a bottle of wine, and then repairing to the City Dock for an alfresco picnic in the shadow of the masts. For more formal dining the Dockside does crab Norfolk, crab soup, and seafood platters that are an assembly of all the local treasures—crabs, clams, flounder, and shrimp. Harbour House performs similarly, but you can expect a wait at dinner, particularly if you want a table overlooking Dock Street and the harbor.

Dining in the rooftop aerie of the Annapolis Hilton Inn is rather like supping in a stylishly appointed lighthouse during race week. Artfully fitted into a minuscule piece of real estate, the Hilton is only a block away from Market Space. It is so close to the City Dock that pleasure craft can pull up to the hotel's own wharf, where in summer months a bar is maintained for visiting yachtsmen.

If the Hilton perches its customers up in the crow's nest, the elderly Maryland House Hotel sends them down to the depths of an air-conditioned brick cellar. There among the old beams the inventive management produces hallowed names of some other time—Red Norvo and Maxine Sullivan, to mention two—who pluck the strings of nostalgia and instruct those newly arrived on the planet that musical entertainment need not necessarily shatter the human auditory system in pursuit of the beat. Upstairs, the 44 rooms all have private bath, and two can bed down for $25 a night.

Should the maritime scene stir the bones, there are boats for charter tied up along the wharves of City Dock. *Mustang* sails on daily cruises ($15 an hour, minimum of four hours) and extended cruises (two or more days). *Mystic Whaler* sails the Chesapeake from September 9 through October 31 on two-day trips leaving from the Annapolis Hilton Inn, making calls at such places as Choptank River, Crab Alley Creek, and Comegy's Bight. A big, lumbering old ferryboat called the *Annapolitan* putters out on all-day trips to the 1621 fishing village of St. Michaels, docking at the Crab Claw Inn, where it pauses long enough for explorations of the town, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, and an epicurean session with fresh crabs pulled from the waters of St. Michaels.

Anybody who would learn to be a sailor without actually enrolling at the Naval Academy may apply to the Annapolis Sailing School. Its 12-hour beginners' session will produce a sailor in a weekend, but a variety of other courses lead right up to coastal navigation and piloting.

Midshipmen take sailing courses, too. When they are on dry land, however, and dressed in their best, they can be seen on the march at the Brigade Noon Formation, an elaborate parade that precedes lunch every day. Dress parades are held Wednesday afternoons, fall and spring. British wars may be won on the playing fields of Eton, but here at the Maryland shore American wars are, if not won, then rehearsed, on the playing fields of the Navy-Marine Corps Stadium. The names of glorious battles are engraved on the walls of the arena in case any gladiator in need of inspiration has a chance to look up from the field of play. □



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**(Naval Watching in the Indian Ocean:** *continued from page 12.*)
street fights. Fleet visits appear to place the countries concerned back in the colonial era, when foreign gunboats really meant business. Occasionally, one of our vessels is embarrassingly involved in somebody else's war, as when the Israelis sunk one of our ships in 1967.

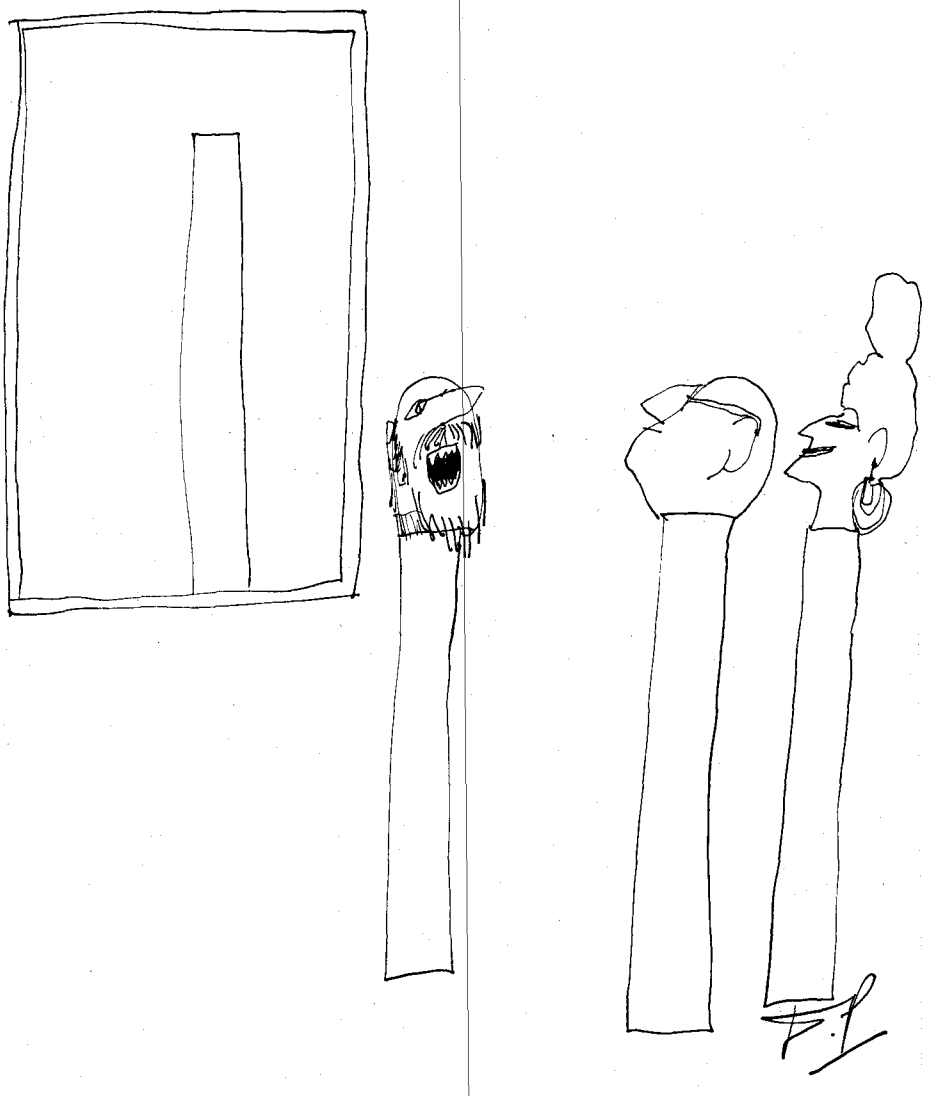
Why does it matter, moreover, from the standpoint of our overall rivalry with the Soviet Union, whether, within limits, they have in peacetime more or fewer naval vessels than we have in the Indian Ocean during any particular time span? We must, of course, always maintain naval representation in the area. If the Soviets persisted in a buildup greatly in excess of ours over a period of time, we would have to redress the balance. I doubt, however, that anyone really believes that our fleets are going to square off someday, as an isolated action in the absence of general war, and see which can sink the other or drive it out of the Indian Ocean. A Soviet submarine, on its lonely patrol of the vast Indian Ocean waters, is not likely, in time of peace, to try to torpedo a plodding tanker. Such an action would hardly seem compatible with recent progress made by the United States and Western Europe in increasing trade and other cooperative relations with the Soviets. If hostilities broke out in the Indian Ocean by accident, say by a chance naval encounter, either they would be stopped forthwith by orders from Washington and Moscow—or there would be general war.

I want to make it clear that I am not downgrading our need for naval forces generally or the necessity to match overall Soviet naval capabilities. In wartime it becomes immensely important to have a strong navy, including the whole panoply of submarines, destroyers, cruisers, and aircraft carriers. But this, I contend, is a global matter. It is not a question of who has the largest forces in the Indian Ocean in peacetime. A global rivalry of naval forces is less provocative in an era of détente than a naval confrontation in a particular area like the Indian Ocean. In such an explosive area a slight miscalculation could create the danger the presence of our forces seeks to avoid.

We are not going to turn the Indian Ocean over to the Soviets. We must continue to plan routine visits by our naval units there when a specific occasion demands, including showing the flag and shows of strength. There is, on the other hand, I believe, no justification for the permanent earmarking of substantial U.S. naval forces to the Indian Ocean, and pressures to this end should be resisted. Our priority wartime objective there would be to get the oil we and our allies need out of the Persian Gulf and around the Cape. We do not, however, have to keep substantial naval units there indefinitely in peacetime for this purpose. Although armchair strategists often propose this, I doubt that our Chief of Naval Operations has it in mind. In time of war India, Bangladesh, Pakistan, and Sri Lanka would be military liabilities, and any obligation to supply them would be particularly disadvantageous. No raw materials of consequence nor useful manpower nor stepping-stones to invasion lie through southern Asia. Access to the oil and rubber and tin from Southeast Asia depends on control of the Pacific, as does access to the supplies of Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and our Pacific allies.

It would be highly desirable to have a base in the Indian Ocean area in the event of war. However, this problem is worldwide. Only in the western Pacific do we have adequate naval bases outside of the approaches to our own coasts and those facilities that are or will in war be available from our NATO allies. Any attempt to establish in peacetime the bases that we might need for war would probably start a war. In most cases we have no choice but to exercise restraint, remembering that in time of war a great power takes what it needs. We must recall how quickly the Seabees built the B-29 bases in the Marianas in the last war. In war we can bring in the naval forces required to maintain access to the Persian Gulf. If necessary, they can be supplied by sea. The South Africans, who also need Persian Gulf oil and are tied inextricably to the United Kingdom and the West, will obviously make available their excellent naval facilities at Simonstown.

In analyzing the value of naval forces in the Indian Ocean in peacetime, we might find it instructive to review the





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naval situation during the Indo-Pakistan War initiated December 3, 1971, as analyzed for the Institute for Strategic Studies. At that time the United States had two destroyers and a seaplane tender in Bahrain, and the Soviets had in the entire Indian Ocean a destroyer, an attack submarine, a minesweeper, and a tank-loading ship. All were on routine duty. A larger British contingent, which happened to be passing through, played no role. Apparently as a gesture of our "tilt" toward Pakistan, since the evacuation of U.S. citizens had already been accomplished, the United States on December 14 sent Task Force 74, built around the carrier *Enterprise*, into the Andaman Sea. A routine Soviet relief force arrived on December 5, augmenting their existing units. A similar second force, which arrived December 18, three days after the end of the war, was presumably sent in reaction to our task force, which the Soviet forces steamed toward and sighted off Sri Lanka.

It is difficult for me to see, however, what was or could have been accomplished by either side. It was not feasible for either to intervene effectively in what was essentially a land war in East Pakistan. The only result of our initiative appears to have been to antagonize India further and to produce an unnecessary and potentially dangerous United States–Soviet confrontation. The presumed psychological-warfare pluses and minuses in the various steps involved seem scarcely worth the risks entailed. The actors were dwarfed by the enormity of the stage. The signals they were attempting to give were coming through much more clearly from Washington and Moscow.

ANY INCREASED PRESENCE of our fleet units in the Indian Ocean would only dilute further our worldwide naval strength, now seriously curtailed by limited budgets and mounting costs. As recently pointed out by Marquis Childs, it would also undoubtedly provoke the Soviets to engage in a race with us, leading to a confrontation in the Indian Ocean —which does not now exist. Unless the Soviets were so challenged, I doubt that they would consider the Indian Ocean important enough to justify a buildup there. Except for the brief visit of Soviet forces during military exercises earlier this year, the number of Soviet combat vessels and naval support craft ship-days in the Indian Ocean has been constant in recent years. In 1972 these aggregated 6,404; in 1973, 6,478; in 1974, 7,662; and for the first five months of 1975, 3,048 projected to an annual 7,368. Ship-days for U.S. combat vessels and naval support units ranged from 1,448 in 1972, 2,154 in 1973, 2,619 in 1974, 1,023 for the first five months of 1975, and project to a total in 1975 of 2,473. Soviet frequency does not, moreover, appear excessive in light of the greater number of Soviet merchant ships transiting the area during 1973–850 compared with our 250. The Soviets will probably continue to rotate a few naval units there, as I believe we should, and they must therefore make arrangements to supply them. The Soviets denied President Ford's recent allegation that they have naval operating bases in the Indian Ocean; however, this is largely a question of semantics, since it is known that they have shore as well as berthing facilities in Iran and Somalia.

The issue of the expansion of our naval facilities in Diego Garcia itself is believed to have been greatly exaggerated in importance. Reactions of the Indian Ocean littoral states have been mixed, the Department of State reporting unfavorable official reactions of varying degree only from Malagasy, Bangladesh, India, Sri Lanka, Malaysia, and, at least initially, Australia. The proposed facility is not new, and it will, when completed, not really constitute a base. Our sharing of the island is pursuant to an agreement made with the British in 1966, the basic purpose of which was to provide an alternative to our communication facilities in Asmara, which had long been a bone of contention.

We now seek to lengthen the airstrip at Diego Garcia to 12,000 feet, deepen the channel, and provide limited refueling facilities. Because of its remote location, it will be of limited value, and in light of the adverse political reaction referred to, we might have been better off to have delayed the expansion. The airstrip has, however, now been virtually approved by the Congress, and there appears to be no overriding reason not to proceed. It will, however, prove a mistake if it leads to a Soviet reaction to improve their own base position—or leads either the Soviets or us to augment our forces in the Indian Ocean. Progress toward détente will have been set back, and an entirely unnecessary confrontation will have been created where none exists. We can only hope that both sides will be sensible enough to see that this does not take place.

Khrushchev, in the second volume of his memoirs, recalls that he proposed to his military chiefs that they attempt to attain naval parity with the United States in certain critical areas. They advised him against attempting this—rightly so, he later thought. Let's develop détente with the Soviets by preventing a new naval confrontation in the Indian Ocean. Let's relieve our foreign policy of the risks of accidental naval encounters with the Soviets and aggravations to third countries. Let's assure flexibility in the assignment of our naval forces by not pinning them down to specific ocean areas but by keeping them mobile and ready for their task anywhere on short notice. □

*"Mr. Whitney has been delayed a few minutes, but he wants you to start debauching without him."*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Curmudgeon-at-Large by Cleveland Amory

One of the many things wrong with today is the shortage of sages. Indeed, you have to think hard to recall the last time anyone was even called the Sage of Somewhere or Other. Yet just yesterday, it seems, sages were everywhere.

The really maddening part of it, of course, is that in those days we didn't need them half so badly as we need them today. In any case, here, courtesy of Dr. George Earlie Shankle, and complete with their real names, is a list of 32 recognized sages:

Sage of America (B. Franklin); Sage of Anacostia (F. Douglass); Sage of Ashland (H. Clay); Sage of Auburn (W. H. Seward); Sage of Chappaqua (H. Greeley); Sage of Concord (R. W. Emerson); Sage of Emporia (W. A. White); Sage of Gramercy Park (S. J. Tilden); Sage of Greystone (S. J. Tilden); Sage of Happy Valley (A. A. Taylor); Sage of Hickory Hill (T. E. Watson); Sage of Kinderhook (M. van Buren); Sage of Lindenwald (M. van Buren); Sage of Log Hall (M. W. Philips); Sage of Monticello (T. Jefferson); Sage of Montpelier (J. Madison); Sage of Mount Vernon (G. Washington); Sage of Nininger (I. Donnelly); Sage of Pittsfield (H. L. Dawes); Sage of Potato Hill (E. W. Howe); Sage of Princeton (G. Cleveland); Sage of Roanoke (J. Randolph); Sage of Sinnissippi (F. O. Lowden); Sage of Springfield (A. Lincoln); Sage of the Hermitage (A. Jackson); Sage of Verduga Hills (J. S. McGroarty); Sage of Tishomingo (W. H. Murray); Sage of Uvalde (J. N. Garner); Sage of Walden Pond (H. D. Thoreau); Sage of Walpole (F. W. Byrd); Sage of Wheatland (J. Buchanan).

Of the lesser known sages, two, Tilden and Watson, ran for President; three, Lowden, Murray, and Taylor, were governors; and four, I. Donnelly, E. W. Howe, M. W. Philips, and J. S. McGroarty, were writers—in fact, the latter was both a politician and the poet laureate of California.

Our favorites among the lesser known sages are H. L. Dawes, who became a sage "because he was considered Pittsfield's most influential citizen," and F.W. Byrd, who, although the sage of Walpole, spent most of his life in *East* Walpole.

You will note that there are no women sages. This remark is not chauvinistic—it's just one of those things. Maybe they saw there was no future in sagedom. If so, how right they were! But there is one whole sage state. It's Nevada—which, sad to say, never had one. It does, however, have sage hens.

LAW AND ORDER DEPT.—as spotted by Paula Deats in the "Family Lawyer" column of the Ashland, Ky., *Daily Independent*:

Generally speaking, a hotel or motel must take reasonable steps not only to prevent fires but also to warm its guests in the event one gets started.

No need, presumably, to get an extension on the checkout time.

LETTER OF THE MONTH—noted by Ann Taylor in the San Bernardino, Calif., *Sun Telegram*:

I need your help in setting something straight! In the enclosed clipping I see another instance of something extremely offensive to me, the use of my family name in the sense of prostitute or whore.

If the reporter meant to say this Linda girl became a prostitute or whore at the age of 15, why not say so, instead of using my family name instead?

Personally, I have never done anything contrary to the law worse than getting a parking ticket, and in the little attention I've paid to a family tree, I learn there are many famous and respectable people in history with this family name, none of whom have ever done anything to earn an immoral connotation.

I have become increasingly irked seeing my family name used in an immoral sense, and lately each time I see the instance I have written strenuously objecting to it. I would appreciate it if you would have your Editorial Department correct their glossary and leave my name out of any reference to prostitute or whore or harlot. Some smart-aleck writer a while back started using this term, and apparently aspiring writers seek to be smart and pick it up. Well, I don't like it, and wish you would help in correcting this. Thank you.

Bruce D. Hooker
Yucca Valley

We sympathize, Bruce, but it looks like a lost cause to us.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH—as found by Charles McLean of Rochester, N.H., in *The New York Times*:

The traditional way to drink tequila is to put a pinch of salt on the back of one hand, lick it, take a swig of the liquor, and then bite into a life.

What do you do with the body? Throw it into the fireplace?

R AND R DEPT.—as discovered by Willard Misfeldt in an article about a proposed student recreational facility in the *Big News*, published by Bowling Green State U.:

"The swimming area will enable intercollegiate swimming, intercollegiate diving, and recreational swimming, all at the same time," Bottonari explained. "But it's not just for physical activity. The hobby center will include anything from ping pong to pettery."

Intercollegiate or recreational? □

*"I hate having to let you go, Robert, but I warned you when I took you on that I would not tolerate fraternization with the appliances."*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Double-Crostic No. 78

**by Thomas H. Middleton**

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 V | 2 B | 3 A | | 4 G | 5 U | | 6 V | 7 M | 8 I | | 9 E | 10 Q | 11 A | 12 F | 13 L | 14 W |
| 15 I | 16 T | 17 U | 18 J | | 19 N | 20 G | 21 C | 22 R | 23 T | 24 Z¹ | | 25 K | 26 A | 27 E | 28 G | 29 V |
| | 30 D | 31 J | 32 Z | 33 O | | 34 Z¹ | 35 I | | 36 F | 37 G | 38 Z¹ | | 39 K | 40 L | 41 Z | 42 S |
| _ | 43 A | 44 Q | 45 J | 46 T | 47 O | 48 N | 49 Y | 50 U | 51 G | 52 C | | 53 E | 54 Q | 55 S | 56 I | 57 Z¹ |
| 58 T | 59 L | | 60 N | 61 K | | 62 G | 63 W | 64 L | | 65 X | 66 H | 67 D | 68 C | 69 A | 70 K | |
| 71 R | 72 U | | 73 T | | 74 Q | 75 T | 76 Y | 77 A | | 78 V | 79 E | | 80 O | | 81 Z¹ | 82 T |
| 83 I | 84 Y | | 85 E | 86 X | 87 C | 88 O | 89 H | | 90 R | 91 U | | 92 M | 93 C | 94 Z | 95 N | 96 O |
| | 97 A | 98 Y | | 99 W | | 100 G | 101 E | 102 P | 103 W | 104 A | 105 O | | 106 L | 107 H | 108 M | 109 W |
| 110 T | | 111 O | 112 Z | 113 Z¹ | 114 E | 115 C | | 116 C | 117 H | 118 P | 119 F | 120 D | 121 A | | 122 X | 123 G |
| | 124 V | | 125 B | 126 Z | 127 S | 128 H | 129 D | 130 Y | | 131 Y | 132 P | | 133 M | 134 S | 135 W | |
| 136 T | 137 C | 138 I | 139 H | 140 K | | 141 C | 142 U | 143 F | 144 Z | | 145 Q | 146 F | 147 M | 148 V | | 149 G |
| 150 Z | | 151 H | 152 X | | 153 F | 154 W | 155 X | 156 C | 157 J | 158 R | | 159 M | 160 Z | 161 T | 162 W | 163 Q |
| 164 L | 165 G | | 166 I | 167 B | 168 J | 169 R | 170 H | 171 F | 172 S | 173 O | 174 U | | 175 B | 176 C | 177 D | 178 U |
| 179 P | | 180 Q | 181 U | 182 T | 183 H | 184 J | 185 L | | | | | | | | | |

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

*Fill in the numbered blanks of* all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Adorn | 3 11 26 43 69 77 97 104 121 |
| B. Soft, flexible sheepskin leather used in bookbinding; sorrel, chestnut | 125 167 175 2 |
| C. Certainly | 21 52 68 87 116 137 141 156 176 93 115 |
| D. Complete worthily | 120 129 177 30 67 |
| E. Grieves | 79 101 114 9 27 53 85 |
| F. Capital of the Hawaiian Islands, 1810–45 | 146 153 171 12 36 119 143 |
| G. Fantastic, sensational, terrific (3 wds.) | 4 28 37 51 100 123 149 165 20 62 |
| H. Greek goddess of love and beauty | 66 89 107 117 128 139 151 170 183 |
| I. USLTA men's singles champion, 1972 | 138 15 35 56 83 166 8 |
| J. Use the services of; take up the attention | 18 168 45 184 31 157 |
| K. "As he who, seeking _____, found a kingdom" (Milton, "Paradise Regained") | 25 39 61 70 140 |
| L. County of Scotland on the Firth of Clyde | 13 40 164 185 59 64 106 |
| M. "Why _____ your Master with publicans and sinners?" (Matt. 9:11) | 108 92 133 147 159 7 |

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. Immense, enormous | 95 60 48 19 |
| O. Remove faults or errors, as from a manuscript | 47 88 96 173 33 80 105 111 |
| P. Heaps, stacks, slew, lots | 102 118 132 179 |
| Q. Show | 10 44 54 163 145 180 74 |
| R. Snare | 22 71 90 158 169 |
| S. Most important | 127 134 172 55 42 |
| T. The sweat of one's brow (2 wds.) | 58 161 16 75 136 23 46 82 73 182 110 |
| U. Shocking, revolting | 5 91 50 174 142 181 72 178 17 |
| V. River flowing into the St. Lawrence at Montreal | 1 6 29 78 148 124 |
| W. Licentious or dissolute person | 109 99 14 103 63 135 154 162 |
| X. Card game similar to bridge | 155 65 122 152 86 |
| Y. Being the one most likely to win (comp.) | 76 84 130 49 131 98 |
| Z. Large floodlight having a single bulb | 32 41 94 112 126 144 150 160 |
| Z¹. "Home-made _____ that drive one from home" (Hood, "Miss Kilmansegg. Her Misery") | 81 34 24 57 113 38 |

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 77* appears on page 36.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

## Sociologese II

I've received a lot of mail in response to the *Light Refractions* on the jargon of sociology. By and large, the letters supported my contention that it is unnecessarily esoteric, and a few, from former sociology majors, said I was far too polite. There were a few sociologists, though, who said I shouldn't blame the language of sociology for my inability to understand. The shortcoming, they said, was mine.

Of course, I acknowledge that possibility, but one thing I'm sure of is that until sociologists learn to talk to us laymen in language we can understand, they'll go on talking only to one another.

Dr. Edmund H. Volkart, of the sociology department at the University of Hawaii, says, "You scolded sociologists in general, and ethnomethodologists in particular, for their general lack of clarity in writing—a sentiment with which I agree fully. (Let me note, however, that such eminent sociologists as Prof. Ribert Bierstedt and Prof. Robert Merton, among others, have superior writing styles that grace their many works.)"

There must be several sociologists who write well. Among the letters criticizing my little blast at the jargon were a couple that were written in clear English, but the bulk of them were written in the kind of sociologese that requires a couple of peeks into the dictionary and two or three structural rearrangements before it comes out as the sort of English most literate people expect.

SOCIOLOGY, AS THE STUDY of human groups and social relations and institutions (a field that deals essentially in what we all deal in), should not be couched in language that the majority of educated human beings find virtually impenetrable. It seems to me that if a sociologist can't explain at least the broad outlines of his study in terms we can understand, it's either because he's studying some sort of social relations that is unfamiliar to rank-and-file human beings or because he's developed such a body of language that the language itself has become the study, and he's made the common error of confusing the symbols with the reality they presumably symbolize.

Many of those who wrote to agree with me sent their favorite examples of numbing verbiage. I now have quite a collection.

Ms. Candis Cousins theorized about the real reason behind the style of most sociological writing. She says, "It's very much like a union, a way of guarding a trade—or, in other words, a way of keeping skills and knowledge and paychecks among those who have paid their dues. . . . The language of sociology is not so much a smokescreen as an armor. . . . Sociology is not so much a body of knowledge as it is a language you learn in high school and college like Spanish or French or Chinese. I majored in sociology, and the damage it has done to my ability to think and write has, at times, clearly shown itself in symptoms not unlike those of minimal brain dysfunction."

I think that must be the way I felt many years ago when I studied Hegel, reading, rereading, and puzzling over every page until I hit upon the notion that he wasn't really talking about much of anything at all. He was constructing a dazzling edifice of pure thought. I'm convinced that the only reason Hegel was such an influential philosopher was that the few people who thought they understood him felt they had to prove it somehow.

In the column that elicited all that mail, I quoted a (to me) incomprehensible statement about what ethnomethodology is. Mr. David B. Guralnik, editor in chief of *Webster's New World Dictionary*, sent me a clipping from the *Pan-African Journal*: "Garfinkle . . . uses the term 'ethnomethodology' to refer to 'the investigation of the rational properties of indexical expressions and other practical actions as contingent ongoing accomplishments of organized artful practices of everyday life.' " "There! That any better?" asks Mr. Guralnik.

Until some ethnomethodologist can do better than that in a few understandable sentences (I don't want a detailed thesis—just a general description), I'll go on believing, perhaps benightedly, that ethnomethodology is to human society what Hegel's philosophy of history is to history—more of a troublemaker than anything else. □

# Classified


CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates per contract year (10-word minimum): 1 time $2.00 per word; 6 times $1.95 per word, per insertion; 13 times $1.85 per word, per insertion; 26 times $1.75 per word, per insertion. $2.00 for U.S. box numbers, in addition to word count. $5.00 for overseas box numbers, in addition to word count. Copy deadlines, 6 weeks prior to date of issue. Full payment must accompany your order. Address: Classified Department, Saturday Review Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. *Replies to SR box numbers should be sent to the above address.*

**PERSONALS**

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $25.00 up; Purcell from $16.00. Student special. Corelli $7.50; recorder instruction kit, soprano recorder, method book, three 7" LP instruction records, boxed $9.95. Add sales tax plus shipping $1.50. Recorder music methods. Guitar music. Free catalogue. 4-3-C, HARGAIL, 28 W. 38th St., NYC 10018.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc., bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells, Newton, Mass. 02159.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., NYC, 10021. (212) 628-1666.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25¢. SR Box 658.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y. 14619.

SANTA FE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, professional instruction in drawing, painting, sculpture, ceramics, weaving, jewelry-making, photography, etching. Courses also for credit, non-profit institution, creative, flexible, winter and summer courses, workshops. For information write Rt. 3, Box 129A, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

BICYCLE OWNERS: Multi-Purpose bike radio consists of a solid state AM radio, Headlight, signal horn and safety reflector. Fits on handle bars of bike. Colors red, blue or black. Complete with warranty and instructions. Order today $19.95. J & J Products, Dept. 6P13, 500 Oak St., Waterloo, Iowa 50703.

STEAM AWAY clothing wrinkles in seconds: save home cleaning bills. Order new Stanley Steamer today. Only $9.95 GUARANTEED. J & J Products, Dept. 1P13, 500 Oak Street, Waterloo, Iowa 50703.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth. $10.00. Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th, NYC 10016.

GOOD-NATURED young man available as travelling companion. Speaks five languages. Ed Lehmann, P.O. Box 11248, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

*EROS:* Four volumes, ALL EXCELLENT condition $480. D. Bowman, 862 Glenwood Circle, Fullerton, Calif. 92632.

EASTERN JAGUAR GROUP, an independent, informal Jaguar automobile club invites all owners. EJAG, One Acton Road, Westford, Mass. 01886.

BAYEUX TAPESTRY printed in golds, browns, greens, on burlap, about 36 x 54, plain-bordered for framing. $12.50 postpaid. LIBERTY and CROCK OF GOLD fabrics. Carol Brown, Box SR, Putney, Vt. 05346.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PERSONALS

RELIVE HISTORY'S HIGHLIGHTS IN LIFE-LIKE THREE DIMENSIONS Enjoy other eras just as Grandma did with a genuine stereopticon viewer and ten historic 3-D pictures. You get two each: World War I and sports action; classic trains and aircraft: plus famous men. Each with detailed description on back. All modern, never-fade prints from original glass plates. Student Set includes modern 3-D viewer, $29.95; Replica Set, with wooden reproduction of authentic viewer, $49.95. Collector's Set includes authentic antique viewer, certified as unused by President of Keystone View Company. Yours in lined, hand-rubbed, matching wooden presentation case, with numbered silver plate to identify viewer and case as limited edition set, $250.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back when returned in original condition. Free listing of 90 additional 3-D pictures included. Shipped prepaid. California residents add 6% sales tax. THREE DIMENSIONS LTD., Box 3176G, So. El Monte, Calif. 91733.

COPTIC FORMULA for diluting unmitigated gall now available as result of recent archeological "dig". SR Box C.D.

HANDWRITING ANALYZED: Specify personal or vocational guidance. $25. Reggie Boot. SR Box 1001.

CONFIDENTIAL EMISSARY/negotiator worldwide. Semi-retired insurance agent. Fee. SR Box 1002.

## BUMPER STICKERS

PRINTED TO ORDER (limit 32 letters), $2.95. Duplicates 75¢. Satisfaction guaranteed. Writewell, 483 Transit Building, Boston 02115.

## COMPUTER-ERROR MERCHANDISE

36,500 LABELS for cans of parrot seeds have been pasted on cans of dog food, thanks to computer error. Will accept offers for lots of 1,000 or more. SR Box P.S.

## UNUSUAL GIFTS

UNIQUE ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR using your pictures. Free Brochure. Clark's Photography, 1405 N. 64th, Kansas City, Kans. 66102.

## RARE MAPS

RARE MAPS. Our new 56-page Catalogue 0-5 of 16th-19th Century Originals, $1.00. Windsor Collection, 111 Canterbury Drive, Wilmington, Del. 19803.

## MEMO PADS

MATCH YOUR PERSONALITY to one of our 50 different exclusive personalized memo pad designs. Free catalogue, LEONARDO & MICHELANGELO, P.O. Box 24785 SR, Los Angeles 90024.

## BIOFEEDBACK

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free catalogue, Aquarius Electronics, Box 96-C, Albion, Calif. 95410.

## ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau, and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and master print supplement. (Mail $.25 for handling). Associated American Artists, Studio 9-B, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore, Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

AFRICAN WILDLIFE color-photo enlargements by Trubo Studios. Unique, exciting wall decorations up to 11 x 14 inches. Enquire Box 90, Mbabane, Swaziland, Africa.

ORIGINAL WILD LIFE OILS North American mammals. Commissions now being accepted. Send $15.00, size, and subject desired for pencil sketch and quote. Warren Studios, 3511 Cedar Springs, Dallas, Tex. 75219.

## PERIODICALS

ARTS REPORTING SERVICE. For five years, over 80% of the administrators, critics, trustees, and artists who read the Arts Reporting Service newsletter have renewed their subscriptions. To find out why, send $1 for 4 sample issues. ARS, 9214 Three Oaks Drive, Silver Spring, Md. 20901.

## LITERARY SERVICES

CREATIVE ASSISTANCE in speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian. (201) 489-0637.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, Research writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! Research Unlimited, Box 300S, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

BOOKS PRINTED—Your story, poetry or nonfiction at low cost. Superior workmanship. Paperback or hardbound. Professionally typeset or offset. Free information, samples. Pinehill Press, 702 East 6th, Freeman, S.Dak. 57029.

ATTENTION, BOOK PUBLISHERS. I can help you screen your unsolicited manuscripts. Full, precise reports. SR Box 939.

WRITER AVAILABLE for conference reports, rapporteur, etc. Rewrite and prepare manuscripts for publication. Prompt, craftsmanlike work. SR Box 940.

PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN LITERATURE would welcome opportunity to evaluate manuscripts for publishers or to do free-lance editing. SR Box 990.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING, *editing, rewrites*, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

## BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. *Scores of beautiful designs.* Antioch Bookplate Co., Box 28B, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

## BOOKS

30% DISCOUNT ON NEW BOOKS. Bookquick, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

SAVE 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Readers' Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntington Valley, Pa. 19006.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $1.00 for listing of 20,000 titles and prices. Editions, Box SW, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Free catalogue. Write: Bookseller, 30-1 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

*HOME PRESERVING MADE EASY.* A Complete Guide to Pickling, Smoking, Canning, Drying, Freezing, and Jelly-Making by Vera Gewanter and Dorothy Parker, cloth $12.95; paper $5.95. THE VIKING PRESS, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

## OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write: Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it—we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

## OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

WE FIND BOOKS! Rare or out-of-print. Free search. Eva Davis Books, 2 Prince Charles, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

FREE BOOK SEARCH SERVICE. No obligation. Clover House, Box 5134-R, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93108.

## COLOR SLIDES

ART—EDUCATIONAL—TRAVEL. 50,000 Individually sold. Samples—Listings $1.00. Visuals, 440 N.W. 130 Street, Miami, Fla. 33168.

## MOTION PICTURE FILMS

SUPER 8MM, 16mm, 8mm silent and sound film classics. Free catalogue. NILES, 1141-SR Mishawaka, South Bend, Ind. 46615.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

SABATHIL & SON Harpsichords, most beautiful sound, great stability. Directly from maker, from $1,195.00. Brochure $1.00. Dept. SR, 1084 Homer Street, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6B 2X4.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS, AND VIRGINALS. Authentic classical designs for home construction by the amateur builder. Write for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords Inc., 12 Grand Street, P.O. Box 121, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501, for free brochure.

*THE HARPSICHORD* quarterly. Definitive articles on buying, building, playing, tuning. Photographs. Drawings. Interviews. Letters. $10.00 annually (non-U.S. $11.00). Box 4323W. Denver, Colo. 80204.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers. Psalteries. Banjos, Thumb Pianos. HERE, Inc. #W, 410 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404.

## MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

FREE: Read music in ten minutes! Box 751-B, La Canada, Calif. 91011.

## RECORDS AND TAPES

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1700 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, classical, romantic, and modern music. All stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY. WM, Box 932, New York, N.Y. 10023.

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare. Out-of-Print LPs. Large list $.50 Broadway/Hollywood Recording, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10019.

## GOURMET INTERESTS

TEA DEVOTEES savor world's rarest select teas. Grace Tea Importers, Dept. WO7, 799 Broadway, NYC, 10003. Free brochure.

## SCHOOLS

THE VERSHIRE SCHOOL. Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousand acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm outstanding education. S. Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547. SUMMER SCHOOL INTEGRATING ACADEMICS AND RECREATION.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## SCHOOLS

PRIVATE SCHOOL PLACEMENT SERVICE. Student's individual requirements primary consideration. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 06457. Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

GARLAND—A school devoted to Individual Educational Problems. Restores confidence, arouses aspirations, corrects study habits. Personalized instruction for acceleration. Faculty-student ratio 1-4. College preparation. Boys 13-19. Enroll any time. Sports program. 33-acre campus. 29th year. Summer Session. Director of Admissions, Box 400, Chester, N.J. 07930. (201) 879-5211.

## SCHOOLS AT SEA

SEMESTER AT SEA—Accredited. Join the 10,000 students from 450 colleges who've sailed with us to exotic ports worldwide. Financial aid available. Free catalogue. World Campus Afloat, Orange, Calif. 92666.

## COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

WALDEN DOCTORAL PROTOTYPE. DEGREE PROGRAM FOR THE FULL TIME PROFESSIONAL. Nationa'ly recognized faculty. Possible completion in one or more years. One to one advisement. Prerequisites: Masters plus 16 semester hours (or the equivalent) and 3 years experience. Exceptional Life Experience recognized in lieu of course work. Limited Enrollment. Write: Room S, Walden University, 1191 8th Street, South, Naples, Fla. 33940.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for self-motivated adults. Two-week residencies in Vermont or California alternate with 6-month home study projects under faculty supervision leading to fully accredited B.A. Also unusual Residential, Graduate and Vermont teacher certification programs available. Approved for payment of Veteran's benefits. Write: Box S, A.D.P., Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

DYNAMIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN. Liberal arts including special education, medical technology, social work, dietetics, music therapy, translator training. AA in food management, business, general and medical secretarial, speech and drama. Write: Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College, Terre Haute, Ind. 47876.

## TEACHER TRAINING

MONTESSORI INSTITUTE OF ATLANTA teacher training course accepting applications for September, 1975. Diploma granted Association Montessori Internationale. Write: P.O. Box 52602, Atlanta, Ga. 30305.

## STUDIES ABROAD

SCHILLER COLLEGE EUROPE in Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Paris, London, Madrid. Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula: academic year and summer programs. American credit system. Also special programs: music, theatre, fine arts, religion, international business administration, international relations. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th St., Oklahoma City, 73118. (405) 842-5979, or Admissions Office, Friedrich-Ebert-Anlage 4, 69 Heidelberg, Germany.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY . . . 4 CAMPUSES: France-Lebanon-England-U.S.A. Short and long term Study Programs. Write: 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

SKI AUSTRIA NEXT WINTER! Sea Pines Abroad mixes American education with Alpine environment. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9-12 & PG. Regular high school courses; strong academic standards. Skiing and travel. Catalogue. Sea Pines Abroad School, A-5324 Faistenau bei Salzburg, Austria.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SWITZERLAND. Education for an International World. Degree programs in International Business Administration, Modern Languages, Pol/Soc Sciences, General Studies (BA). Math/Science (BS). Computer Science. Europe-wide Field Research, Study Tours. Skiing at the doorstep. International student body. Co-ed. Alpine campus above Lake Geneva. AFFILIATED WITH LEYSIN AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL, Grades 9-12. U.S. Rep. Hans W. Spengler, 330 E. 49, New York, N.Y. 10017.

## STUDIES ABROAD

OXFORD—WHY NOT STUDY AT A BRITISH COLLEGE? * Wide selection of courses—U.S. transfer credit. * Personal tuition with Oxford faculty. * Semester, Year Abroad, Summer and Degree programmes. Details: Registrar (SR), WARNBOROUGH HOUSE, Oxford, OX2 6JA, England.

UNIQUE COLLEGE IN MEXICO? Instituto Allende offers full undergraduate, graduate and serious non-credit programs in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish and social studies. U. S. Office of Education and V. A. approved. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. Instituto Allende, Box A, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

KATHMANDU, NEPAL: Meditation Seminar Oct. 1-31, 1975. $1,500—Airfare, Tuition, Hotel. Henry Ganzler, Ph.D., 507 Lincoln Street, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

## WRITERS CONFERENCES

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE. August 3-10, 1975 at Wagner College. Nonfiction—Kathryn Burkhart, playwriting—Rosalyn Drexler, fiction—Gordon Lish, writing—Sidney Bernard, theatre—Norman Nadel, poetry—William Packard. For information write: Director, NYC WRITERS CONFERENCE, WAGNER COLLEGE, STATEN ISLAND, N.Y. 10301.

## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY, FRANCE, SPAIN, ENGLAND. See Schiller College Europe under "Studies Abroad". High School, undergraduate and graduate programs.

AUGUST SESSION: PHOTOGRAPHY, Perception Workshops. Yggdrasil: Torupvej 31, 8771 Hundslund, Denmark.

## STUDENT TRAVEL

SOUTHWESTERN BACKPACKING/BIKING adventures with small co-ed teenage groups. Write Wilderness and Wheels, 1612 Brae St., Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501, for brochure.

## CAMPS

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in a fine arts camp? Write, Find out! Brochure. Co-ed 6-18. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer, 14, N. J. 08318, Phone (609) 358-2472.

## VACATIONS

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

## VACATIONS

THE IMPROBABLE INN, Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538. Artists and vacationers. American plan, weekly. Brochure!

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Summer season 1975, June 28th-October 19th. Don Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Mass. 01966.

DISCOVER YOURSELF—enjoy remote, beautiful beaches; delicious food and time for thinking and dreaming. La Casa del Francés, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765.

PARADOR MARTORELL, family inn by world famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Country. Informal. Tennis. Near beach. European/MAP. Major cards. LAMBERT'S COVE INN, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Mass. 02568. (617) 693-2298.

VERMONT—HISTORIC, UNSPOILED, BEAUTIFUL. Relax in this soothing, unspoiled country, rich in history and heritage, inspiring in the beauty of her mountains, lakes and countryside. Here a well kept inn established in 1786, charming rooms, exceptional food, beverage and service await you. On its back six, an old mill dam, gardens, lawns, filtered pool, chip and putt green; walks, churches, shopping, antiques, theatre, golf nearby. Written up in many publications. Tel (802) 247-5766, or write Box 75-7, BRANDON INN, Brandon, Vt. 05733.

TOBAGO—*CRUSOE'S ONLY ISLE*—(WE CAN PROVE IT). TOBAGO COTTAGES—all sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

EMAJAGUA BEACH GUEST HOUSE. The luxury hotels are envious of our beach Punta Las Marias, Santurce, Puerto Rico 00913. (809) 726-9605.

COMING TO MAINE—Herbert still delivers lobsters and seafood daily in the fender-free '61 International (which Ralph Nader should look into). Write for our free copy of *"The Lighthouse"*. Sebasco Lodge, Box S, Sebasco Estates, Maine 04565. (207) 389-1161.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM. Beautiful, secluded, Tennis. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840 (703) 289-5402.

**Mail All Replies To SR Box Numbers To: 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.**

**Saturday Review**

Change of Address Form

If you are going to move, please use this form and advise Saturday Review 60 days in advance. Both old and new address must be given. Enclose mailing label which gives full information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly. Many thanks.

PLEASE PRINT

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

NEW ADDRESS

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

OLD ADDRESS

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

*Mail to:* **Saturday Review,** P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## VACATIONS

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo Beach House, 3 bedrooms. Excellent scuba-diving vacations. Edward Pinney, 148 E. 78 St., New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 879-8870.

ENJOY SUMMER at a unique U. S. Virgin Island retreat on St. John. Summer here has its advantages even over winter—quiet, unhurried, fewer bustling tourists crowding beaches, sites, stores, restaurants and lower rates, with temperatures and breezes more comfortable than home. Enjoy truly quiet island SUMMER life at serene Hurricane Hole, with your own snorkeling reef and beach and three impeccable houses each furnished to perfectly satisfy your taste and needs for an unsurpassed holiday. Estate Zootenvaal, SR Box 645.

FISHERMEN & PHOTOGRAPHERS! VERMEJO PARK IS OPEN. America's largest private park has a limited number of guest openings for the remainder of this summer. Situated on 480,000 acres in New Mexico's beautiful Sangre de Cristo Mountains, Vermejo offers unrivaled privacy. Rainbow, cutthroat and brook trout are being caught in record numbers. Streams and lakes are overflowing from last winter's big snow. Wildlife and flowers fill your camera lens with little effort. Bring your family to Vermejo now. For reservations or information, write Vermejo Park, Dept. MB, Drawer E, Raton, N. Mex. 87740. Or call (505) 445-3097.

BICENTENNIAL ROOMS/HOUSE now—1976, Washington, DC. Convenient. Write: Tully, 1416 North Vermont, Arlington, Va. 22201.

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT CRUISES. Treat yourself to the unique and nostalgic experience of a voyage on our heartland rivers. Take the popular Delta Queen or the luxurious new Mississippi Queen and see America now as America was. It's the perfect bicentennial vacation. For a 1976 cruise brochure write: The Delta Queen, Dept. SW 07, 322 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

## VACATION WORKSHOPS

MAINE WRITERS WORKSHOP one-week August seminars: 10th Novel (Appel). 17th Poetry (Lauder and Eberhart lecture), 24th Creative Writing or Poetry (Lauder), 31st Juveniles (Newman and Yates lecture). Box 82, Stonington, Maine 04681. Phone (207) 367-2484.

## TRAVEL

EXPEDITION 'ROUND THE WORLD. Remote places—Galapagos, Pitcairn, Easter, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. 180' yacht. Share expenses. Shipmates wanted! Write: YANKEE TRADER, P.O. Box 120, Dept. RW 6A, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139.

YOU WON'T SEE RUSSIA UNLESS you see it June, July, August with PERSON-TO-PERSON TOURS, Suite 1732N, 101 Park, New York 10017. (212) 684-4994.

THIS AD + $9.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$14.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

SAN FRANCISCO on $5.00 a day including MEALS! Unique residence club beats the high cost of living. The Kenmore, 1570 Sutter St. 94109. (415) 766-5815.

FAMILY OF MAN SEMINAR, planned with UNICEF announces five escorted tours. ORIENT, November 3-18, $1599 from San Francisco; EAST AFRICA, January 15-February 5, $1999 from New York; AROUND-THE-WORLD, April 1-May 1 (repeated July 29-August 29), $2990 from New York; RUSSIA and EASTERN EUROPE, June 24-July 15, $1797 from New York. Slight additional airfare from other cities. $35 registration fee. Limit thirty adults. Write: Harold Kuebler, Director, Family of Man Seminars, C/o Cesia Travel Service, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! Freighters, 163-09 Zc Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

## TRAVEL

RELAX IN SAN FRANCISCO? Yes! At Cecil Hotel, 1 block from Union Square. Courtesy coffee, sundeck, ping-pong, enclosed pool nearby. Family rates. Write for brochure, 545 Post St. San Francisco, 94102. (415) 673-3733.

EXPLORE AND ENJOY the Parisian Left Bank with new offbeat guidebook called *PARIS WALKS*. Already well reviewed! Paperback. Order copy by sending $4.75 (inc. shipping costs) to Dept. PT, New Republic Books, 1826 Jefferson Place, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### FOR RENT

VERMONT STONE HOUSE, secluded, well-heated, modern equipment, available after Labor Day to responsible couple. $175 per month plus utilities. References, security required. Temple Road, Benson, Rutland County. Phone (802) 537-3768.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### FOR SALE

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

MAINE—180 year old brick Cape farm—26 acres. Beautiful view—two barns—river frontage—$35,000. Franklin Realty Co., Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. (207) 778-2852, Mr. Barrows, Broker.

PATZCUARO, MICHOACAN, MEXICO, 15 year old Spanish Colonial, furnished, on one acre walled property. Remarkable view of lake and mountains. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 fireplaces, gardens, gardener. $50,000. F. H. McNutt, Box 407, Ford City, Pa. 16226. (412) 762-3272.

A SMALL TUDOR CAMPUS? Historic Arden House, scene of famous Arden of Feversham murder in 1550, suitable for small campus. Excellent condition, light, airy. 3 double bedrooms, 2 single bedrooms, 18' x 27' hall, large dining room, 2 parlours, kitchen, 2+ baths, large cellar, 2 garages, large garden. Short walk to trains. Additional lodgings nearby. With documents, furniture, prints, china, cutlery, etc., $92,000. Michael Quin, Arden House, Faversham, Kent, England.

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 350 Broadway, New York 10013.

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR Box 635.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### FOR RENT

NYC—MIDTOWN. 4½ rooms—air-conditioned. July 21-Sept. 2. $230 plus utilities and care of 2 cats. (212) 724-9522.

MEXICO CITY—3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, terrace, resident maid. $375/month. (516) 288-1452.

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

E. 50's—Delightfully furnished terraced studio. Separate kitchen. $460, includes utilities. (516) 288-1452.

MANHATTAN, 54th St.—5th Avenue. Luxury 3½ room, professionally decorated. Telephones: 10-5: (212) 595-2272, After 6: (212) 362-0332. Write: 101 W. 78th St., Apt. 53, New York City 10024.

## PROPERTY AVAILABLE

IRELAND—new thatched cottage overlooking Lough Derg. Box 1249, Stowe, Vt. 05672.

HUGE, DIVERSIFIED INVENTORY of country property. Write or call us with objectives and budget. Northern Vermont Real Estate, Hyde Park, Vt. 05655, (802) 888-4287/2433.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-MT, Washington, D.C. 20009.

IN VERMONT adapt to the relaxed 'vacationland' life style—year round. Complete range of real estate. Brochure. SR Box 997.

$3.50 ACRE! USA and Canada. Lists, photographs mailed. Government Lands, 220-S, Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14202.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1750-R, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits, latest computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . . Europe, Australia, South America, Asia! All occupations! $700.00-$4,000.00 monthly! Employment International, Box 217-MV, Cumberland, Ind. 46229.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES—Now available! Free transportation Complete information . . . plus Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MT, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

AUSTRALIA. Authentic information is freely available WITHOUT CHARGE from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate-General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000-$50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J, Boston, Mass. 02103.

ALASKA PIPELINE JOB INFORMATION. Over 50 addresses where to contact contractors and subcontractors on the high paying jobs that you've heard about. Send $3.00 to P.O. Box 10733, Eugene, Oreg. 97401.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 225W, Springfield, Va. 22150.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—Independent schools, all states; public schools, northeastern states; experienced or beginners with potential, independent school background desirable; basic subjects, especially sciences, languages, math, business managers, fund raisers. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

ASSISTANT TO PRESIDENT. Well-educated, witty personality, able to apply intelligence and learning to a business environment. Send resume. SR Box 1000.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

ADMINISTRATION/EDUCATION. Am I the man you need? University of Chicago graduate. 20 years casualty insurance, group sales manager. Now added Ph.D. in American history. Following Whitehead's advice to seek adventure. Consider any job offer except selling. SR Box 998.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Jaguar, the uncommon luxury sedan, announces the uncommon warranty.

The 1975 Jaguar XJ stands out from the general run of luxury sedans. For under its sleek steel skin lives a combination of great refinement, engineering innovation, very high performance, and superb handling capabilities. *Car and Driver* said: "It is not only the best Jaguar ever built, it may just be the best sedan available anywhere in the world." And true to its tradition of innovation, Jaguar now offers a new and uncommon warranty.

It covers more of the car, item by item, than the warranty of any luxury sedan we know of.

This warranty is designed to assure owners of the 1975 Jaguar that their car will be virtually free of any expense other than the required routine maintenance for the first 20,000 miles or twelve months, whichever comes first.

And, unlike the warranty of any other luxury sedan, the Jaguar warranty covers not only parts that may be defective, but parts that may wear out. (This includes brakes, windshield wipers, lightbulbs, hoses and belts, to name just a few.) The only exceptions are tires (which come with their own manufacturer's warranty) and the sparkplugs and filters when replaced at the normal service intervals.

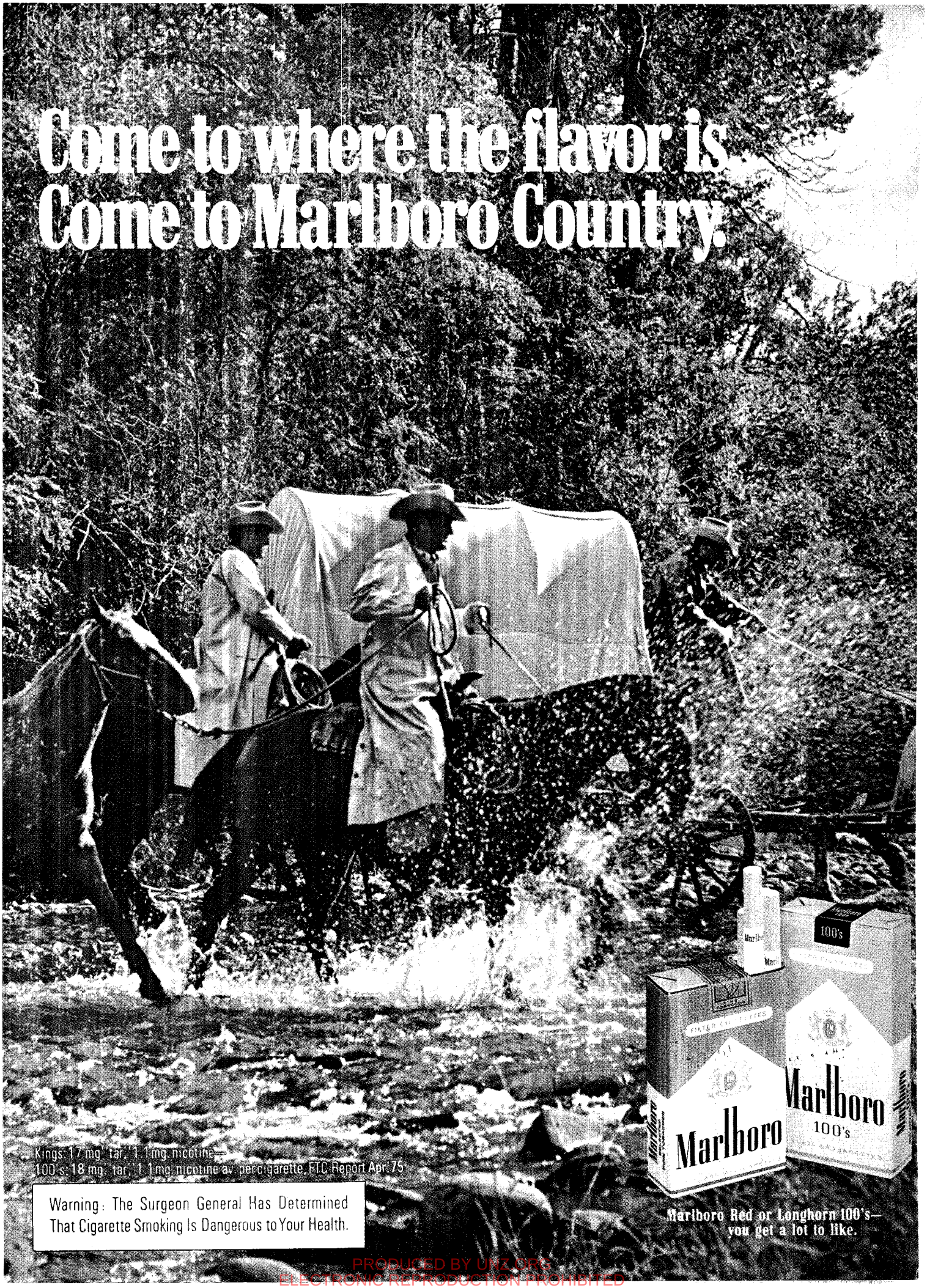
Driving this quick, luxurious and responsive machine has always been one of motoring's finer experiences. Now the new Jaguar warranty assures you that it will be as carefree as it is exciting. Drive the uncommon XJ soon. For the name of the Jaguar Dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

**Jaguar**

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

BRITISH LEYLAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro
100's
Kings: 17 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 75
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED